00126537

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
Class 24

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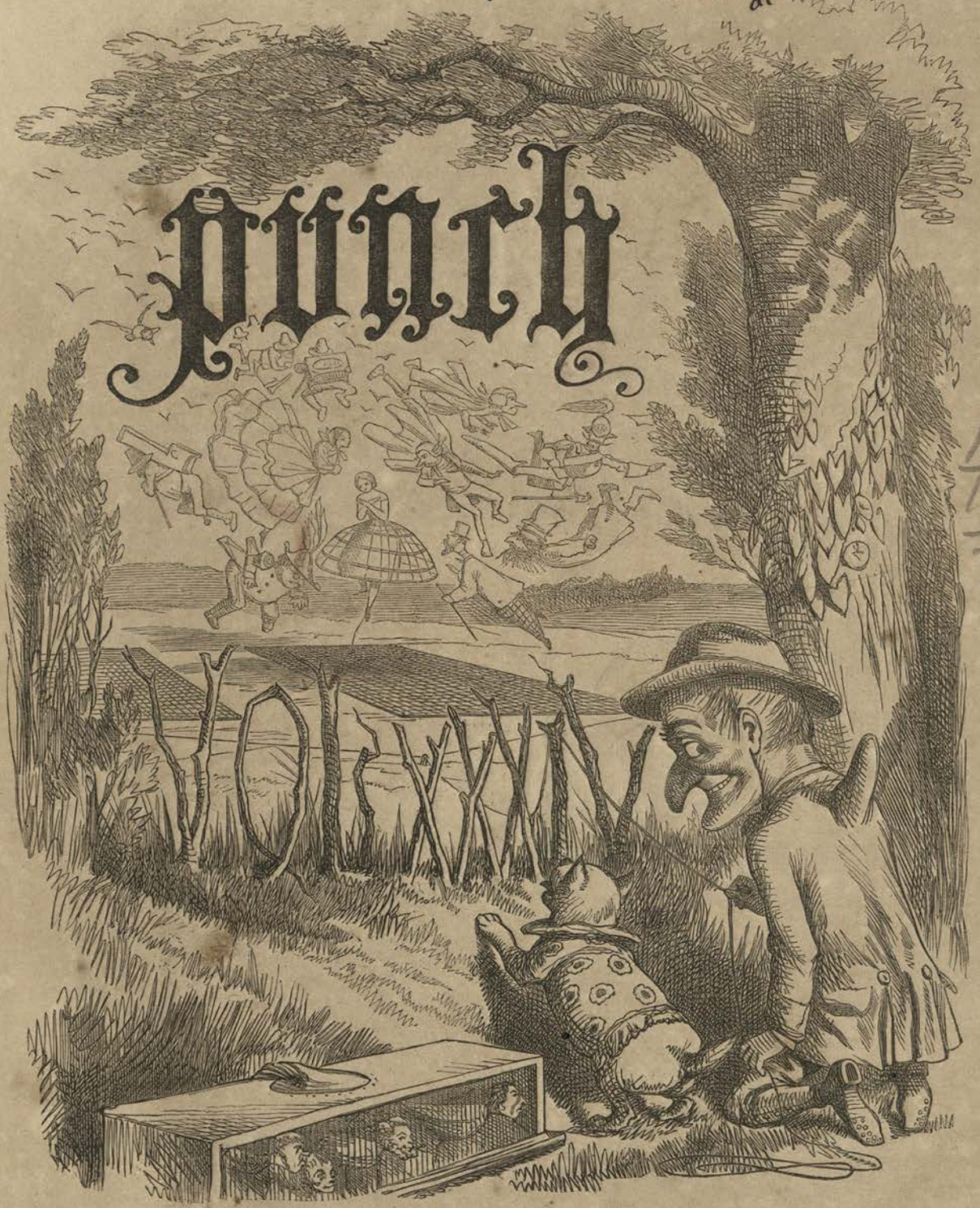
Punch



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1858.

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LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

IT might have been at Freemasonic HART'S—it might have been after earnest diving into QUARTER-MAINE Liquor Law—it might have been during a study of Women of England after ELLIS. Never mind that. FAHRENHEIT filled his glass to 90, and MR. PUNCH filled his to—but never mind *that*. It had been a very good dinner, and the other noblemen and their ladies had gone out into the balcony.

The foremost man of all this world went to sleep. No. He did not so condescend. Sleep came to him, gentle, and whispering, and cooing, like a wife who wants an extra cheque. And he slept pleasantly, as a husband who has promised to draw one.

A dream came to him. If, beloved, you will only take flounders, and salmon, and eels stewed and fried, and sole, and mullet, and lamprey, and whitebait, and trout with Tartar sauce, and ducklings, and peas, with a few trifles of cream, jellies, and ices, adding strawberries and cherries, casting in sherry, hock, Moselle, champagne, and maraschino, and then pouring on claret of the first price, until you go to sleep, perhaps you may have a dream, too. If you have not, the preliminary process will repay you —and your host.

And MR. PUNCH dreamed that he was MR. REAREY.

And behold, Rulers of the Earth had been turned into quadrupeds, by an elevating and improving magic, a hint from

> "the Æœan bay,
> Where CIRCE dwelt, the daughter of the Day."

And their people brought them to the great REAREY-PUNCH that he might tame them.

Came prancing in, a haughty black horse, with a red eye, and he tried to trample upon everything in his way. They called him *Corsican*. A Newspaper was laid before him, and he stamped it to atoms, and only to those who approached him on their knees would he be placable. MR. PUNCH talked to him for five minutes, and then *Corsican* ran playfully about, holding the Cap of Liberty between his teeth. He kicked a hole in a drum, and snorted with delight as MR. P. whistled our National Anthem.

Keys embroidered on his cloth, there entered a sleek, but vicious-looking Italian horse, named *Tiara*. His vice, as was explained by one MAZZINI, his keeper, was, that having gained your confidence by apparent good-nature, he would strike out, lame you, and try to roll over you. He had actually

maimed, in this manner, another horse called *Liberty*, who had then been killed by a French quack veterinarian. In ten minutes *Tiara* was dancing on his hind legs, to the music of LUTHER'S Hymn.

A handsome creature, of Spanish blood, was then introduced. She was named *The Innocent*. She had fondling and wheedling ways, but suddenly lashed out and bit venomously, and never was so dangerous as when apparently in the best humour. She came of a bad stock, but ill-training had been the poor thing's worst enemy. Very brief time passed, and she was caracoling round the ring, delighted with a popular air called the *Pronunciamento*.

Why a Turkish horse, named *Abdul*, was brought to MR. PUNCH, he could not tell, the animal being in an enfeebled condition, and incapable of doing much harm. The point seemed to be to give him activity, but the only thing that excited him was the attempt to take away any of his gay trappings. There was talk of entering him for the Enlightenment Stakes, but he evidently could not live the pace.

Then came *Bomba*, an obstinate brute, exceedingly malicious, whose forte was getting anybody into a corner, keeping him there, and occasionally kicking him in the face or stomach. The stern, yet mild *Dompteur* stood no nonsense from this animal, and in a quarter of an hour he amiably beat time to a hymn of WATT'S, and it was clear that he would see no enemy in a PARK.

A rather young horse from Vienna was next subjected to the process. He also was ill-bred rather than positively vicious, and he became frightened at the commonest objects, when nothing allayed him but the sight of soldiers' uniforms. He was gradually familiarised, by the Tamer, with the sight of the obnoxious articles, and speedily allowed a Newspaper to be freely flung at him.

Some Russians then came with a horse called *Alexander*. "I had a good deal of trouble with his Sire," said MR. P., "but this seems altogether a horse of another colour." And so it proved, *Alexander* rather shying at the sound of a gun, but being apparently pleased with that of the railroad. "A free goer," said MR. PUNCH, "and I hope to see him at Ascot."

Lastly came a Yankee horse called *President Sly Boots*. The moment he entered, he deliberately winked at MR. PUNCH. The latter went gently up to him, and, being a master of the American language, addressed him as follows:—"I calklate, old hoss, as you ain't in want of no teaching from me. Lookin' reound after *Cruiser*, air you? Never mind about cruisers. That's all square, yes, Sir-ee. And you knows it all-fired well, old hoss. Yew git out!" added MR. PUNCH, with one of MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS'S most brilliant squalls.

President Sly Boots set up such an uncommon hearty horse-laugh, that MR. PUNCH awoke, and determined to prefix his dream to his

Thirty-Fourth Volume.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1858.

January xxxi Days.

1	F	Circumcis.	17	S
2	S	Sun r. 8h8m	18	M
3	S	2 S. aft. Ch.	19	Tu
4	M	S. s. 4h 3m	20	W
5	Tu	[Twel. D.	21	Th
6	W	Epiphany	22	F
7	Th	Ramsay d.	23	S
8	F	Lousat [ad.	24	S
9	S	Abp. Laud	25	M
10	S	1 S. af. Epip.	26	Tu
11	M	Bp. Tomline.	27	W
12	Tu	Lavater d.	28	Th
13	W	Com. T. be.	29	F
14	Th	Oxf. Ter. in.	30	S
15	F	[1794.	31	S
16	S	Gibbon d.		
17	S	2 S. af. Epip.		
18	M	Prince.		
19	Tu	Congreve d.		
20	W	Fabius		
21	Th	Agnes		
22	F	Vincent		
23	S	Pitt died		
24	S	3 S. af. Epip.		
25	M	Con. S. Paul		
26	Tu	Brasil disc.		
27	W	Monnet b.		
28	Th	S. s. 7h47m.		
29	F	S. s. 4h22m.		
30	S	K. C. Martyr		
31	S	Septuag. S.		

February xxviii Days.

1	M	Hilary T. e.	15	M	
2	Tu	Purf. Cand.	16	Tu	Shrove Tu.
3	W	S. r. 7h38m	17	W	Ash Wed.
4	Th	S. s. 4h 53m	18	Th	Gem. L. T. d.
5	F	Agatha	19	F	Copernic. b.
6	S	Priestley d.	20	S	J. Hume d.
7	S	Sexages. S.	21	S	1 S. in Lent
8	M	Bif. q. Day	22	M	[S. 1855.
9	Tu	Darwin m.	23	Tu	Prof. Gauss
10	W	Q. Vic. mar.	24	W	S. Matthias
11	Th	[1840	25	Th	Kosh. Wk.
12	F	Cellini d.	26	F	S. r. 6h54m
13	S	[Valentine	27	S	S. s. 5h35m
14	S	Quinqu. Su.	28	S	2 S. in Lent

March xxxi Days.

1	M	St. David.	17	W	St. Patrick
2	Tu	S. r. 6h46m	18	Th	Pa. Lou. b.
3	W	S. s. 5h42m	19	F	[1840
4	Th	Somers b.	20	S	Spring Q. c.
5	F	Dr. Arne d.	21	S	3 S. in Lent
6	S	M. Ang. b.	22	M	[d. 1829
7	S	3 S. in Lent	23	Tu	A. Weber
8	M	[Perpetua	24	W	[Annun.
9	Tu	Rizzio ass.	25	Th	Lady Day,
10	W	Schiller b.	26	F	Ca. Lt. T. e.
11	Th	Tasso b.	27	S	Dr. Lt. T. e.
12	F	St. Gregory	28	S	Palm Sun.
13	S	Talfourd d.	29	M	Swedenbg. d.
14	S	4 S. in Lent.	30	Tu	S. r. 5h43m
15	M	Sun eclips	31	W	S. s. 6h29m
16	Tu	Bellean b.			

April xxx Days.

1	Th	S. r. 5h33m	16	F	Buffon d.
2	F	Good Frid.	17	S	Still. ngf. d.
3	S	S. s. 6h34m	18	S	2 S. af. Eas.
4	S	Easter Sun.	19	M	Alphege
5	M	EasterMon.	20	Tu	[1783
6	Tu	Old La. Da.	21	W	Bp. Heber b.
7	W	Pr. Leop. b.	22	Th	Kant b.
8	Th	Pris Inn. c.	23	F	St. George
9	F	L. Bacon d.	24	S	[P. Alice b.
10	S	[Canning b.	25	S	3 S. af. Eas.
11	S	Low Sund.	26	M	[Mark
12	M	Young d.	27	Tu	Gibbon b.
13	Tu	T. b.	28	W	[1737
14	W	O. & C. Ex.	29	Th	S. r. 4h38m
15	Th	Easter T. b.	30	F	S. s. 7h19m

May xxxi Days.

1	S	St. Ph. & Ja.	17	M	[Km. 1904
2	S	4 S. af. Eas.	18	Tu	Nap. L. dies.
3	M	S. r. 4h 3m	19	W	[b. 1741
4	Tu	S. s. 7h23m	20	Th	Alb. Dürer
5	W	Nap. L. d.	21	F	[Tr. L. Tb.
6	Th	St. John	22	S	Oxf. E.T. e.
7	F	[Term e.	23	S	Whit Sun.
8	S	East. Law	24	M	Q. Vict. b.
9	S	Rogn. Sun.	25	Tu	[1819
10	M	Hf. Q. Day	26	W	Ember Wk.
11	Tu	Chatham d.	27	Th	Ox. T. Tb.
12	W	Holy Thur.	28	F	C. E. T. d. in
13	Th	Ascen. Day	29	S	K. Ch. II. r.
14	F	[1832	30	S	Trin. Sun.
15	S	Cuvier died	31	M	S. s. 8h 4m
16	S	Sun. af. As.			

June xxx Days.

1	Tu	Nicomede	16	W	Wat Tyl. s.
2	W	S. r. 3h50m	17	Th	[1815
3	Th	Corp. Chr.	18	F	R. Waterloo
4	F	S. s. 8h 6m	19	S	Qu. Vic. A.
5	S	Benifice	20	S	3 Su. af. Tr.
6	S	1 Su. af. Tr.	21	M	Proclaimd.
7	M	Warbtn. d.	22	Tu	S. Q. cem.
8	Tu	[to Tower	23	W	Je. Baptist
9	W	7 Bps. sent	24	Th	Mids. Day
10	Th	S. s. 8h15m	25	F	S. s. 8h45m
11	F	Bernabas	26	S	Gen. IV. d.
12	S	Trin. T. e.	27	S	4 Sund. Tr.
13	S	2 Su. af. Tr.	28	M	Corca. 1846
14	M	B. Marengo	29	Tu	St. Peter
15	Tu	[1800	30	W	S. s. 9h16m

July xxxi Days.

1	Th	S. r. 3h49m	17	S	Dr. Watts b.
2	F	S. s. 8h18m	18	S	7 Su. af. Tr.
3	S	[Wilsby d.	19	M	Petrarch d.
4	S	5 Su. af. Tr.	20	Tu	Margaret
5	M	[Cam. c.	21	W	R. Burns d.
6	Tu	Ost. Act &	22	Th	Magdalene
7	W	Thr. s. Rec.	23	F	Lyonet b.
8	Th	Pre. Fra. e.	24	S	[St. James
9	F	Cam. E. T. e.	25	S	8 Su. af. Tr.
10	S	Oxf. T. T. e.	26	M	Dia. d. 1774
11	S	6 Su. af. Tr.	27	Tu	Dr. S. Gmel
12	M	Brannus d.	28	W	Speed. died
13	Tu	Bradley d.	29	Th	[1629
14	W	Bastile des.	30	F	S. r. 4h22m
15	Th	St. Swithin	31	S	S. s. 7h43m
16	F	Reynolds b.			

August xxxi Days.

1	S	9 S. af. Tr.	17	Tu	Da. Kent b.
2	M	[Lammas	18	W	Ld. Bal. bld.
3	Tu	S. r. 4h29m	19	Th	Edw. I. er.
4	W	S. s. 7h41m	20	F	[s. beg.
5	Th	[b. 1844	21	S	Blackcock
6	F	Pr. Alfred	22	S	12 S. af. Tr.
7	S	Qu. Car. d.	23	M	Wallace hd.
8	S	10 S. af. Tr.	24	Tu	St. Barthol.
9	M	[Canning d.	25	W	[b. 1819
10	Tu	Lawrence	26	Th	Pr. Consort
11	W	Half Quar.	27	F	Algiers bm.
12	Th	Gesner sh. b	28	S	St. August.
13	F	Ol. Lammas	29	S	13 S. af. Tr.
14	S	Buckland d.	30	M	S. r. 5h10m
15	S	11 S. af. Tr.	31	Tu	S. s. 6h47m
16	M	[Assumpn.			

September xxx Days.

1	W	St. Giles	16	Th	James II. d.
2	Th	S. r. 5h15m	17	F	Lambert.
3	F	S. s. 6h41m	18	S	M. Pylor d.
4	S	J. Heme d.	19	S	16 S. af. T.
5	S	14 S. af. Tr.	20	M	Alma 1854
6	M	Colbert d.	21	Tu	St. Matth.
7	Tu	Eastbrn. d.	22	W	Drumon d.
8	W	Nat. B. V. M.	23	Th	Autu. Q. b.
9	Th	Sebastopol	24	F	S. Butler d.
10	F	[esp. 1855	25	S	[Holy Alli.
11	S	Sal. F. Bonce.	26	S	17 S. af. Tr.
12	S	15 S. af. Tr.	27	M	St. Cyprian
13	M	Fox d. 1806	28	Tu	S. r. 5h52m
14	Tu	Holy Cross	29	W	Mich. Day
15	W	Ember Wk.	30	Th	S. s. 5h39m

October xxxi Days.

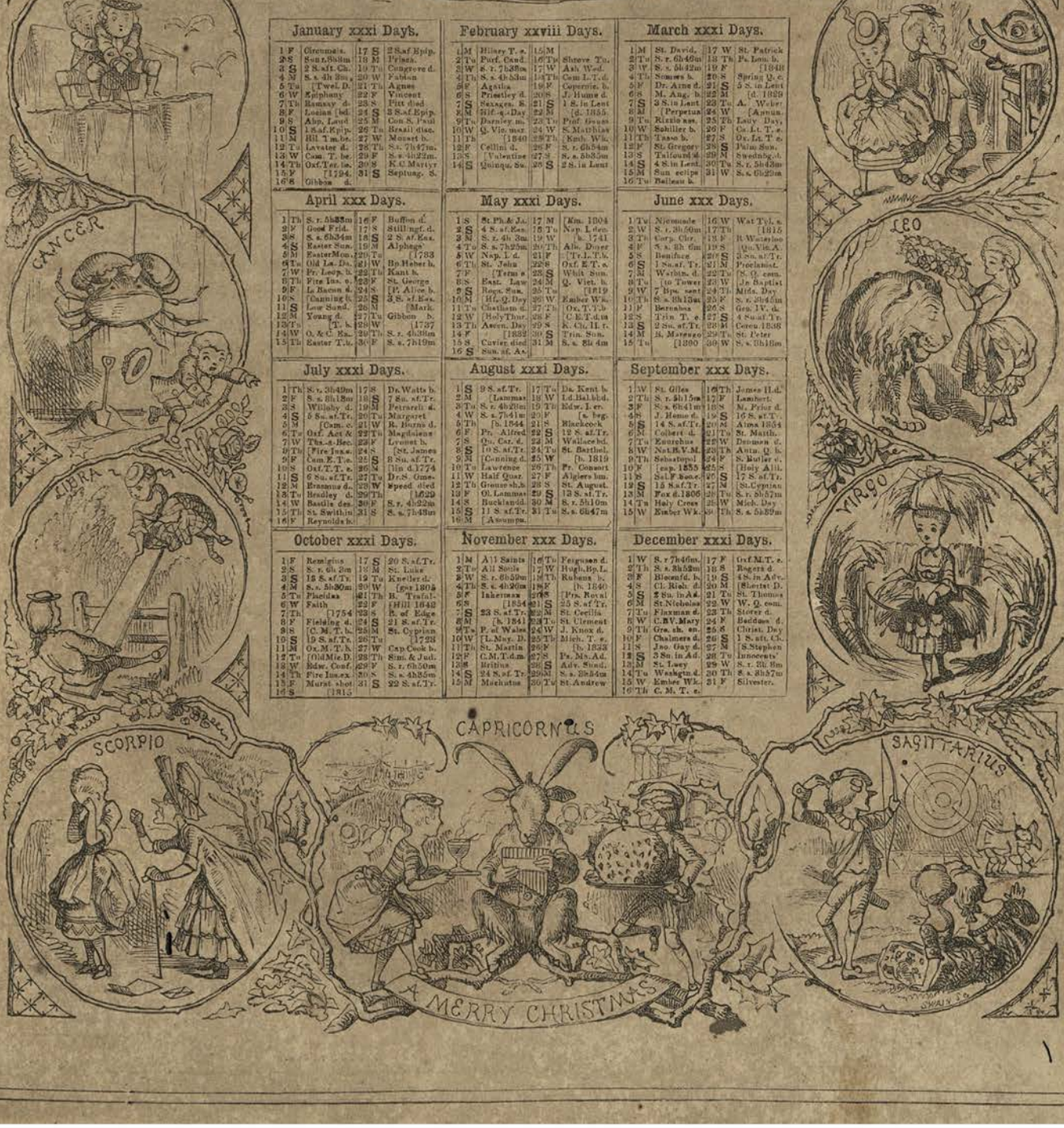
1	F	Remigius	17	S	20 S. af. Tr.
2	S	S. r. 6h 2m	18	M	St. Luke
3	S	18 S. af. Tr.	19	Tu	Kneller d.
4	M	S. s. 5h30m	20	W	[ppr. 1805
5	Tu	Placidus	21	Th	R. Trafal.
6	W	Faith	22	F	[Hill 1842
7	Th	[1754	23	S	B. of Edge
8	F	Fielding d.	24	S	21 S. af. Tr.
9	S	[C. M. T. b.	25	M	St. Cyprian
10	S	19 S. af. Tr.	26	Tu	[1723
11	M	Ox. M. T. b.	27	W	Cap. Cook b.
12	Tu	[O'M. Mr. D.	28	Th	Sim. & Jud.
13	W	Bdge. Conf.	29	F	S. r. 6h50m
14	Th	Fire Inn. ex.	30	S	S. s. 4h55m
15	F	Murat. shot	31	S	22 S. af. Tr.
16	S	[1815			

November xxx Days.

1	M	All Saints	16	Tu	Ferguson d.
2	Tu	All Souls	17	W	Hugh. Bp. L.
3	W	S. r. 6h59m	18	Th	Rubens b.
4	Th	S. s. 4h20m	19	F	[b. 1840
5	F	Inkermann	20	S	[Pro. Royal
6	S	[1854	21	S	25 S. af. Tr.
7	S	23 S. af. Tr.	22	M	St. Cecilia
8	M	[b. 1841	23	Tu	St. Clement
9	Tu	P. of Wales	24	W	J. Knox d.
10	W	[L. May. D.	25	Th	Mich. T. e.
11	Th	St. Martin	26	F	[b. 1833
12	F	C. M. T. d. in	27	S	Fx. Mis. Ad.
13	S	Britius	28	S	Adv. Sund.
14	S	24 S. af. Tr.	29	M	S. s. 3h54m
15	M	Machutus	30	Tu	St. Andrew

December xxxi Days.

1	W	S. r. 7h46m.	17	F	Ox. f. M. T. e.
2	Th	S. s. 3h52m	18	S	Rogers d.
3	F	Blessd. b.	19	S	4 S. in Adv.
4	S	Cl. Rich. d.	20	M	[Shertst D.
5	S	2 Su. in Ad.	21	Tu	St. Thomas
6	M	St. Nicholas	22	W	W. Q. com.
7	Tu	Flaxman d.	23	Th	Storer d.
8	W	C. B. V. Mary	24	F	Beddoes' d.
9	Th	Gre. sh. en.	25	S	Christ. Day
10	F	Chalmers d.	26	S	1 S. aft. Ch.
11	S	Jno. Gay d.	27	M	[St. Stephen
12	S	3 Su. in Ad.	28	Tu	Innocents'
13	M	St. Lucy	29	W	S. r. 3h 9m
14	Tu	Washgtn. d.	30	Th	S. s. 3h57m
15	W	Ember Wk.	31	F	Silvester.
16	Th	C. M. T. e.			



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1858.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

"If you want a thing done, do it Yourself." For Example:—By getting up at Day-break, Cleaning out your Stable, and Taking the Horses out for Exercise, you will Accomplish your Object, and—

The Art of Literary Building.—We see there is a newspaper, called the *Building News*. We scarcely know how such things are generally built, but we should think that the following would be the most approved plan of Building News:—"First get your foundation of truth, arrange your plot, and then run up upon it as many stories as you think it will safely bear."

Sentiment for the Peace Society.—If I am to have a brush—let it be with the Shoeblack Brigade.

Forgive and Forget.—When you bury animosity, don't set a stone up over its grave.

The Rogue's own Repast.—Directors, and others who cook their accounts, ought to be compelled to eat them.

Legal New Year's Gift.—Certain facetious Benchers of the Inner Temple have got up a subscription to purchase a pound of butter, and send it on the first of January to the Master of the Rolls.

Note for Naturalists.—The Mizzle-Thrush is not, as its name may seem to imply, a bird of passage.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

January.

From a Schoolmaster to the Father of a Pupil.

Dear Sir,

I am happy to apprise you that your son arrived at Tickletoby House yesterday, in safety, having met with no worse casualty than a pair of black eyes, and (Mr. Dillwater apprehends) a broken nose, received from some gipsies, who took advantage of his persisting in getting off the coach to pelt snowballs at the driver; and, having knocked him down, robbed him of his fur coat and new watch. The two latter articles shall be replaced by respectable tradesmen in the next town, who will send you their bills. I am less happy in mentioning that your son did not bring with him the promised cheque for last quarter's schooling, but it may have been in the pocket of the stolen coat. Please to send another by return of post. I gave him a memorandum of a few books necessary for his studies, hoping you would procure them in London. As this has been forgotten, I have supplied them: they consist of Alison's *History*, a *Cyclopædia*, the *British Poets*, Valpy's *Delphin Classics*, &c., and I have also added a pair of globes. Waiting your reply,

I am, &c., &c.,
Dionysius Grab, M.A.

Tickletoby House, January 28th.

N.B. The nose is broken.

Enable the Grooms to get their Breakfast comfortably, and so keep them in good Humour for the rest of the Day.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

February.

From a Young Gentleman to his Lady Cousin.

My Dear Isabella,

I really wish that you would not bother about a Valentine, and be always going on about husbands and wives, and what we will do when we are settled; because it is all nonsense, and you know very well that there is nothing in it; and you make folks talk, and then one looks like a fool. My dear Isabella, it was all very well when we were young, but I am past twelve now, and you are near ten, and I think you ought to give over. As for the hard-bake and little scent-bottle, I did give them to Jane Briggs; and, I suppose, I may do what I like with my own things, Miss Impertinent Isabella.

Your affectionate Cousin,
Charles Wiggley.

St. Valentine's Day.

Temperate Affection.

Drink to me only with thine eyes:
And I will pledge with mine.

The woman who curtails her fair proportions by tight-lacing grows out of health the more she gets out of proportion.

Hint on Externals.—A countryman is called Raw, chiefly for the reason that he is not well dressed.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

MARCH.

From a Lady to her Husband.

Ladybird Lodge, Kent.

DEAR EDWIN,

WE got down safely, me, the children, nurse, and SUSAN, though I say again, as I said at parting, that your putting us all into a first-class compartment and telegraphing for a carriage to wait for us at the station and bring us here, was *nothing*, and *any other husband* would have escorted us down. *Business* is always ready to be in a wife's way when she requires the least attention. Dearest Mamma and Papa were rejoiced to see me, but think I look worn and troubled, and well I may, but it is pleasant at last to find *somebody* who cares to hear of one's grievances. Write by return of post, for I gave my purse with all my money in it to baby to play with, and darling Tootums must have dropped it out of window, which was your fault in not coming and taking care of such things yourself. Besides, I find the children all want new things to go about in. Don't forget.

Your affectionate wife,
ANGELINA.

EDWIN BROWN, ESQ.

P.S. I forgot to tell you I was obliged to give the coals and taxes money to MISS STICHLEY (dressmaker); she wanted it, poor thing.

ASYLUM FOR TRAGEDIANS.—The retired Hamlet.

PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

IT is interesting to know that the Dodo family, so long supposed to be extinct, has been again found, and will shortly be re-introduced into England, the Zoological Society having directed a vessel to be sent for some specimens. The Dodo has been found in the Isle of Retribution, one of the Canzellas group, about thirty-seven leagues from Ascension. The accuracy of JOHN SAVERY'S celebrated drawing in the Ashmolean Museum is vindicated, but the animal does not eat cryptogamous plants, but fish, which it catches by means of the long feathers in its tail. It lies in ambush on a rock, dangling these feathers into the water, and letting the wind flirt them about like a fly. The fish, being attracted, snaps, and a small curve or hook, worked by muscular action secures him. The Dodo then sits upon him until he is thoroughly cooked by the warmth of the bird's body, and devours him. To save the imported specimens the trouble and exhaustion of this process, MR. MITCHELL, the indefatigable Secretary to the Zoological Gardens, has devised an imitation Dodo, to hold a heated iron within it, on the Italian iron principle, and this, placed on the fish, will ensure regular food for this interesting feature in the Regent's Park collection.

IN the shadow of a small waist may be seen a large doctor's bill and the outline of a coffin.

HISTORICAL CHRONOLOGY,

Compiled by M. P. COX.

B.C. 25. DETHRONEMENT OF KING CANUTE upon the shore at Sandwich, after the Invasion of JULIUS AGRIPPA.

A.D. 800. Invasion of Great Britain by the Picts and Scalds, headed by SIR ROBERT WALLACE and the Man of Ross.

B.C. 19. LADY JOAN GREY burnt on Tower Hill for refusing to marry KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A.D. 357. Discovery by WAT TYLER of the Rye House Plot, resulting in the Banishment of TITUS OATES to JOHN OF EMDEN GROAT'S house.

A.D. 166. CARDINAL WOLSEY proclaimed Regent during the absence in Ethiopia of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

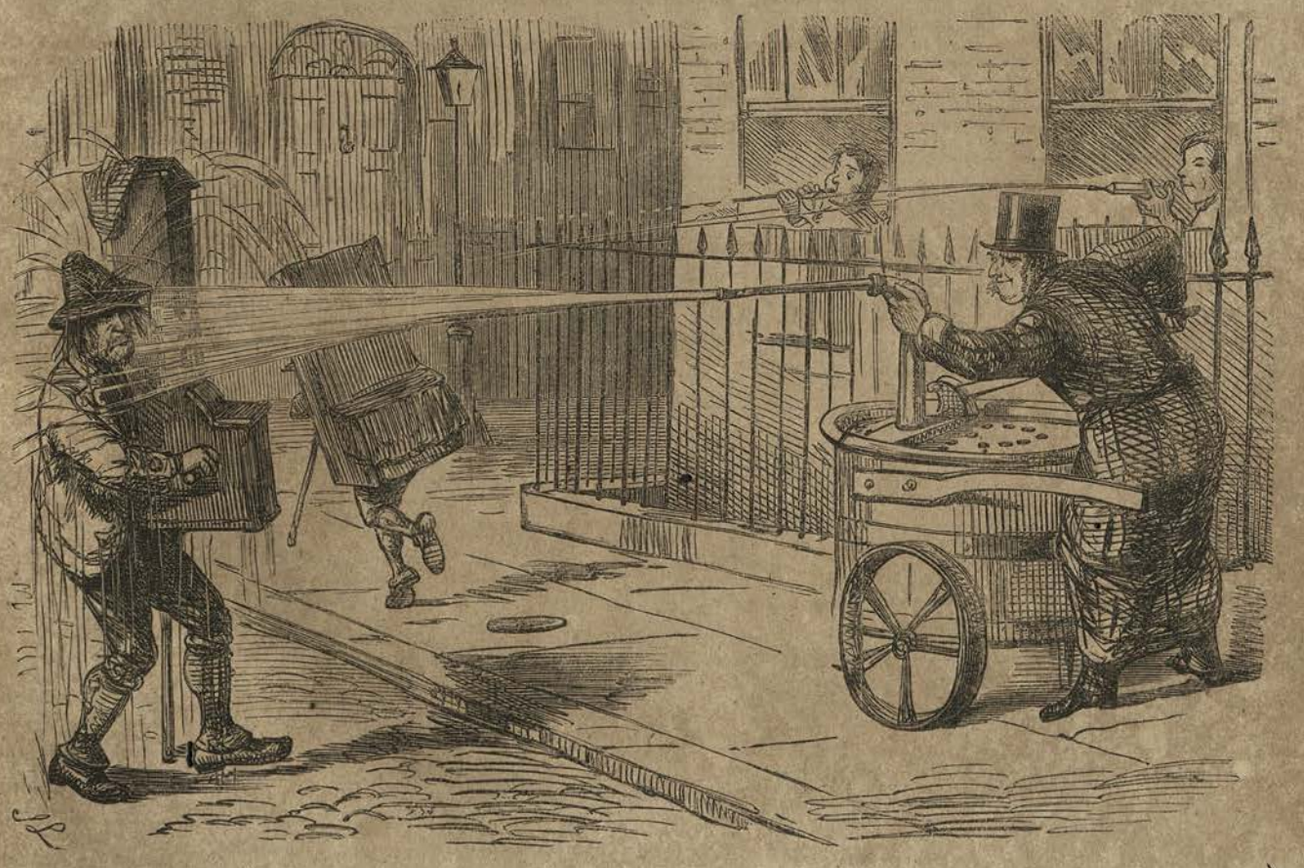
A.D. 222. Death of GENERAL WOLFE upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A.D. 99. OLIVER CROMWELL, the Pretender, beheaded for conspiracy with GUY FAWKES and LORD CHATHAM to blow up the House of Commons for the length of the Long Parliament.

A.D. 511. Ratification at Runnymede of the Bill of Rights.

A.D. 730. Defeat of the Austrians at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and restoration of KING OTHO to the throne of Sweden.

A.D. 766. Marriage of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR with LADY JANE GODIVA.



PATERFAMILIAS TRIES THE COLD WATER CURE IN A CASE OF ORGAN-GRINDING.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

APRIL.

From a Father to his Son.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I HAVE received your letter, in which you say that all the Chaps (an inelegant equivalent for Pupils) are going home for the Easter holidays, and that you hope I shall fetch you on Thursday. I am sorry that you do not better appreciate the advantages of the place where I have put you, and this childish restlessness by no means deserves to be rewarded by the holidays you desire. You ought to be glad to remain in the delightful quiet of Birchington, and in the absence of your young companions, to make up, undisturbed, some of your deficiencies, which were painfully apparent at Christmas, especially your ignorance of hydraulics and hydrostatics. You remember, too, that you could not, at dinner, give the date of the death of SOCRATES. I have already said enough to make you understand that you will not return for the Easter holidays, but not entirely to disappoint you, I send you *Outlines of Early Polynesian Discovery*, and it will please me to find, at Midsummer, that you have mastered them.

Your affectionate Father,
GEORGE GRINDER.

MASTER JAMES GRINDER.

MADAME ALBONI'S LAST.—(*To Young Ladies who hate practising.*)—Why do mermaids sing so well, eh? Because they pay so much attention to their Scales.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE MOST ABOMINABLE KIND.—A man, who is blind of one eye, lighting two candles to read the newspaper!

HINT ON APPEARANCE.—When crossing-sweepers cease to touch their hats to you, consider that it is probably time for you to procure new clothes.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DUMB MAN AND A POLICEMAN.—One is never seen, the other never heard.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." NEVER DISTURB THE MAIDS IN THE MORNING, BUT JUMP OUT OF BED THE MOMENT YOU HEAR THE SWEEP, AND LET HIM IN YOURSELF. IT ISN'T MUCH TROUBLE, AND SAVES A WORLD OF GRUMBLING.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SOME singular bats have lately been found in the West of England. It has long been known that the bat is possessed of great intelligence; and in Guadaloupe, and probably elsewhere, they have been trained to call for and convey *billets* after dusk, by lovers, who prefer this nocturnal postman to the regular and less secret course. But, from a letter published by the REVEREND HENRY WALSINGHAM, rector of Little Adsham, near Gormside, it appears that the bat has a higher organisation than had been believed. The reverend gentleman states, that several bats that have been in the habit of flying about his church, have learned perfectly at what time it is proper for them to do so, and that during service-time on Sundays not one of them will stir. But it is different on week-days, when the charity children are catechised in the east aisle. The bats then fly about, evidently trying to divert the children; and a very large bat, whom the young ones have named "Jericho," will dash across the face of a boy who gives a wrong answer, emitting a contemptuous squeak. MR. WALSINGHAM is not without hopes of teaching his bats to speak; and, in case of success, he proposes to employ them as monitors in his school.

DRESSING-ROOM RHYMES.

BLOW up your wife when *you've* been misbehaving,
A wise man strops his razor after shaving.
Seeds sown by indolence to good have grown.
Had wives sewn buttons, studs had not been known.
How hard my sponge when dry, how soft when wet.
I'm stern. PET weeps. I'm softened. Artful PET!

HINT TO MONS. JULLIEN.—What a hit a competent *maestro* might make, by composing a good March of Intellect!

THE NOBLE SCIENCE.

TOMKINS AND HIS FRIEND (WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT) CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON FALLING IN WITH THE SQUIRE'S SECOND HORSEMAN, WHO IS SURE TO BRING THEM BY A LINE OF GATES TO THE HOUNDS AGAIN—AND SO HE DOES, ONLY—THE LAST OF THE GATES IS LOCKED, AND OVER WHICH HE "HOPS LIKE A BIRD!"

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER

MAY.

From a Pious Attorney to his Worldly Clerk.

Tuesday, 25 May.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I AM truly sorry to hear that you are obliged to ask my leave to absent yourself from your desk to-morrow, Wednesday, that, as you put it, you may lie upon the sofa, and nurse the leg you sprained so severely. Do so, my dear young friend, by all means. I should be a hard man, indeed, did I wish you to come out under such circumstances. Nay, I so appreciate the reluctance with which you ask this indulgence, and I am so averse to making you feel any obligation, that I will come to you with the Abstract of Title to the SNOGGLES estate, and spend the day in going through it with you as you lie on your sofa. We can afford the time, as it seems there is a great race at Epsom, and our conveyancing counsel is going, so he could not see us to-morrow. I believe it is called the Derby. You and I will be well out of such snares and follies. I will be with you by 12.

Yours sincerely,

ZACHARY DEPE.

WM. O'GORMAN O'GRADY, ESQ.

HINTS TO FOLKS WHO RECEIVE NOTES.

A NOTE of one page is usually an honest affair.

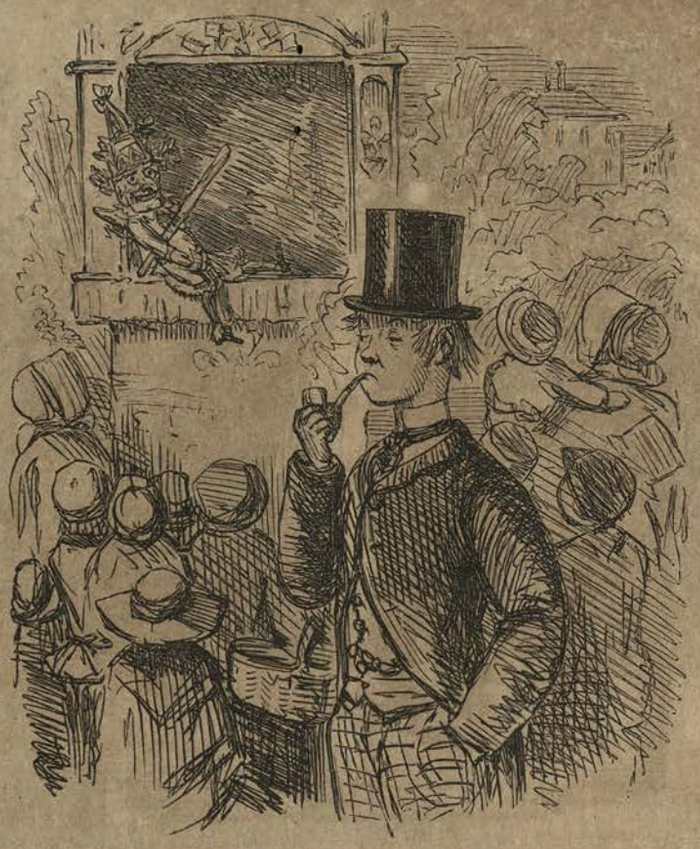
A note of two pages is seldom frank. It either says too much or not enough. Look out.

A note of three pages is generally weak, but may be honest. Usually, burn it.

A note of four pages is designed to humbug. Don't answer, but lock it up against the day when your supposed friend becomes your enemy.

THE POLICE.—An intelligent officer is always remarkable for his quickness of apprehension.

THE REVERSE OF A NIGHT-CAP.—A wide-awake.



MUCH ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE BELOVED UPON THE CONTINENT.

BECAUSE they always are so careful to abstain from either word or action, which, in any way, might hurt the feelings of a foreigner.

Because they never institute odious comparisons between things in general abroad and those they've left at home, unless, indeed it is to the disparagement of the latter.

Because they never brag about the "freedom of a British subject," in countries which are under a despotic form of government.

Because they speak so fluently in any continental language, and always are so affable when publicly accosted by a stranger, and so ready at all times to enter into conversation with those they may be travelling with.

Because they don't bawl for beer at a first-class *table d'hôte*, nor make wry faces at the wine as though it disagreed with them.

Because they never in the least let trifles put them out, and however much they are annoyed, they do their utmost to conceal it, instead of (as has been maliciously asserted) seizing with delight on every opportunity to give their temper vent, and express themselves dissatisfied with everything that's done for them.

Because whatever provocation they may think they have received, they are so careful not to let strong language pass their lips; and, so far from making extracts from the Commination Service, are never heard to use an exclamation more forcible than "Dear me!" or "Now really, how provoking!"

A DEATH BLOW TO MORMONISM.—PRESIDENT BUCHANAN had better not throw away powder and shot upon the Mormons. Let him send them Fashion Books. The necessity of Crinoline will destroy polygamy. It will render BRIGHAM YOUNG himself unable to support more wives than one.

STOPPING THE TEETH.—If the patient won't pay, the Dentist generally stops the teeth by refusing to part with them.

ENTER TOM (A DISAGREEABLE BOY FROM SCHOOL.)—*Tom.* "LOOK HERE, CLARA, THERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN DOWN-STAIRS HAS BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WILL DO."

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

JUNE.

From a Husband to his Wife.

London Bridge Station, 7·45.

DEAR ANGELINA,

I FIND that business makes it absolutely necessary that I should run over to Paris, and I do not know how long it may detain me. I therefore write, first, that you may not be surprised at my not coming home to-night, and next to say that I think you had better give up any idea of the Continent this year, and go quietly to Broadstairs. We could not take the children, and I cannot bear the idea of leaving them; I mean of your leaving them. Besides, your health is far from good, and I fear that travel might knock you up. So I have written to a man at Broadstairs to secure a house for you, and you can go when you like. My cashier has a cheque which he will send you to-morrow, and the same every Saturday till I return. Kiss the darling ones for their

Affectionate Father,

MRS. BROWN. EDWIN.

P.S. It seems absurd while one is so near Mont Blanc and Naples not to see them. I shall therefore run on. You can go and hear ALBERT SMITH'S lecture, which I dare say is quite as pleasant as the real thing, and we can compare notes hereafter.

WHEN was GRISI like an earthquake? When her shakes "brought down the house."

LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

Fish. Swell. "HERE, WAITAW!—ARE THE WHITEMEN PRETTY GOOD?"

THINGS PRETTY GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT a cabman's mile is less than 1760 yards.

That authors who profess contempt for prefaces invariably write one.

That when a betting-man says he'll "take" you, he means that, if he can, he'll take you in.

That "property-men" at theatres are not called so from their being gentlemen of property.

That tourists who speak English on the Continent are everywhere charged double for it.

That a blind man does not act illegally in taking up a bill made payable at sight.

That the first Beefeater was not a Vegetarian.

That, when a £10 note is lost at Loo, no one ever owns to having won more than a "crown or so."

That no young lady ever can be helped to wine without insisting on its being "the least drop in the world, then."

That, when you pay a visit, the Stamp Act does not force you to take a stamped receipt.

That there is not the slightest impropriety in saying that a Bachelor of Music is "wedded to his Art."

PARALLEL EXISTENCES.—A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close—for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

STAY-LACES are the worst connections that a lady can be tied with, and the best thing she can do with such connections is to cut them.

IGNORANT people should not be oracular. The Scotchman who devised the clannish proverb, "Bluid is thicker than water," was miserably unacquainted with the Thames.

VULGAR HINT TO A YOUNG LADY WHO WANTS AN OFFER.—The best time to nail a man is when he is half-screwed.

INSANE CONUNDRUM.—Why is a thing difficult to describe like a chronometer?—Because it is a watch-you-may-call-it.

A BRUTE.—A disagreeable cynic remarked, in a public lecture on Speech, that animals and women express themselves in interjections.

MUSICAL INSPIRATION.—MENDELSSOHN derived a fine idea from the singing of the kettle, which suggested to him the idea of composing *Songs without Words*.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—The dumb nettle signifies the acceptance of an offer. Silence gives consent.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." AS FOR JOHN THOMAS, THE BEST PLAN, OF COURSE, IS TO WAIT UPON *HIM*, AND THEN, PERHAPS (ALTHOUGH IT BY NO MEANS FOLLOWS), HE MAY BE SATISFIED!

[*As most Domestics are fond of the Organ-grinders, you had better engage one of an evening for their amusement.*

WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE SO BELOVED UPON THE CONTINENT.

Because, when they are inspecting churches, palaces, or picture galleries, they never strut about as though the places all belonged to them, and everybody else were seeing them on sufferance; nor, generally, do they demean themselves as though they were the monarchs of all that they surveyed, and as if their survey were an act of the extremest condescension.

Because they never hold themselves aloof from other tourists, and evince such pleasure always when they find another party wishes to join company.

Because by no chance do they ever disturb a *table d'hôte* by their grumbles at the cookery; and what they puzzle waiters so by calling "furrin kickshaws." Nor, if the beef-steaks, which they *will* persist in ordering, are brought a trifle overdone, do they threaten the poor "garsong" with the terrors of the Foreign Office.

Because they always pay such nice attention to their dress, invariably appearing in what is most becoming to them, and never coming out in what, it seem in London, would be followed by the street-boys as a fancy-ball costume.

Because, when they happen to have caught a smattering of what they conceive to be the foreign mode of swearing, they do not practise it habitually on every possible occasion, just to show off their proficiency and knowledge of the language.

THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.—JULY.

From a Secretary of the Treasury to a Member of Parliament.

House of Commons Library.

Dear Sir,

Lord P. has handed me your letter, in which you state to him that the session is nearly over, that you have given his Lordship constant, but discriminating support, and that your merits deserve recompense in the form of a place.

I beg to state, in reply, that your first proposition is the only one upon which Her Majesty's Government have the distinguished honour of agreeing with you; and I have the individual honour of remaining,

Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

V. Vocks, Esq., M.P. W. G. Hayter.

A Game Proverb.—The nearer the gamekeeper, the nearer the poacher.

Fellowship with the Oppressed.—A Fellow of one of the Colleges, Cambridge, has received a severe reprimand from the authorities for "grinding" the *Novum Organum* in the usually quiet Court. The Gentleman's mind is not considered sound on the subject Acoustics.

Advantage of Uniform.—An Englishman was invited to a fancy ball at a Foreign Court. Like a bold Briton, he went in the attire of a Parish Beadle. The effect was immense.

SCIENTIFIC ENTHUSIAST.

An eminent bill-discounter placed in his office a bust of Franklin. The reason which he assigned for this æsthetic demonstration was, that the American philosopher drew lightning from the clouds by flying a kite.

How to Ascertain if a House is Untidy.—Look behind and underneath the pillows and cushions of the sofas in the drawing-room or parlour, and if you find concealed there any cloths, or dusters, or rags, or "things to mend," you may come to the safe conclusion that that house is an untidy one.

Pledges of Single Blessedness.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, Ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

GOING TO CHURCH—SCARBOROUGH.

TERM OF MEDICAL ART.

A Medical man establishes a vehicle principally for the purpose of catching patients. A doctor, therefore, who has started a carriage, speaks very properly when he says that he has set up a trap.

The foolish woman is enslaved by the follies of *Le Follet*; the wise one breaks her stay-lace, and moves and breathes in freedom.

Referring to the present insatiable appetite for "Latest Intelligence," Man appears to be a Telegramnivorous animal.

Language of Birds.—An American hen (that had emigrated from Ireland) seeing some ducklings which she had hatched take to the water, expressed a wish for chicken fixins.

Hint for the Higher Classes.—Untidy habits are often the results of neat gin.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

August.

From a Tradesman to a Customer.

Sir,

I recommend you to countermand the passport which you ordered this morning in the Strand. You will remember that I have judgment against you for £189 16s. 3d., for a bill extending over five years, and I have no intention of permitting you to enjoy yourself on the Continent, while from your neglecting to pay me, I am obliged to send Mrs. Gubbleby and my children to Gravesend instead of giving them a holiday at Boulogne. You will remain in London, Sir, during the autumn, and if you attempt to move I will at once have you taken in execution. You may think to evade me, but you will hardly care to go without wardrobe and dressing-case, and I may as well mention that your new valet, whose pure Italian you admire so much, is a young gentleman who has a brother named Levi Moses, in the employ of the Sheriff of Middlesex.

I am, dear Sir Liabed,

Yours respectfully,

Sir Liabed Rattlecash, Bart. Barnabas Gubbleby.

DRESSING-ROOM RHYMES.

No water in my bottle. If I call,
She'll vow that, screwed last night, I drank it all.

Her cab five bob from Jullien's! Yet a fuss
If I come home from business by the buss.

My socks undarned! I 'll keep back my opinions,
But see if I bring home the next *Virginians*.

Masonry.—A lodge should never have a slate roof; for if it has, how can it be tiled?

What Capital Fun it is Setting Trimmers for Jack, and Rowing after them under a Burning Sun!—But why does not Tom haul up the Anchor

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

SEPTEMBER.

From a Young Lady to a Young Guardsman.

DEAR HENRY, *Baden-Baden.*

IT was very unkind and imprudent of you to write to me, and remind me of a promise, which if I ever gave it at all, was given in a thoughtless manner, and not intended to be brought against me in a grave way, as you have thought proper to do. But whether I made it or not, I now redeem it by writing. You will be glad to hear that we are enjoying ourselves excessively in this most delightful of all gay places, and that we find the most charming society, and, indeed, I know of nothing that could make the excursion more perfect. In a few days we go on to Italy. Pray do not think of answering this note, as anything you may want to say will keep until we meet somewhere next year, as very likely we may.

Yours sincerely,

AMARANTH-EGLANTINE ASPHODEL.

P.S. Mamma has changed my maid *for one in her own confidence.*

P.P.S. You will perhaps see an announcement in the *Morning Post* that will interest you. The Count is the handsomest Catholic in Europe.

DRESSING-ROOM RHYMES.

THERE are some crimes no woman can think sins:
How that infernal housemaid steals my pins.

She overslept. Is cross. There's some one slapped!
BILL has napped pepper 'cause Mamma has napped.

This collar is not mine. Yet, I suppose,
She'll stand me out she always checks the clothes.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS. — Children, having their dinner in the nursery, generally make a mess of it.

BEAUTY nipped in the waist is like a rose nipped in the bud. It is the shortest-lived, and falls off the quickest.

IT WAS IN AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER, WE FORGET WHICH, THAT AMELIA'S SCARF CAUGHT HENRY'S BUTTON, AND NOW—THEY ARE MARRIED. WASN'T IT ODD?

NEGATIVE EXPERIENCE.

WE never knew a man miss a catch at cricket without alleging as excuse, that the sun was in his eyes.

We never tasted oysters opened by an amateur without fancying we were swallowing a mixture of bad jelly-fish and gritty gravel-walk.

We never won a "fifty" of a gentleman at billiards who called the marker by his Christian name, and made his waistcoat pocket a receptacle for chalk.

We never knew a lady of sufficient strength of mind to mend her husband's stockings before a morning caller.

We have never heard of any City boarding-house that was not advertised as being within five minutes walk of all the Parks and Theatres, as well as of the Law Courts.

We never ate a town-made sausage for our supper without dreaming our repast had been partaken in Cateaton Street.

We never knew a maiden lady of past thirty years of age who could see a mistletoe suspended without trying to be caught under it.

We never knew a cook, however plain, who would apply her knowledge of plain dressing to herself.

We never yet have been inducted by advertisement into a "quiet family" without finding the house tenanted by a troop of squalling children and an amateur cornopean.

We never saw a cockney miss his birds without hearing he felt shaky from being out so late last night.

We never made acquaintance with a young married couple who could withstand the pride of having baby handed round to taste with the dessert.

And finally, We never drank champagne at any public ball-room, but we found it played old gooseberry with our comfort the next morning.

THE more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

PROBLEM FOR SENIOR WRANGLERS.—Bisect the modern Belle and find the real woman.

EXCHANGE.—Supposing you order a Steak, and the landlord brings you a tough one, would you call it a "legal tender?"

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—Beware of contracting friendship with surgeons. When you most require their services they will probably cut you.

HORTICULTURAL PHENOMENON.—Our friend CHARLES says that Castor and Pollux must decidedly have been the first "Swan's-Egg Pair."

YES, MY DEARS! I KNOW THE SEA-BREEZE AFTER BATHING IS BENEFICIAL TO THE BACK HAIR;—BUT CONSIDER THE HEART OF YOUR TOO SUSCEPTIBLE PUNCH!

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

OCTOBER.

From a Solicitor to his Noble Client.

Lincoln's Inn Fields.

MY DEAR LORD,

As I may not be back from my little shooting excursion when your Lordship returns from the Continent, I send this letter to await your arrival. It is only to say, which I do with much regret, that on the night of the 15th instant, your fine new mansion, Portcullis Castle, was burned to the ground. The library, plate, pictures, and furniture are entirely consumed; but several casks of wine were saved from the cellars, but drunk by the peasantry who came as spectators. The cause is unknown, unless it originated with the child of the housekeeper, who was staying with her mother, and, child-like, persisted in forcing lucifers into various cracks in the floors, though several times warned against the practice. You will be happy to hear that no lives were lost. I also regret to add, that my clerk accidentally omitted to enter in my diary a memorandum to pay your fire-assurance, and the policy had expired a few days before the fire. I have reprimanded him.

I am, my dear Lord,
Yours very obediently,
FLASHBURY BANG.

RIGHT HON. THE EARL SQUASHINGTON.

APHORISMS UPON TIGHT-LACING.

A NARROWNESS of waist betrays a narrowness of mind. When the ribs are contracted, it is a sure sign that the intellect is also.

Better to have good lungs and what, in the wisdom of *Le Follet*, is considered a bad figure, than by a tight corset to get a better shape and a worse constitution.

When a pair of stays comes in at the door, health, paired with happiness, flies out of the window.

She who, from tight-lacing, cannot draw a long breath, will probably in no long time have no breath at all to draw.

What's bred in the whalebone will eventually "come out" in the visits of the doctor.

Give me the unmaking of a lady's stays, and I care not who makes up her dresses.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." THERE CAN BE NO REASON WHY THE GIRLS SHOULDN'T DRESS THEMSELVES, SO THAT PARKER THE MAID MAY GO TO HER DANCING ACADEMY!

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE unfortunate allegation of the philosopher that the Salamander could resist the action of fire, has proved fatal to many a poor lizard and "effut," who has fallen a victim to the cruel ignorance and credulity of smatterers. But, though no European reptile has the faculty so ridiculously ascribed to it, the philosopher's speculation has, strange to say, received singular corroboration from South America. The Bachuela Indians, nominally subjects of Brazil, but really Apacuedos, domesticate an animal strongly resembling the Salamander. It is very much larger, being the size of a well-grown Newfoundland dog, and is black, with white spots at regular distances. It is very docile, but may easily be excited, when light seems to stream out from the round spots (evidently a phosphoric phenomenon), and the Bachuela women are in the habit of irritating the creature with a toasting-fork or other implement when they want to find anything in the dark. When an Indian village takes fire, these affectionate lizards are sent into the flames, and they frisk and disport in the fire like dogs in the water, and bring out every article in safety. They have a great love for red-haired people, and a traveller who possessed the advantage of fiery locks was so incessantly fondled and licked by the Salamanders that he was obliged to have his head shaved to avoid their attentions.

DRESSING-ROOM RHYMES.

How fast she's dressed! Ah, she has done me, BROWN:
Meaning to grab the *Times* before I'm down.

Those brats! And she, because it aggravates,
Tells them to take my sponge to clean their slates.

I'm still good-looking, and but slightly grey.
But she! Well, well, I threw myself away.

KNOW THYSELF.—How vain is the attempt of the natural philosopher to make an oyster clearly understand that he is a bivalve!

PHEASANT SHOOTING. A WARM CORNER.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1858.

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

NOVEMBER.

From a Governess to her Employer.

Pier Hotel, Brighton.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLLYHOCK,

You will be surprised to receive a letter with this date, but my acquaintance with history enables me to remind you that when the present BARON MACAULAY dated a letter from Windsor Castle, and was asked why he did so, his Lordship replied: "Because I was there when writing it." I am here, dear MRS. HOLLYHOCK, and in company with one whom I am as proud to call husband as you are, and ought to be, to call son. After leaving darling BERTHA and ELIZA (now my sweet little sisters-in-law) at the door, on our return from our walk, I joined dear HARRY at the corner, the ceremony was performed at the Registrar's (No. 6, Edgebarton Street, if you wish to verify the certificate I enclose), and we retired hither. I know that I shall make him an excellent wife, and I am quite prepared to forgive the past, and be, dear Madam,

Your dutiful Daughter-in-law,

BARBARA SARAH HOLLYHOCK.

MRS. HOLLYHOCK.

P.S. The fogs here are awful, but we don't much mind them.

PLEA FOR A PROPHETIC ALMANACK.

PEOPLE who are proud of their common sense assert, that in predicting future events a modern prophet has no grounds to go upon. This is a mistake. He has both tea-grounds and coffee-grounds upon which fortunes are told, and though his predictions may be fallible, they are not groundless.

THOUGHT AT A CIVIC FEAST.—If what's enough for one 's enough for two, what's *enough* for two is not too much for one. More turtle!

EDUCATION OF ANIMALS.—If you wish to rear a learned pig, put him up to fat, intellectually, upon HOGG'S *Instructor*.

HINT ON DRESS. — Don't carry your handkerchief in your breast-pocket. If you do—you take a wiper to your bosom.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." HAVING THOROUGHLY DRESSED AND FED THE HORSES, YOU HAD BETTER SET TO WORK UPON THE BOOTS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. THE KNIVES, AS YOU HAVE A MACHINE, YOU MAY AS WELL DO. AND, WHILE YOUR HANDS ARE SOILED, YOU HAD BETTER HELP ALPHONSO TO CARRY UP SOME COALS.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THAT the cat-fish builds nests, and nurses its tadpoles, is a fact recorded by MR. TIMBS; but a still more curious fact was discovered last year. In a pond in a garden at Headingly, near Cramborough, in Lincolnshire, carp have been kept for many years. The house-cat having produced a litter of kittens in October, they were tossed into the pond by a servant named EDWARDS, and no more was thought of the matter until one day in December five curious little animals were seen swimming on the water, and these turned out to be the two black, one tabby, and two white kittens, of which the old cat had been bereft. On their being pursued, they dived, and the carp rose up and snapped angrily, and it was discovered that two old fishes had nursed the kittens in the hole of a tree that hung over the pond, and had brought them up to be amphibious. What is more curious, some of the young carp had learned from their little feline companions to mew. An unlucky water-rat that had ventured from its own ditch to the pond was one day descried by the inhabitants of the latter, and chase was given. The carp prevented his diving, while the little cats swam gallantly after him, like hounds after a Killarney stag; and he escaped the fish and the cats only by the accident of a terrier running down and frightening them back, and settling the poor rat in terrier fashion.

PATRIOTIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.—May the Capital of England never be invested.

PAROCHIAL ECONOMY.—Continue to underpay the Workhouse Doctor, and then you will probably render his situation a sinecure.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.—Anybody speaking to any body at the Athenæum.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—It is a common complaint among the enemies of England, that the charge of the British cavalry is too heavy.

ALDERMAN'S ARMS. — The knife and fork.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." IT IS CERTAINLY BETTER TO MIND THE BROUGHAM YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY IN FOGGY WEATHER, AS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ROBERT'S UNFORTUNATE PROPENSITY, YOUR FAMILY ARE ALWAYS MORE OR LESS IN DANGER WHEN RETURNING FROM THE THEATRE.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1858.

CHRISTMAS-BOXES FOR THE PUBLIC.

For the abolition of street music, and all kinds of head-splitting noises in the streets.

For the introduction of a little oil and a wick, added to the present of a light, in the second and third class carriages, so that railway passengers may not be left in Cimmerian darkness as often as they go through a tunnel.

For a Box-keeper, who would not constitute himself into a theatrical turnpikeman, and refuse to let you pass to a seat in the boxes unless you have previously paid his toll of one shilling.

Nature always revenges herself on those who ill-use her. One of the unpleasuriest features of tight-lacing is, that the more the ribs contract the more the nose is reddened.

Capital Letters.—A love-letter, enclosing money, sent by the husband to the wife when she is down at the sea-side, is a Capital Letter.

Unhappy the woman who allows her waist to be moulded by her milliner. The seeds of consumption are frequently found set in the mould of fashion.

Refreshment of Speech.—A Member of the Leander Club, heading a Barge, politely inquired, "Who regaled himself on cancular pastry under the bridge of Marlow?"

A Pretty Concert.—Transported with egotism and yearning for sympathy, a youth exclaimed: "I like the man who treats other people with contempt, and myself with respect."

Poetry of Nature.—In answer to the question, "Who are you?" rather abruptly propounded by a goat, a cad replied, "I'm a cultivator of the Mewses."

THE PLEASANT LETTER-WRITER.

December.

My dear Parents,

It is with much pleasure that I write to inform you that rennet is made out of the stomach of a calf and the great fire of London was in 1666 and the capital of Russia is Petersburg and the reason of an eclipse is that the heavenly body comes between and our vacation will commence on Thursday the 17th instant when I hope that the improvement I have made in the various branches of my education will afford you much satisfaction.

Mr. and Miss Jobblykins desire me to present their compliments, and I remain

My dear Parents,

Your affectionate Son,

Mr. *and* Mrs. Podgey. Walter Podgey.

(N.B. Six similar letters from Walter's brothers and sisters, each accompanied by a bill.)

Unpublished Prize at the Cattle Show.—Ten pounds to Mr. Brunel, for the best hydraulic Ram. Reared upon timber and iron. By *Steam* out of *Boiler*. On view at Millwall.

CHRISTMAS-BOXES FOR THE PUBLIC.

For an Omnibus, that really is comfortable, and which you can enter and leave with ease, without incommoding every one else.

For an improvement in the Post-Office system, so that if you post a letter in the morning, there may be a chance of its being delivered the same evening.

For the introduction of a little more comfort generally into railway carriages, so that the passengers may have the pleasurable satisfaction of feeling that they are penned up in a somewhat different light to cattle, and are treated a trifle better than pigs.

Volume XXXIV.

Boy from School. "GATE NAILED, OLD BOY! NEVER MIND! I'LL MAKE A GAP FOR YOU!"

EDUCATED REPRESENTATION.

IN Order to promote as far as lies in his power, the highly constitutional views of the Archbishops, Schoolmasters, Judges, and other distinguished parties who have proposed to the Government to give "educated" persons—that is, persons who have learned some Latin and some Greek, and some history and some mathematics—a separate status in the commonwealth, *Mr. Punch* begs to subjoin the model of a hustings address, to be used by a candidate in requesting the suffrages of a cultivated constituency:—

MR. ST. LEMPRIÈRE. Gentlemen, and scholars. After the able remarks of my proposer upon the fifth proposition of EUCLID, and of my seconder upon the second aorist, I do not think that I need declaim to you at any great length. My honourable opponent has, I may say, succeeded in damaging his own case far more than I could hope to do. The ignorance which he has evinced as to all that a Member of Parliament should know, would have been worthy an officer in the Guards. He spoke to you of Athens, but I believe that he could not tell you on which side of it ran the Ilissus, nor whether the statue of Athena Promachus stood on the Acropolis or the Eleusinian Road. What profligate trash did you hear him utter, gentlemen and scholars, touching the Roman Prætor, and what was his miserable and misplaced jest about the Prætor Peregrinus and Peregrine Pickle! Is it by ribaldry that a candidate seeks to recommend himself to educated electors? And I am sure, gentlemen and scholars, that the shudder which filled my system agitated yours, when, alluding to DESCARTES, my honourable opponent broke so lamentably down in his theory of the aberration of refrangibility. Has he ever read MERCATOR'S 'Logarithmotechnia'? or will he go home from these hustings, where he can do himself no good at all, and study that work? What did he say of one, gentlemen and scholars, whom we can none of us name without respect? I allude to PINDAR. He dared to speak lightly of that immortal man, and even to revile him as a flute-player, and to glance contemptuously at his five defeats by CORINNA, the Tanagræan. I should be ashamed to take up your time in refuting such unworthy sarcasms. Again, gentlemen and scholars, my honourable opponent led you into early Arabian history; but it was only to break your shins in Arabia Petræa, not to conduct you through the Arcadia of Arabia Felix. I defy him to prove his assertion that the Ghassanides were established to the north of Damascus; and I would sooner forego all hope of receiving at your hands the sacred trust I

ask of you, than allow that the Abyssinians held the errors of S. ORIGEN. Gentlemen and scholars, if a man who, speaking of the Greek rowers, confounded the Zeugitæ with the Thalamitæ,—who evidently doubted whether he was right when he alluded to the white marble of the Parthenon,—who did not know that the word Euxine means hospitable,—who gave you the wrong date for the deposition of LADISLAS THE SHORT,—who is as ignorant of statics as an old cow,—who has mistranslated ARISTOPHANES three times in four pages,—who mended a line of HORACE into false quantity,—and whom I now defy to his face, and in presence of you all, to tell me what was the rank of the Roman officers called Contubernales—I say, if such a man be fit to represent an educated constituency, in the name of the Nine Gods choose him. For my part, could he even be sent as my colleague, I would as soon go to electors who can select a COX or a WILLIAMS. But, gentlemen and scholars, *paullo majora canamus*. I know that you will elect no such a Scholasticos, and that, despite the exertions of his hired Nomenclatores (who alone are enough to vitiate his election) nay, does he deny these canvassers?—I tell him then more, and I will prove it, that he has used Divisores, and has sought to bribe certain needy scholars and curates, and he shall hear of it again before a Parliamentary Committee. I say, in spite of all his efforts and devices, I am sure of your Suffragatio, and I shall represent you and your interests in the House of Commons. *Valete et plaudite.*

COLD WORK AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

AN interesting correspondence, we understand, has taken place between the Post-Office authorities and the principal confectioners of the City; having been originated by the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Civil Service Gazette*:—

"THE POST-OFFICE DEAD-LETTER ROOM.—This large new apartment is the *beau idéal* of rigid economy. It has neither stove nor warming apparatus of any kind to render it endurable in cold weather, and all who are condemned to work in it complain that it is a perfect ice-house. Colds and rheumatic ailments afflict the unfortunate *employés* in this region of desolation."

In the apprehension that the late summer-like weather may continue, or recur, the confectioners, anxious to provide sufficient refreshment for evening parties, have expressed a wish to treat with the Post-Office powers for permission to freeze their ices in the Dead Letter Room. By an arrangement with the leading furriers they hope to be enabled to protect their men from the effects of the low temperature of the locality. The heated beauty who retires from the dance under the mistletoe, to cool her glowing system with the frozen cream, need not be informed by any unpleasantly facetious partner, that the grateful restorative was deprived of its caloric in the cold and dreary tomb of the Dead Letters.

ADVERTISEMENT.]

AS NURSE.—WANTED an experienced person to superintend the Nursing of a line of Omnibuses, which are interfering with the business of an Opposition Company. His duties will consist in visiting the principally contested spots along the road, and seeing that the Company's arrangements for nursing the new vehicles are carried out effectively by all who are employed. With a view of ascertaining if the Nurses do their duty, they have weekly to return a tabulated statement, showing how many of their passengers they have taken from their rivals, and what reduction this has enabled them to make in their weekly given estimates of the other Company's receipts. These returns the Head Nurse will have carefully to check; and he will weekly have to certify that, as far as his own eyesight has enabled him to judge, the figures they contain are substantially correct. It will thus be clearly ascertained if the nursing system pays, and what average amount of injury *per diem* it is capable of causing.

In addition to the discharge of his duties as Inspector, the Head Nurse will be expected to officiate as touter; and at all times to assist the servants of the Company in their pursuit of passengers under any difficulties. As the carriages belonging to the rival Company are of an improved and far more comfortable make, the public are disposed of course to enter them in preference; and very careful nursing is in consequence demanded to prevent the Rival Company from commanding that success which they so study to deserve. A smart fire of chaff, with a volley now and then of blackguardly abuse, is sufficient to deter a nervous passenger from riding; and in any slanging match, or instance of dispute, the Head Nurse is expected to assist his fellow servants. Applicants must therefore be provided with certificates of their having duly studied in some proper school of slang, and been taught the noble art of verbal self-defence. This being esteemed an essential qualification, a trial of the Candidates will publicly take place, and the situation be awarded to the one whose mouth is foulest. If any who compete are considered to be equal, a retired Hansom Cabman, or a party who can prove that he 's of Billingsgate extraction, will most likely be preferred.

For terms and further information apply at the Pig and Tinderbox, Cheek Street, Whitechapel.

CONSCIENCE.—Mostly used by us in judging the actions of others.

GREAT NAMES IN TROUBLE.

GLORIOUS as were the dreams of SHAKSPEARE in general, he may have had some nightmares. The great dramatist may have dreamt that he was summoned before a justice, not for the noble offence of shooting deer without a licence, but for the base attempt to convey (the wise call it) tobacco. And in such a dream there would have been somewhat of clairvoyance. At Worship Street, one day last week, an individual, bearing no less a combination of names than that of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, was conducted to the judgment-seat of MR. HAMMILL, by SERGEANT KING of the H. Division of the British Public's Foot Guards Blue, charged with having been caught in the act of performing a questionable manual operation on the window of a tobacconist's shop.

The Sergeant stated that his prisoner had been in involuntary attendance at that office before. He also mentioned a circumstance which may enable those who are jealous for the name of SHAKSPEARE to hope that it, in the case of the gentleman who appeared under it, was his own in the same sense only as that in which the tobacco might soon have been if his proceedings and his person had not been timeously arrested. This was the fact that MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was the constant associate of a MR. TOM MOORE; a character equally well known with himself, and, it would seem, better known than trusted. We may, perhaps, give these gentlemen credit for the authenticity of BILL, and TOM, whilst we venture to suspect that the poetical surname is, in either case, a borrowed appellation: so that SHAKSPEARE may peradventure be the *alias* of SMITHERS or SNOOKS, and MOORE that of MUGGINS or MOODY.

Together with WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, two other nominally distinguished characters were summoned before MR. HAMMILL, at Worship-Street, to wit JAMES GRAHAM and DANIEL LAMBERT. Suspicion of lead—to use a technical phrase—constituted the charge against the namesake of the Right Hon. Member for Carlisle. He was apprehended by Policeman LUFF, N. whilst engaged in negotiating the sale of a quantity of that metal in a marine store-shop. DANIEL LAMBERT was accused of being drunk and disorderly. He seems to have been as little worthy of his name as either of his companions in trouble, inasmuch as he is described as a loquacious little man: whereas the celebrated DANIEL LAMBERT was an enormous man, and much too heavily oppressed with fat to have been capable of loquacity.

REASONS FOR WEARING CRINOLINE.

(*Extracted from a Lady in the Course of a Quadrille.*)

"WELL, I'm sure! What next, I wonder! But it 's like you *men*. Inquisitive creatures!! Talk of *woman's* curiosity! What is it to *you*, Sir, why I wear my crinoline? Getting up statistics, are you? Well— if you 're *really* serious—now *promise* you won't laugh—I don't mind telling *you* my reasons why I wear it. Yes, by all means, if you like. Take your pencil out, and write down from my lips just as I tell you.

"I wear crinoline, Mr. *Curious*, because MADAME DE FLOUNCEY assures me it 's the *Thing*. Who 's MADAME DE FLOUNCEY? O, she 's my French dressmaker, and her establishment 's in *Bond* Street, and she makes for LADY DRESSINGTON; and so, you see, she *must* know. Besides, she assures me it *so much* improves one's figure—especially when one 's slim, as every *genteel* person should be. And then, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it gives me such an *air* (no, it 's *not*, you wretch! it 's *not* blown out with the bellows!), and looks so *distinguished*. Though, to be sure, now one's own servants, as you say, have taken to it, there 's not so much *distinction* in the wearing, but there *ought* to be. Still, as MADAME DE FLOUNCEY says, it certainly *does* set one off; and as that dear, *dear* EMPRESS EUGÉNIE doesn't mind the maid-servants, I don't see why *we* need.

"Besides, you know, *everybody* wears it now, and one *must* do as everybody else does; one looks so *horridly* affected else. And, I 'm sure you *gentlemen* admire it. O yes, you may vow you don't, but I 'm *positive* you *do*. There now! And then, you know, it 's the *Fashion*. Only look at the fashion-books, and see what *lovely* wide dresses are drawn for us to copy in the pictures of *Le Follet*. Folly? No, Mr. Ignoramus, not folly, at all. Go and learn your *French*, Sir!

"'Hides clumsy feet?' How *can* you be so rude! *Ladies* do not *always* like to have their ancles stared at. O, I dare say you meant nothing *personal*. But I 'm sure it 's very *disagreeable* of you, asking one such questions; and I 've a great good mind to stop my ears, and not speak to you again, you odious wretch you!—taking down one's words, and then taking one up so. Yes, you *do*. And I wish I hadn't said a *word* to you, you horrid *man*! Now, don't be so *absurd*, Sir—let me take your arm. There 's that MISS JIGGLETON, I *know*, is quizzing us *abominably*. * * * O, how lovely cool it is! I do so *love* a conservatory; don't you? But I haven't told you my *real* reason, yet. You 'd like to hear it? Well then, if you 'll *promise* not to tell—I wear my crinoline, Mr. Inquisitive, because I *choose*, Sir! There now!"

A HAPPY NEW EAR.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"LEND me your ears.

"I am that persecuted member of the human body, the Ear. Since my sojourn in London, I think I have been persecuted more than ever. No big drum at a fair has known greater persecutions than mine. I am thumped—thumped—thumped upon from morning to night, and I call it nothing less than a thumping shame. My only rest is at night, and even then I am not always safe; for if I am sleeping in a lodging-house, I often wake up with a tremendous flea in my ear.

"Fancy my torments from the earliest dawn—when I am pulled out of a few refreshing winks, with the cry of 'Water-Creases!'—down to the middle of the night, when my slumbers are wound up, like a Dutch clock, by means of the Waits.

"Count the number of cries that pierce the murky atmosphere of London; count the number of organs that make day hideous, and fill one with rage and wonder that some English MAZZINI does not organise an Italian rising; count the endless pianos, cornets-à-piston, ophicleides, hurdy-gurdies, fiddles, violoncellos, that are always a-blowing, a-grinding, a-scraping, as though human ears had no more power of hearing than the ears of a field of corn. When you have ascertained the correct number of these instruments of torture, throw in all the cries, the shrieks, the yells, with which costermongers impress upon us the painful fact that they have not taken musical lessons of COSTA. I never heard 'an Adelphi Screamer;' but if it is anything like a Pimlico Screamer, I pity MR. WEBSTER, or any one who is compelled to listen to it. When you have arrived at an accurate calculation of all these oral nuisances, you may then come to something like an adequate notion of what my sufferings are every day I pass in London.

"Formerly it was a punishment to have one's ears cut off in their prime. Now-a-days, I believe, it would be considered a great boon. Better to have them cut off once and for ever, than to have them continually pierced every moment of your life. On my word, each street of the Metropolis is at present no better than a Pierce-Alley.

"If the cries and the street-music are not put down, I prophesy that London will soon be reduced to a state of metropolitan deafness. Peace will succeed with a vengeance to this long-continued state of '*Horrida belloie*,' and lawyers even will not be able to hear the still small voices of their consciences. The cockneys will suddenly become so many exiles of 'Erin.

"Until these cries are put down, it will be an empty sounding mockery, at this festive period, to wish any, much less myself, 'A HAPPY NEW EAR.'

"It is only out of gratitude to you, Dear *Punch*, for the hold you long have had of me, and the affection you have always displayed for my poor unprotected tympanum, that I have condescended to *de vous tirer par l'oreille* to ask you to listen for one moment to my wrongs.

"Do what you can, at this alarming cry-sis, to take off a little of the pressure (if only a few tones' weight) that has all but broken in the drum of

"Yours, most cruelly put upon,

"THE EAR OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC."

EVENINGS AT HOME.

(*An Echo of Old Holiday Reading.*)

"COME," said *Mr. Punch* to his boys, "I have a new game for you. I will be the founder of a new Cabinet, and you shall all take such offices as you like. Now then. What will you be, LEWIS?"

Lewis. I will be your Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir.

Mr. P. Why do you choose that post, my boy?

Lewis. Because I am very well read in classical history.

Grey. I will be your Home Secretary, Sir.

Mr. P. And why, GEORGE?

Grey. Because I never attend to anybody, Sir.

Cranworth. I will be your Lord Chancellor, Sir, because—because—O, I don't know why;—yes I do, the Chancellor sits on a nice stuffed cushion—and it 's jolly to sit on a nice stuffed cushion.

Mr. P. And you, PAN, what will you be, my Caledonian Prodigy?

Pan. Eh, Sirs! I 'll just be Secretairy at War, for ye ken I 'm sair troubled wi' the weary gout, and I tak' kindly to the arm-chair.

Labouchere. I 'll be Colonial Secretary, Sir, because I can talk fast, and nobody knows enough of the Colonies to guess whether I 'm right or wrong.

Mr. P. And you, my bright little fellow, what do you say?

Argyll. I 'll be your Postmaster-General.

Mr. P. Why so?

Argyll. Because my ancestor invented the Post, and those who used it said: "Bless the good DUKE OF ARGYLL!"

Mr. P. Now, GRANVILLE, what say you?

Gran. I 'll be President of the Council, Sir, because I can always make the other boys laugh with my French anecdotes.

Wood. I 'll be First Lord of your Admiralty, Sir.

Mr. P. What—you? Well. And why?

Wood (*smartly*). Ships are made of wood, ain't they, Sir?

Mr. P. Well, I certainly see no other reason. And now, CLARENDON, what 's your choice?

Clar. I 'll be your Foreign Secretary.

Mr. P. And why?

Clar. Because I 'm fond of a good cigar, which you can't get in England, but I 'd have 'em sent over in despatches by the Ambassadors.

Mr. P. STANLEY ALDERLEY, will you choose?

Stanley. I 'll be at the Board of Trade, Sir, because I should like to learn a little about trade, which I don't understand in the least.

Harrowby. I 'll be Privy Seal, Sir, because I don't think the other chaps have left me anything else.

Mr. P. O yes, there is. Eh, SMITH?

Smith. VERNON, Sir, if you please. And I 'll take the Board of Control, because it is a light gentlemanly occupation, and not too great a pull upon one's leisure.

Baines. I should like your Duchy of Lancaster, for the same reason as SMITH.

Smith. VERNON.

Mr. P. But there 's one boy has not spoken. You tall fellow, will you take that sprig out of your mouth, and tell me what you 'll be?

Pam. O, I 'll be your Premier.

Mr. P. No, no, I 'm the Premier.

Pam. There 's no difference between us. The principle of my policy shall be to knock as many heads together as I can, and keep the rest of the world laughing. Isn't it yours?

Mr. P. So it is. And you shall be *Punch's* Premier, and I think our game is very great fun.

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR THE PUBLIC.

FOR the public prosecution of Clergymen, who send you a begging-letter, supplicating the loan of a postage-stamp, to enable him to build a Church in some uninhabited district.

For the removal to their proper sphere of all theatrical preachers, who rant in the pulpit, and introduce into the vestry the manners of the green-room.

For the national removal of ladies' dresses, so that they may be taken out of the circle of folly, and brought within the limits of reason.

For the civilisation of crossing-sweepers, and the reformation of mendicants generally, and the suppression of infant beggars entirely.

POLITICAL SERVITUDE.—Germany serves many masters, and is faithful to none.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Miss Gushington. "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?" (BROWN *don't seem to see it.*)

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

NEXT to that of umbrellas, the ownership of books is perhaps the least respected. Hence the philosophical though rude remark, that fools lend books, and wise men borrow them.

The value of a "good thing" depends on him who utters it. The joke of the host is certain to be laughed at; that of the poor relation is scarcely even listened to.

My Son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer; namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

When a man is so reduced that he has to pawn his ring, it may be safely inferred that he is hardly worth a rap.

It is the last air on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the player's head broken.

How fleeting in the holidays is a leg of mutton! Still, a prelude of hard dumpling *is* an antidote to appetite.

It is said that Necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

My Son, when cabmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty; when "genuine Havannahs" are no longer grown at Kew, nor "real Suffolk Sausages" chopped and stuffed in Hounds-ditch; when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one; when "original" English farces are no longer to be traced as adaptations from the French, and "Shakespearian" circus-clowns make jokes that one can laugh at; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when a laundress in the Temple gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four-and-twenty hours from touching anybody's gin-bottle; when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off, and has his shaving-water brought without ringing more than twice for it; when the Beefeaters are all of them confirmed Vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle—then, O my Son, thou may'st chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she doesn't want it.

All is Vanity! I saw a dustman stop the other day to have his coat brushed!

THE LATEST LONDON CRY.—Down with the Cries!

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

THE benevolence of the celebrated conjuror FRIKELL has, if anything, increased with the festivities of this well-known festive period. His inexhaustible *chapeau* is now more inexhaustible than ever. We expect he will bring a four-post bedstead out of it some evening, babies and all inside. FORTUNATUS must have had a cap very like the hat of FRIKELL—at all events the lining of the two must have been exactly similar—and it is a question of many aprons and great-coat pockets whether our great conjuror would not have beaten the former gifted youth hollow. Where this modern cap of FORTUNATUS formerly held only wheelbarrows-full, it now contains a good Christmas waggon-load. If all the flowers and fruit and toys were piled up together in one heap, it is our belief that they would suffice to overflow Covent-Garden Market, and leave enough to furnish the pavements of the Lowther Arcade very comfortably into the bargain. There is no end to the Professor's benevolence. On boxing-night, in addition to about half-a-dozen mattrasses of feathers, more or less ostrich, he extracted from the Gibus that he held in his hand not less than 100 silver goblets, as big as tumblers, 500 bouquets (fresh gathered that morning), 1929lbs. of French bonbons, 2000 perfumed *sachets*, 25 children's drums, 74 penny trumpets, 1 Dutch cheese, 2 ladies' bonnets, 7 pigeons, and finished off with just one million of cards.

All these presents the Professor proceeded to distribute on the spot, and great was the gratification of those who fell in for the principal prizes. Such benevolence deserves some public recognition, and if the Professor is liberal on all occasions, we are only too glad to state that he is doubly liberal at Christmas-time. It is a kind of liberality that promises fairly to end in the Insolvent Court. Before his appearance is announced, however, at that national establishment, we recommend our readers to pay the Professor a passing visit. They will find that he is not only a host in himself, but an entire shop; or, to speak within limits, a whole series of shops. His lightness of touch is something wonderful. We buttoned up closely every pocket, for we expected every minute to miss all the valuable things they contained; and moreover, we kept our boots savagely tight down upon the ground, lest our stockings should be pulled unconsciously off our feet. Your secrets are scarcely safe from such a man, and we trembled lest he should have informed the company that we were some £5000 short in our last quarter's payment of the Income-Tax. Fortunately, his pleasantry of manner soon drove away any such absurd fear. The Professor is agreeably free from the cables of gold chain, and paving-stones of diamonds, that some Wizards are painfully addicted to. Nothing clumsy, or vulgar, about him. His conjuring is done so naturally that it positively appears real, even though he informs you beforehand of what he is going to do. The Professor, with all his quietness, is half funny with it all. His broken German makes you laugh. He hops and skips about in an odd, jerky manner, that has something eccentric in it, like a monster raven in full dress for an evening party, who was going out to practise the "black art;" or rather, to be more complimentary, he is like CHARLES MATTHEWS in one of his neatest, most india-rubber-ball moments. He is a comic CHARLES MATTHEWS, conjuring for his own amusement as much as to amuse the company, paying the most attention to children and the young ladies, and doing his conjuring in a charming off-hand manner, without displaying any of the usual tricks of conjurors.

Fiat Experimentum.

THE question of the Ballot will doubtless be raised in connection with the forthcoming Reform Bill. Why not pass an experimental Ballot Act—a bill for trying the ballot on the Constituency of Mayo? The body in question is just the sort of one that proverbial wisdom declares to be the fit subject of experiment.

A NEAT DISTINCTION.

Father: Well, CHARLES, you have come up, I suppose, to keep your Christmas in town?

Clever Son: No, Sir, not to keep my Christmas, but rather to spend it.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

PAM (TO SIR COLIN). "WELL—UPON MY WORD—EH!—I'M REALLY EXTREMELY OBLIGED TO YOU—BUT—EH!—HOW ABOUT KEEPING THE BRUTE?"

JUSTICE TO INDUSTRY.

"SIR,

"I HAVE a great respect for my LORD MAYOR, but when he made a speech from his bench the other morning against what he was pleased to call Begging Letters, he fell into errors which I hope your well-known readiness to promote the interests of commerce will allow me to correct. His Lordship was good enough to warn the public against giving charity in answer to Begging Letters, because they were, he said, all manufactured by impostors, who charged sixpence apiece all round. I think, Sir, that when the chief of a commercial city publicly dilates upon a commercial theme, he should be more accurate. I do not object to his warning—it will do my trade no harm, as there are always thousands ready to take it as a favour if you will come and cheat them. But I beg to subjoin my tariff of prices, which will show you how little my LORD MAYOR is acquainted with the subject.

	£.	s.	d.
Ordinary 'Begging Letter'—out of work, husband or wife just dead, arm or leg broken, goods seized for rent, or burned in a fire . each	0	0	4
Certificates in support of above from Clergyman of parish, deacon of chapel, beadle, &c. &c.	0	0	3
Letter stating that the writer is known to your family in the country, and list of names from PIGOTT'S *County Directory*, to be used by petitioner in conversation	0	1	0
Letter stating that the writer's brother, on whose remittances she depended for support, was shot in the Crimea (or at Delhi, &c.)	0	0	6
Letter saying that the writer once did you a kindness, which he has sworn never to mention, but appealing to your conscience whether you were not once served by an unknown friend	0	0	9
Letter from a housemaid who has been suddenly turned into the street for having given a plate of meat to a poor widow who had known better times	0	0	9
Letter from a soldier (this must be sent to a peace-monger or other old lady) who was flogged and cashiered for refusing to kill a prisoner	0	0	8
Letter from a small country tradesman who has been ruined for voting in an election for the candidate whose political principles he preferred (and searching *Dod* to see who it was)	0	1	0
Letter from a young lady, highly educated and accomplished, whose father is an officer, and who has, she fears, fallen, as she has not heard from him for nearly a year, during which time she has existed by pawning her things (and making duplicates to enclose, 1*d.* each)	0	2	6
Letter from a Clergyman who has a small curacy and eleven children, and coming to town to see his bishop has found his lordship gone to Brighton, and has had his pocket picked, (and looking at *Morning Post* to see what bishop is out of town)	0	2	0
Letter from an author whose MS. is detained from him by a rapacious publisher because he will not sell it him on the half-profits principle (seldom good)	0	0	1½
Letter from a returned Missionary whose entire family has been eaten by Carribeans (loan of idol to leave with the letter)	0	1	6
Letter from a nun who has seen the errors of Popery, and is consequently disowned by her rich relatives	0	1	0
Letter, in French, from a foreign gentleman who finds that his Ambassador, on whom he has a letter of credit, is gone to Scotland, (good, at a house where there is a smattering of French)	0	2	6
Letter, to be brought by a pretty child, saying that her father, who is in the employ of your friend MR. SMITH, has fallen down in a fit, and they have nothing to eat	0	0	6
Letter from a sailor who was with old CHARLEY NAPIER when he took Cronstadt, and was discharged without a pension through SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S malice. (Send in any bit of stone as a piece of the Russian fortifications)	0	2	0
Regular memorial, setting out a lamentable history of undeserved distress, (with signatures of persons testifying to its truth at three pence a dozen.)	0	5	0
View of the town where it happened, hair of writer's father and mother (grey) in locket, family Testament with entries of births, an old coin preserved through all troubles because a dear departed aunt's, letter from minister, deceased grandmother's double-fanged tooth, and other corroborative evidence, complete and warranted	1	0	0

"Such, Sir, are some of my principal items, and I am happy to say that this Christmas they have been more than usually productive, as the humane and affluent will do anything in the world for their fellow-creatures except inquire, in a practical way, into their stories.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"*New Oxford Street.*" "DIDDLETON PLANT."

MEASURES BY AN M.P.

MANY of our readers would perhaps wish that they had been present to hear the oration alluded to in the subjoined extract from the *Globe*:—

"MR. NICOLL AT FROME.—On Friday MR. DONALD NICOLL, Member for Frome, met his constituents in the Assembly Room of that Borough, MR. COOMBS in the Chair. MR. NICOLL addressed the Meeting at considerable length, passing in review the various measures he had taken part in during the late Session."

In describing the various measures in which he took part, MR. NICOLL may have entertained his audience with some statistics with regard to the wearers of Paletots, and other productions of sartorial art, which may have been interesting—at any rate to the profession.

THE Pinchings of a Corset sour the sweetest temper. A waspishness of waist is pretty certain to beget a disposition also waspish.

A GOOD OPENING FOR QUACKS.

THAT interesting invalid, MR. J. E. STEPHENS, late surgeon and upholsterer, wharfinger and pianoforte manufacturer, consulting and commission agent, boot and brick-maker, and banker, having found that his health failed him in the closeness of a law court, was driven to prescribe himself immediate change of air, to recruit his shattered system, and enable him in some way to repair his spent resources. Considerately, however, for the feelings of his friends, before he quitted Edinburgh, he summoned the last remnants of his exhausted strength to pen a letter to the bankruptcy trustee of his estate, explaining on what grounds he had ventured to absent himself: and requesting, as he felt so thoroughly unfit for business, that an adjournment might take place of the proceedings in his case. So reasonable a request might not impossibly have been granted, had the legal forms in making it been properly complied with. Unhappily, however, either in his ignorance, or in the hurry of departure, the poor gentleman omitted to enclose a medical certificate of the state of nervous suffering to which he was reduced, and which made his instant absence a vital matter of necessity. The plea for adjournment was therefore overruled, the court observing that:—

"The only thing in the letter that gives any reasonable ground for craving adjournment is his statement with regard to his health; but as he has not given the only legal evidence of it, a medical certificate, it cannot be admitted."

Although he had been formerly in the medical profession, the bankrupt's own opinion of himself could not in strict law be held admissible as evidence; and without impugning either his judgment or veracity, the Court was forced by precedent to require the usual proof that his statement was correct. But for this omission, MR. STEPHENS might have journeyed quietly to France without taking French leave, as he was forced to do, of Scotland: and he might even now be taking his walks tranquilly abroad, in all serenity of mind, and ease and freedom from arrest. There would have been no need for him to use the name of SMITH in applying for a passport, or to have stooped to any of those small precautions, such as wearing wigs and spectacles, and having whiskers dyed bright red, which are so commonly resorted to by our invalidish bankrupts, who try a change of residence to benefit their health, without a medical certificate that the remedy is needed. In fact, had he but obtained this substantiating document, MR. STEPHENS might have joined his fellow-sufferer, the invalided COLONEL WAUGH, at his *Château en Espagne* without the fear upon his mind of a tap upon his shoulder.

Now, without a too great stretch of our powers of conception, we think it is just possible that ere the century is out there will be another case or two like that of MR. STEPHENS, where a bankrupt's health will suffer from a close examination, and the break-up of his constitution will be another phrase for speaking of the break-down of his case. Such invalids, however, being not uncommonly *malades imaginaires*, might find it troublesome to get a recognised practitioner to give them a certificate of their being out of health. There will therefore clearly be an opening for the Faculty of Quacks, who will not be deterred by any squeamishness of conscience from furnishing false evidence to support a patient's plea for the adjournment of his case. In fact we should not be surprised, if bubbles still keep being blown (as assuredly they will, so long as there are fools who are well off for soap), were we to see in low-class prints such announcements as the following:—

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A RETIRED PHYSICIAN, of the Holywell Street Faculty, begs respectfully to acquaint his friends and former patrons, the swell-mobility, light-fingered gentry, bubble bankers, and absconding bankrupts generally, that he continues to supply first-rate MEDICAL CERTIFICATES, pitched to any amount of strength, and got up at the shortest reasonable notice. The Physician begs to remind his friends and former patrons that, however they may suffer from a cross examination or any other cause of feverish excitement, and however little fit they may feel themselves for business, they cannot legally absent themselves when summoned into Court, without their ill-health being certified by their medical attendant. Having had considerable experience in Court practice, the Physician will back himself to furnish any amount of evidence, whether medical or not, in support of any plea that any patient may set up. In cases of emergency he will even undertake to appear personally in Court, state his reasons orally for the certificate of illness he has been paid to give. The Physician having mastered the slang of the profession, can couch his statements in such highly scientific verbiage, that he will warrant that their genuineness will always pass unquestioned. Diseases the most latent carefully found out, and certain death predicted from the danger of confinement. Change of air prescribed without any extra fee, and advice given gratis as to the most salubrious retreats upon the Continent. Alternate attendance at the Cat and Pattens, Houndsditch; and at the Jolly Cracksman, Sharp Street, Seven Dials. Hours of Consultation generally the dark ones.

Appropriate Present.

IN testimony of their appreciation of the merits of a young Curate, distinguished by his zeal and devotion in the cause of canonical robes, the young ladies of his parish have, by subscription, presented the reverend youth with a set of the most fashionable Crinolines.

RUDE HEALTH.—It is extremely Rude when a strong robust fellow keeps bragging about it in the presence of an invalid!

WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE SO BELOVED UPON THE CONTINENT.

BECAUSE they never foster the delusion that, by letting their moustache grow, they may succeed in passing themselves off as natives of the Continent, and never fly into a passion and a use of English expletives, when their bad accent has betrayed their insular extraction.

Because, whatever quantities of luggage they may take with them, they always are so careful to leave their pride at home.

Because, when honouring an hotel, they never act as though they were the only people in it, and never get put out because the best apartments happen to be full, or because they cannot have the dinner-hour altered about every other day to suit their sole convenience.

Because they are at all times so simple in their tastes, and so considerate in making due allowance for any cause that may prevent their being properly supplied; for instance, never ordering stewed eels or pickled salmon at Chamouni, or blowing up the hospitable monks of Great St. Bernard for not having scolloped oysters and draught London stout for supper.

Because they never bluster about "writing to ze *Times*," nor profess themselves astounded at the ignorance of foreigners who seem quite undismayed by the terrors of the threat.

Because they never strut about and slap their breeches' pocket, and show by all the pantomime they anyhow can muster, that Englishmen are all completely CRŒSUSES in wealth, and could buy up everything and body that they meet with.

Because, when they are looking at the sea-fights in the Louvre, they never make allusion to COLLINGWOOD or NELSON; nor, in talking of the battles fought on canvas by French artists, do they lug in the word "Waterloo" more than twice per minute.

Because, if by some exceedingly improbable fortuity they happen to be forced to fall out with a foreigner, they never have recourse to their stock of British Billingsgate, nor tell him to "come on," and have his "head punched" at *la Boxe*, nor imagine that the strength of their national anathemas is appreciable by those even who do not comprehend them.

Because when they are "doing" a cathedral during service, they always are so careful not to interrupt those persons whom they find at their devotions; and never stalk and stare about, as though the congregation were a part of the exhibition.

Because they never give way to the weakness of praising the English public buildings, monuments, or statues, when asked for their opinion of those upon the Continent; nor when a French enthusiast shows them the Louvre or the Place de la Concorde, do they (ascertaining first that he has never been in London) exclaim, with a burst of mingled pride and pity: "Ah! but you should just see our Trafalgar Square and National Gallery!"

Because, when spending a few hours in waiting for a *visé*, they never break out into wrathful imprecations on the Government, nor give in stronger language their expression to the thought, that the purse of a Great Briton is his only needful passport.

Because whatever grievance they may fancy they've sustained, they never more than twenty times per diem swear LORD PALMERSTON shall hear of it.

Because, should some slight mishap befal them in their journey, supposing that they happen to be too late for a diligence, or if a single one of their nine-and-twenty packages should ever somehow chance to be somewhere left behind, they never rave about their grievance as though it were intended as an insult to Great Britain, and demanded the instant interference of the Government.

Because, if ever they forget their national exclusiveness so far as to accept a dinner invitation, they always take such pains to make themselves agreeable; and do their utmost to dispel the foreigners' delusion that the English can't get jolly without also getting drunk.

Because they always show such readiness in conforming to the customs of the countries they are stopping in. For instance, if they honour a French play with their presence, they by no chance ever take a seat that has a handkerchief tied round it, and never carry on a conversation during the performance, because they are unable themselves to understand it.

In fine, Because they always show so sociable and cosmopolitan a character: never forming into English knots at *table d'hôtes*, nor avoiding foreign contact, as though it were contagion: embracing every chance of making themselves useful as well as ornamental: taking things as they are, without finding futile fault because they are not what they are not: being affable to those who would be affable to them, without trying to find out if they are as well born or as rich: never carrying abroad that propensity to grumble, for which Englishmen are nationally notorious at home: and doing their best always to dispel the so ill-grounded Continental prejudice, that JOHN BULL is as surly as a bull-dog dressed in broad cloth: the sun of whose good humour never shines in England, even, much less on the Continent,—where the clouds he carries annually are only brightened by the gold and silver lining that comes with *them*.

COMFORT IN WALKING.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,"

"PERMIT me to offer your readers a hint, which may have the effect of saving them from some annoyance. The other day I executed a resolution formed many months ago, and subsequently often renewed and as often forgotten, of providing myself with new clothes. I got the goods at an outfitter's—my person being one that does not require to be measured for apparel, since it has no shape but what anxiety about appearance would induce a man to conceal, so that, practically, any suit will fit me if it is only a little too large. Wanting the things in a hurry, I had them packed up in a brown-paper parcel, which I walked off with under my arm. Some purchases which I had to make in Regent Street and the neighbourhood obliged me to carry my bundle about that part of the town. The burden, certainly, was rather troublesome, but the inconvenience of it was much more than counterbalanced by the relief which it afforded me from a very great annoyance. I found it, so to speak, a shield or buckler, which defended me from irritating importunities. So long as I carried it, I was entirely unmolested by the solicitations of beggars, street-sweepers, blacking-brigade boys, handbill-distributors, and hawkers of the *Morning Star;* tormentors who usually, during my rambles, disturb my meditations, and thereby irritate me to a degree unbecoming the temper of anybody who is the least bit of

"A PHILOSOPHER."

"P.S. A shocking bad hat and a seedy overcoat (alone) have often failed to answer the purpose."

HUMANITY IN A WIFE.

ONE really pities the poor carver of a favourite dish. Not only has he all the trouble, but he is obliged to send all the best bits to his friends. What an angel of a wife has our acquaintance, SMITH! He helps her, of course, as is a lady's due, namely, to the very choicest morsels; and, when all the other people at table are served (not before), that great-minded and generous woman has the pluck to say, with a well-feigned impatience: "Dear, dear, MR. SMITH, you have sent me woodcock (or ortolan, or phœnix, or whatever it is) when you know I never touch it—a husband never condescends to remember his wife's tastes." To which SMITH has the meekness to reply: "Well, well, my love, I beg your pardon; I really quite forgot. Send it round to me, dear; send it round to me." And he gets the best help of them all. We have seen this feat at SMITH'S twenty times. Let us hope that he remembers his confederate when it is the time to make presents.

MY FLORA.

A FASHIONABLE PASTORAL.

TELL me, Gentles, have you seen
My FLORA pass this way?
That you may know the Miss I mean,
Her briefly I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head,
But on her neck she wears:
An oyster-shell 'tis said
In size with it compares.
Its shape no eye can brook,
Its use is doubtful too;
It but imparts a barefaced look,
And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the Swell
For its swoln exuberance:
She looks a Monster Belle
In such Big Ben expanse.
Those air-tubes filled with gas
Might lift her to the moon;
The small boys mark it as they pass,
And screech out: "Ah Bal-loon!"

A parasol she bears
For ornament, not use:
For comfort gloves she wears
Too tight, and sleeves too loose.
Behind her hangs a hood
Just level with her chin,
An Indian Squaw might find it good
To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots,
Sham flowers the rest conceal;
And she's crippled by her boots
With the military heel:
Streets off you hear them stalk
Whene'er she ventures out;
And she seems to waddle more than walk,
Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good,
But that no eye can tell;
A mere lay-figure would
Show off her dress as well.
She may have ankles neat,
But they're concealed by skirt,
Which chiefly serves to hide her feet,
And gather up the dirt.

Then, Gentles, have you seen
My FLORA this way come?
She cannot have unnoticed been,
She takes up too much room!

The Last Moments of Leadenhall Street.

Old Oriental Man. I've just been looking at the clock of the East India Company.

His Oriental Toady. Well, and what did you see, pray?

Old Oriental. This solemn fact, Sir,—ITS HOURS ARE NUMBERED!

CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

BRIBE a London postman to allow you to act as his substitute. A few weeks of the early rising and exercise necessitated by this employment, will reduce your figure to the proportions of an Apollo.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THROUGH the courtesy of a Clairvoyant, we are enabled to announce, that among the novelties of literature which are in active preparation and will shortly be forthcoming, a work will be produced of so singular a character that we expect it will be looked upon as perfectly unique. The book will be entitled *Rides and Reveries in a Chelsea Omnibus*, and the suspicion of plagiary which the name conveys will in some degree be realised in the body of the work. We are not at liberty, as yet, to divulge more of the contents than what we actually know; but, so far as guesswork enables us to judge, the style is strongly marked by that elaborate conciseness in which the author of *Proverbial Verbosity* is so exuberantly fruitful: and there are abundant imitations of those "tedious brief" sentences, and ponderously worded levities for which the style Tupperian is so sufficiently notorious.

It is, however, not so much for its intrinsic literary merit, as for the manner of its composition, that the work is to be viewed as such a singular production. Its title to uniqueness rests upon the fact that the book has been composed, and actually written, in the intervals of stoppage between Chelsea and the Bank of the slowly-moving vehicle from which its title is derived. The author, in his preface, states that, being of Scotch parentage, and a business man to boot, he has naturally learned to look at time as money, and on economic principles is averse to ever wasting it. Having ascertained that in his journeys to the City he was sustaining, on an average, a daily loss of full three hours sixteen minutes and a quarter, it seems he was not easy in his mind until he'd hit upon a plan of turning this waste time to a profitable account. By a lucky thought at length it occurred to him to copy that great legal luminary, who is reported to have written a six quarto-volume treatise in the various "half minutes" his wife took to put her bonnet on; which small odds and ends of time he would otherwise have been compelled irretrievably to waste. Taking a leaf out of this remarkable production (by the way, will *Notes and Queries* tell us where and when the book was published? our *Judy* utterly refuses to believe in its existence), the writer of the *Reveries* has wisely turned his omnibus delays to literary uses, and has completed what, in bulk at least, may be fairly viewed as a companion work. Instead of idly wasting time in comminating the Conductor, he has sensibly employed it in jotting down a sentence; and when getting out of temper at the stoppages *en route*, by composing a few paragraphs he has composed himself. Some notion may be formed of the average delay he has experienced *per diem*, when we state that, notwithstanding he affirms that he is rather slow in thinking, his three months' *Reveries* extend to upwards of six hundred closely-printed pages; and in an Appendix to his work he gives a tabulated statement of the points at which his 'bus invariably stops, whether hailed or not, and the average length of time which is taken up at each. As a proof that he has made himself acquainted with the subject, he states, that such are the delays he is continually exposed to, he would even back himself in less than three days' constant riding to read entirely through a "leader" in the *Saturday Review*.

Somewhat doubting his ability to do this latter wonder, we give unqualified approval to his performance of the literary feat he has succeeded in accomplishing, and we doubt not, when the work is submitted to the public, our opinion will as usual be accepted as correct. We trust it is superfluous to offer a suggestion that the Directors of the Company to which the omnibus belongs should have a presentation copy of the book. It is to their system of slow travelling, combined with surety of delay, that we must hold ourselves indebted for the composition of the work, and while their omnibuses take such time upon the road, all thinking men must view them, not as personal conveyances, but merely vehicles for thought.

HISTORICAL CHRONOLOGY.

Compiled by M. P. COX.

A.D. 1—1857. Wars of the Roses waged between these dates, and ended by the defeat of the Russians at the Battle of the Boyne and the Ratification at Rouen of the Peace of Amiens.

A.D. 925. Accession of the GOOD QUEEN MARY upon the decollation of KING JAMES THE FIRST.

A.D. 1001. Final Defeat of the Roundheads at the Battle of Austerlitz.

A.D. 1196. Drowning of the DUKE OF CLARENCE by his butler, MALMSEY.

A.D. 1588. Restoration of KING CHARLES THE THIRD after the Defeat of JOAN OF ARC at the Battle of Marengo.

A.D. 1777. Discovery of America by SIR WALTER RALEIGH, in company with ADMIRAL DRAKE and CAPTAIN T. P. COOKE.

A.D. 1799. Spanish Armada towed into Ramsgate Harbour, by LORD ALEXANDER COLUMBUS, after the Battle of Culloden.

A.D. 1800. Death of FREDERICK THE GREAT at Botany Bay, after his removals from St. Elba and the Castle of Otranto.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Augustus. "NOW, I'VE GOT YOU!"

CHRISTMAS WAITS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN expressing our opinion that the Waits this year are as numerous as ever, we intend no allusion to those most unmusical, most melancholy minstrels, who consider themselves privileged at this festive season to infest our quiet streets in bands at midnight, and murder sleep and harmony with equal perseverance. In addition to these annual Great Plagues of London, there are this year among the Waits chiefly noticeable the following:—

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK Waits—upon the nation with his bill for Saving India, for which the £1000 a-year obtained for him by *Mr. Punch* is of course to be regarded merely as the first instalment.

That martyr, NANA SAHIB, Waits—to receive some compensation at the hands of the Calcutta Government—for the loss of reputation he has recently sustained, through the libellous attacks of the ungagged London press.

LORD MERCATOR Waits—for a panic, unrelieved by the Suspension of the Bank Act, which shall "clear the atmosphere of commerce by the irretrievable ruin" of almost any number, excepting Number One.

MR. BRUNEL Waits—for that high tide in the Thames, which, taken at the flood, shall float the weight of the *Leviathan* off his mind and off the mud.

The English Working-Classes Wait (in spite of MR. COX and his dread of LORD WAT TYLER)—for a Sanitary Act to prevent the use of pigsties as human habitations.

Generous KING BOMBA Waits—for every opportunity to show that his kind treatment of the English engineers on board the *Scagliari* forms no exception to the general rule of hospitality to foreigners who visit him.

All friends of India Wait—to see the weight of Government removed from the leaden Leadenhallers.

MR. DISRAELI Waits—to show by his expertness in all figures of speech that he is the right man for a place in the Exchequer.

The poor dear Sepoys Wait—to get the pensions they are naturally expecting from the Company, for the injuries inflicted on them by that monster HAVELOCK.

Our enterprising Over-Traders Wait—for better banking facilities, to enable them to do more business and more creditors.

Suffering Belgravians and ear-pierced Britons generally Wait—to be freed from the grinding tyranny of organ-grinders.

Finally, the House of Commons Wait—for the Spring, which may enable them to see in what direction the Reform Cat is to jump.

FOREIGN COUNTS AND NATIVE NINNIES.

You ladies of the verdant class,
Soft, sentimental souls,
Beware of foreign snobs, who pass
For noble exiled Poles.
Oh! dote not on their raven hair,
Their lean and hungry maws,
Their bushy chins, their tragic air,
And sallow lantern jaws.

Trust not the rank impostor's tale.
No patriot was he,
Whose luckless fate it was to fail
In some conspiracy—
Your Count, who bears upon his head
That rich luxuriant mop,
The mill of penance soon will tread,
And sport the County crop.

The heart beneath that seedy vest,
But not beneath a shirt,
With sordid feelings is possessed,
Well matched with outer dirt.
He wants your money, not your hand,
In seeking you for wife.
He rather, durst he, would demand
Your money, or your life.

Count, indeed!—count your spoons when he
Has been to make a call;
And very fortunate you'll be
If you shall find them all.
But better were it with your plate
The fellow should depart,
Than in his power get your estate,
By stealing, first, your heart.

You ladies of a certain age,
Especially take heed,
And don't in wedlock's bonds engage
With counts of foreign breed.
The only object in the view
Of all those rogues is pelf.
Rather than let them marry you,
Remain upon the shelf.

TEETH AND KNIVES.

ALDERMAN CHALLIS, on mention being made at an Aldermanic meeting of the intended Reform Bill for the Corporation of London, burst out with the enthusiastic hope that the said Corporation would resist the bill "not only to the teeth, but to the knife."

As for the teeth, one can understand that. The City has shown its teeth often enough, and with success, against reform, and is now doing it again. This time, however, the display of teeth will probably be of the kind called "gnashing," which is usually the result of rage at total defeat.

But, in the name of all that is English, what does this man CHALLIS mean by "the knife?" Does he propose that when SIR GEORGE GREY lays the bill on the table of the House, somebody shall stab him? Or are the Aldermen to lay in wait near the Tellers, and kill the Members who vote for the bill? Or are Ministerial Peers to be murdered? Or when the Clerk of the Lords is about to say, *La reine le veut*, is a RODGERS's blade to be sent into him, and stretch him on the obnoxious measure? In what other way is the "knife" to resist the bill?

Failing to receive a satisfactory answer to these questions, *Mr. Punch* will take the liberty of asking one more:—

Is not ALDERMAN CHALLIS an awful Donkey?

Chemical Fact Familiarised.

IT has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have a grain in it.

CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.—A bagman would not necessarily be eligible to the Travellers' Club.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

(A Small Story of the Suburbs.)

WELLINGTON TOOTAL is the soberest of men. However, his wife did accuse him one day last week of having exceeded his usual bounds of sobriety. The fact is, MR. TOOTAL had come home at the un-Gower-Street-hour of One. His step was as heavy as a policeman's—his talk was thick, like that of a man eating soup in a hurry at a railway-station, and talking through it. He confessed he had dined, and had been afterwards to the theatre, and that was about as much as could be picked out of his confession. The next morning, at the breakfast-table, his wife repeated her accusations. MR. TOOTAL looked quietly, and his eyes began to study the pattern of the carpet: "Well, do you know, my dear," he said, after a few minutes' penitence, "I think myself I must have been rather queer. Now that I look back, I recollect I went to Drury Lane, to see the pantomime, and I have a vivid impression that I saw *two* Clowns, and *two* Pantaloons—yes, and I have the strongest recollection of having seen *two* Columbines also, and *two* Harlequins as well—and, in fact, if I mistake not, I saw *two* of nearly every character." This was sufficient. MR. TOOTAL was condemned, by his own evidence. His wife declared emphatically that, "It was very clear from his own confession that he must have been in that filthy state *when a man sees double*; and *she* would take very good care that for the future he never went out dining by himself alone again!" MR. TOOTAL was dumfounded. He still labours under the belief, inasmuch as his vision that evening was seemingly multiplied by two, that he must have been "very bad, indeed." If it is any relief to MR. TOOTAL'S feelings, we beg to assure him that his character for sobriety is perfectly unimpaired, for to have seen double, he must have seen not less than *four* Clowns, *four* Columbines, *four* Pantaloons, and four of every character, for the simple reason that the Harlequinade is done this year, as a dramatic author would say, *en partie double*.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING.

HOW TO CARVE YOUR FORTUNE.—Cut your poor relations, and slice away as deeply as you can into the pockets of others. Help yourself always first, before you think of helping anybody else, and help no man that is not likely to help you in return. Be careful about forking out, until you have secured as much as, if not more than, you want.

HOW TO CARVE YOUR WAY THROUGH A CROWD.—Get a chimney-sweep to walk before you.

HOW TO CARVE YOURSELF A NAME.—Fine chiselling will do it, so that your name, in a short time, will figure very largely in all the police reports.

THE BEST WAY OF CARVING A GOOSE.—Cut him up finely, in the presence of his lady-love.

CHANT OF THE EXPIRING ECCLESIASTICAL COURT.

NEXT Monday, the Eleventh instant, we are doomed to cease and determine,
In our official character having been decided to be no better than a set of legal vermin;
The New Court of Probate Act will then come into operation,
And we shall be sent about our business, but, thank Parliament, not without some Compensation;
Compensation, Compensation,
For the practice we shall lose they allow us Compensation,
A certain Compensation.

It is as clear as daylight that we shouldn't have a leg
To stand upon respectably, and should be reduced either to starve or beg;
Or put up with Workhouse fare, and live in a state of separation,
A mensâ et thoro, if we had n't to receive any Compensation,
Compensation, Compensation,
We should all be regular paupers if we didn't get Compensation,
A moderate Compensation.

You soon would see us in the streets, with doleful looks, in vesture seedy,
Singing psalm-tunes about, to say that we were destitute and needy,
And though ashamed to appear before you, our Christian friends, in that disgraceful situation,
By want of employment were compelled to appeal for Compensation,
Compensation, Compensation,
And trusted you would bestow on us a trifle of Compensation,
Charitable Compensation.

Wearing white aprons with intent your pity to excite and waken,
For those old porters, at our gate who touting stand, we should be taken,
And then, supposed to be those bores, we should be met with execration;
Instead of receiving at your hands the smallest amount of Compensation,
Compensation, Compensation,
At least we shouldn't get anything like our present rate of Compensation,
Of public Compensation.

On Monday Hilary Term begins, but if on that day we were to be forced to cease from winning
Our bread, the term of Hilary, would inspire our breasts with a feeling quite the reverse of hilarity in then beginning;
How much good then those must perform who, like us, win their bread by litigation,
That they alone, when they are thrown out of work, are shown so high a degree of consideration as they receive in Compensation,
Compensation, Compensation,
In being awarded Compensation,
Munificent Compensation.

A WILD MAN.

"SIR,

"MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS uttered a *dictum* on Friday, January the first, which will give small satisfaction to persons of the tailoring persuasion, but a good deal to those who are bothered by their smarter friends for 'not paying sufficient attention to dress.'

"He declared that his experience in insolvency had taught him, whenever he saw a well-dressed man, to look on him as 'a past or future insolvent.'

"MR. PHILLIPS is a very sensible man. And now I hope, Sir, that I shall be let alone.

"I am an ill-dressed man, and I mean to keep so, and I like it. It is not that I am without the means of dressing smartly, for I have a good income, and excellent credit, but I positively dislike new clothes and all the trouble they cause. And now, fortified by the PHILLIPS *dictum*, I beg to say most distinctly that it is of no use for any of my swell friends to hint to me that I am 'careless.' I *will* wear my browned old coat with frayed cuffs, and I will *not* have a new hat, and I will *not* have my crumpled hat-band ironed out, and I will *not* have the other buttons sewn on my boots, and I *like* my frock-coat to curl up at the corners, and I *choose* to keep the pocket-lining torn, because I can let the things put in slip down, and so can carry any quantity, and I *intend* to wear my warped and bulgy trowsers until Easter.

"I send you £5 for the poor's box, and remain

"Yours truly,

"A BRITISH SLOVEN."

[Our correspondent is evidently insane. What have we to do with his dress, or with the poor's box. His money lies at the office, and will be given to any applicant with wild eyes and straws in his hair.]

THE BANK SUSPENSION ACT.

"Vell, Mister Scrubby, you surprises me! Refuse to discount your bill at six months! Arter that, I wants to know, what IS *the use of the Bank of Hengland?"*

THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A YOUNG LADY.

WE have received the following communication from a young lady, who assures us it is her maiden production. We give it insertion for two reasons—firstly, by way of encouragement; and secondly, because the young lady is excessively pretty. The second reason is so good of itself, that, on second thoughts, we do not see what necessity there was to mention the first. However, to business:—

"We see (it is the young lady who sees) that the Paris correspondent of the *Times* mentions having 'received a letter from the Banks of the Danube.' Are we to take this *au pied de la lettre*, or *au courant*, or *littorally?* We were not aware that river-banks ever corresponded with each other, except by means of a ferry or a barge. It is probable that when about to indite a letter to their Parisian friend, the banks of the Danube use their reeds in Eastern fashion, and treat the Black Sea for their inkstand. The paper they write on is of course 'the best Bath,' only distinguished with a water-mark; and the style of the letters is doubtlessly flowing, though here and there somewhat muddy and obscure. We should say that the news was derived from the brightest sources, but included also all floating rumours, besides taking in the various idle echoes that murmur incessantly about the place. When the banks have finished their letter, fine river-sand dries the writing; and, as for a seal—why the seal is unquestionably supplied from its native haunts in the stream."

We should be sorry to spoil the effect of the above, or else we might venture to observe, that when the banks wanted to enter into correspondence, they probably got some passing fisherman to drop them first a line. It strikes us, however, that our stupid suggestion is only an impertinence, for which, not wishing to be ungrateful, we beg to apologise to our Young Lady. In the name of our readers, we take the liberty of congratulating her on her first appearance in any print. It is a most successful *début*. Might we ask, if she is open to an engagement?

THE COMPRESSION OF FOLLY.

WE notice a book advertised under the title of the "*History of Court Fools.*" The subject is a rich one, but to our great surprise we find the subject compressed into *one* short volume. With such an abundance of material, we should have thought that there would have been matter more than sufficient to fill twenty volumes. It is an endless, towering theme, and we hardly think DR. DORAN has behaved generously to it, in dwarfing it down into such very pigmy proportions. It is very clear that the book, from its extreme smallness, cannot take in any of the "Court Fools" of the present day.

REFORM YOUR ALMANACKS.

IN a song rather popular some years ago, a gentleman used to pay this filial tribute to the talent of his departed parent:—

"O, feyther had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an Almanack."

The lines occurred to *Mr. Punch* as he was consulting a batch of Almanacks the other day, and he expressed a wish that the accomplished Almanack-maker commemorated in the song were alive and up to work. For everybody makes Almanacks now, and with very few exceptions, they are all stupid affairs. The Meteor which appeared to announce the publication of *Mr. Punch's* Own, and about which so many letters were written by astounded sky-gazers, was a very appropriate tribute to the single work of the kind that can be pronounced perfect. But though perfection is not to be expected elsewhere than at 85, Fleet Street, why need a thousand calendar-makers do their work so badly?

What is the use of sticking against certain dates, that HORNE TOOKE died—that BARBAROSSA was born—that Partridge Shooting begins—that the Battle of Ravenna was fought—that Pickles were invented—that CICERO was murdered—that GARRICK appeared—that the Granicus was crossed—that the Monument was finished—and so forth? Two-thirds of the dates which are usually commemorated nobody cares about, except those who will not be satisfied with such a barren record. Next, the jumble of things makes these memoranda more absurd, for the person who cares about BARBAROSSA does not care either for GARRICK or pickles, and the GARRICK fancier is not likely to be much interested in the Battle of Ravenna. As for the sporting entries, they are simply idiotic. What sportsman needs to be told when he may blaze at grouse, and when at pheasant? And who else wants to know anything about the matter?

Instead of a ridiculous mixture of uselessnesses and incongruities, why not have Class Almanacks? Let everybody have his record of matters appertaining to his own sphere. Don't tell the burglar when MARTIN LUTHER was born; don't tell the lawyer about HOWARD the philanthropist; and don't remind an honest man and woman of the execution of the MANNINGS. But let us have Almanacks prepared in this fashion, and then folks can please themselves. Here are specimen weeks:—

The Young Lady's Almanack.	
TU.	14. St. Valentine.
W.	15. Polka invented.
TH.	16. Cellarius born.
FR.	17. Crinoline came in.
SA.	18. Mario first appeared.
SU.	19. New bonnet usual.
MO.	20. Doctors' Commons abol.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man's Almanack.	
W.	1. Rush h.
TH.	2. Greenacre h.
FR.	3. Barthelemy h.
SA.	4. Courvoisier h.
SU.	5. Tawell capt.
MO.	6. Thurtell h.
TU.	7. Corder h.

The Lawyer's Almanack.	
TH.	1. Rogue's March composed.
FR.	2. Criminal's Counsel allowed to plead.
SA.	3. Botany Bay discovered.
SU.	4. Oily Gammon d.
MO.	5. Statute of Frauds passed.
TU.	6. Pillory abolished.
W.	7. Snap struck off rolls.

The Wife's Almanack.	
W.	3. Buttons invented.
TH.	4. Cold mutton discovered.
FR.	5. Mother-in-law prohibited.
SA.	6. Latch-keys first used.
SU.	7. Church clock before ready, 10 min. 30 sec.
MO.	8. Howell discovered James.
TU.	9. Swan first met Edgar.

The Real Soldier's Almanack.	
SA.	14. Havelock b.
SU.	15. Wellington b.
MO.	16. Picton d.
TU.	17. Raglan d.
W.	18. Wolfe d.
TH.	19. Abercrombie b.
FR.	20. Hill b.

The Toy Soldier's Almanack.	
SU.	11. Blackwall dinners begin.
MO.	12. Tattersall's rebuilt.
TU.	13. Opera opens.
W.	14. Casinos close.
TH.	15. Discount rises to £60 per cent
FR.	16. Duty laid on tobacco.
SA.	17. Pale ale came in.

The Author's Almanack.	
MO.	13. Magazine article due.
TU.	14. Sea air pleasant.
W.	15. Bushy Chesnuts out.
TH.	16. Scriblerus d. of over exertion.
FR.	17. Napoleon shot a publisher.
SA.	18. Last day for Magazine art.
SU.	19. Begin Magazine article.

The M. P.'s Almanack.	
FR.	1. Pitt got tipsy.
SA.	2. Fox got tipsy.
SU.	3. Castlereagh hit Canning.
MO.	4. Sadlier expelled.
TU.	5. Althorp taken into custody.
W.	6. Bribery Act passed.
TH.	7. Disraeli spoke 5 hours.

Mr. Punch begs to add that he reserves no copyright in these inventions, but places them at the service of the Almanack-making population, and he will be much disgusted if the Calendars of 1859 are not a marked improvement upon those of the present year.

Association of Ideas.

WHO can witness the representation of *Don Giovanni*, and listen to the tremendous music which accompanies the appearance of the statue in the last scene, without being reminded by the marble visitor of the celebrated African traveller, DR. LIVINGSTONE?

THINGS TO MAKE THE BLOOD BOIL.

THE blood of SAINT JANUARIUS has boiled at last, according to the statement of the correspondent of the *Times* at Naples. *Mr. Punch* has no doubt of the fact—which may be a natural phenomenon. A solution of reddened fat in ether would boil at a comparatively low temperature, and the priests who produce the liquefaction, whether by their prayers or by a hot plate, might very easily throw the fluid into a state of ebullition, by imparting to it a small additional quantity of caloric. Suppose the melting of the blood to have been a supernatural manifestation, its boiling is equally probable. *Mr. Punch*, indeed, has always thought that, if the blood melts on any account whatever, it ought to boil—with indignation—at the atrocities of KING BOMBA.

We—*Mr. Punch* and the people of England—have now before us a copy of certain official letters, containing an account of BOMBA's last. *Mr. Punch* of course means BOMBA's last atrocities.

The atrocities have been practised upon the persons of two Englishmen.

HENRY WATT and CHARLES PARK, British subjects, have been, by the command of the absolute BOMBA, now since the end of June last, confined, first for three months in BOMBA's dungeon of Vicaria, and subsequently in his other dungeon of Salerno, near Naples.

In the first of these dungeons they were stripped naked by the police or prison authorities, and, in that state, insulted and jeered at by those blackguards. They have been confined in a prison consisting of two small, dark, and very damp holes, destitute of ventilation, and kept in a condition too filthy to be described by *Mr. Punch*. Under these sanitary circumstances, they were immured during July, August, and September, the three hottest months of the year. They left these sties only to be examined by the police, and were handcuffed in going and returning.

Their diet was suitable to the character of their prison—bad black bread, and soup so nasty that they could not swallow it; a combination of liquid and solid aliment resembling that on which British pigs are ordinarily kept when not particularly meant to be fattened. It was, doubtless, stuff like hogwash—with a difference for the worse. In addition, they were allowed four *grani* a-day: which did not, however, raise their allowance to an equality with pigs' dietary, as pigs usually get a quantity of grains considerably exceeding four, even interpreting that number of Neapolitan *grani* to signify three half-pence and a fraction.

Their beds differed from the litter of swine chiefly as to the bedsteads, which consisted of boards supported on trestles. Their bedclothes were formed of one mattress stuffed with bad tow, mixed with bits of straw. The document which Mr. *Punch* is quoting somewhat needlessly adds, that "they suffered much from vermin."

From the abominable lairs of Vicaria they were transferred to the Salerno dungeon, handcuffed and strapped back by the arms with a tightness which tormented them; and in this misery they were conveyed a journey of thirty miles by night, at a slow pace, in a carriage almost air-tight. They cried for air, and it was refused them.

This treatment caused WATTS to show symptoms of insanity, and has afflicted PARK with fits.

These British subjects are imploring BOMBA to bring them to trial for the offence of which they are accused. This consists simply in the fact that they were found on board the *Cagliari* steamer, acting as engineers. They say that they were compelled to do so under duress. They demand their trial, fondly trusting to substantiate their defence—fondly; because BOMBA's Attorney-General has been trying to tamper with depositions which they propose to produce in their favour. Even trial is denied them.

Under these circumstances it is not at all wonderful that the blood of old GENNARO should boil—if, under any, it is capable of miraculously assuming fluidity. It will be very much more wonderful if the blood of old JOHN BULL does not boil, and boil violently over, at the spectacle of the cruelties, indignities, and injustice inflicted by the modern TIBERIUS on the betters of Roman citizens.

A Dark Insinuation.

A PATRIOTIC Austrian (a rare species in Austria, where there is so very little to be patriotic about) was bragging to the Editor of MURRAY'S *Handbook* about his country. It took the lead in civilisation—it was the grandest, the purest, the freest, the best Fatherland. "In fact, Sir," he exclaimed, "I tell you that Austria is before all the world." "Yes, much in the same way that Chaos was," was the happy reply.

How Wit Runs in the Streets.

Impudent Little Boy (to very fat Old Gentleman, who is trying to get along as fast as he can, but with very indifferent success.)—I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quicker, if you would lie down on the pavement, and let me roll you along.

THE CONSUMPTION OF MINCE-PIES.

WE are informed that the consumption has been greater this Christmas than ordinary. This increase is owing to the popular belief that "you must eat some mince-pie, if you wish to be lucky during the ensuing year." Most persons have been unlucky last year, and so they thought that they would try the experiment for once, just to see if it would bring them any luck during the present year. This anxiety has been principally displayed amongst a class of persons, who, holding their heads high above all vulgar superstitions, are not in the habit generally of touching mince-pies. This suddenly-awakened appetite will account at once for the considerable increase of the consumption. It has been so unusually large that it must have the effect, supposing there is any value to be attached to the superstitious custom, of driving away the Panic in the most summary manner. Already one branch of the community has derived considerable benefit from the increased consumption, and that branch is the one from which a red light ordinarily hangs—we mean, the Doctors.

LEVELLING FOR LOVERS.

FROM Smiles to the Station at Kisses is 500 sighs, from Kisses to Pop-the-Question is 1500 sighs, and from thence to the Terminus of Pa's-Consent, is 2500 sighs, making a grand total of 4500 sighs. To arrive at Pa's-Consent, however, the engine of Love has to ascend a steep incline, the gradients of which are enormous—2 in 3—causing a vast number of sighs to be heavily drawn in reaching it. Some sentimental Surveyors have therefore proposed to facilitate the communication between Pop-the-Question and the Terminus of Pa's-Consent, (which may easily be done if they can raise sufficient capital), or failing that, to form a loop-line to Ma's. Being personally interested in the undertaking, we wish it success with all our heart. The estimated saving is not far short of a thousand sighs!

MOTTO FOR FERDINAND OF NAPLES.—"*Nous dansons sur un volcan.*"

THE PLEASURE OF LE SPORT.

Foreigner of Distinction (about to Charge an Obstacle). "TAKE NOTICE, MES AMIS! ZAT I LEAVE EVERY SING TO MA VIFE!"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN HUMBUGS.

THE following statement, published by *Le Siècle*, shows that the British Public is not very much more credulous and gullible than its neighbours:—

"A letter from Lamballe (Côte-du-Nord) informs us that priests are visiting all parts of Brittany, preaching for the Abbey of Nôtre Dame de St. Lieu, Sept Fonds, and offering in return for the payment of 5 c. a month for five years, or for 3 fr. paid down:—1. a mass every day for contributors and their relations, living or dead. 2. Twenty masses a-year for contributors who die in the course of the year, and 3. Various daily prayers for contributors living or dead

It may be admitted that the Wizard HARRISON, and the other Wizards who have turned up during the past year, and previously, are sad reproaches to our civilization; but surely we are not plunged very much deeper than our neighbours in superstition, because our fortune-tellers take in some of our fools, and obtain money from them under false pretences, whilst their national priests go about the country practising an equivalent imposture on the inhabitants in general. It has also to be considered that our own Wizards and Prophets are liable to be taken up, and committed as rogues and vagabonds, and that we have a Mendicity Society to afford us some protection against fraudulent beggars; whereas a set of mendicant and fraudulent priests in France are permitted to run about diddling a deluded population with perfect impunity.

ANOTHER FEARFUL PANIC!

CLANRICARDE IS IN THE MINISTRY!!

REVOLTING DISCLOSURE.

AN advertisement in the *Liverpool Daily Post* states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers Cannibals? And (we ask only for information), with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?

RHYMES UNDER EXTREME DIFFICULTY.

No doubt that the Cabinet quarrelled and bickered,
And change was the thing, but why send for CLANRICARDE?
How all the old Tories maliciously sniggered!
"He *must* be hard up when he sends for CLANRICARDE."
Against such appointments the nation will kick hard,
It 's statesmen we want, and not sticks like CLANRICARDE.
Such juggling is clumsy, exposing the trick card,
Come, shuffle again, and get rid of CLANRICARDE.
The Scotchman, whose motto proclaims—"I make sicker," 'd
Be made sick himself at the thought of CLANRICARDE,
Or recklessly rushing, and popping his ticker, 'd
Give the produce to know you 'd got rid of CLANRICARDE.
One rhyme and one hope but remain—that you 'd Liquored,
Old boy, when you foolishly sent for CLANRICARDE.

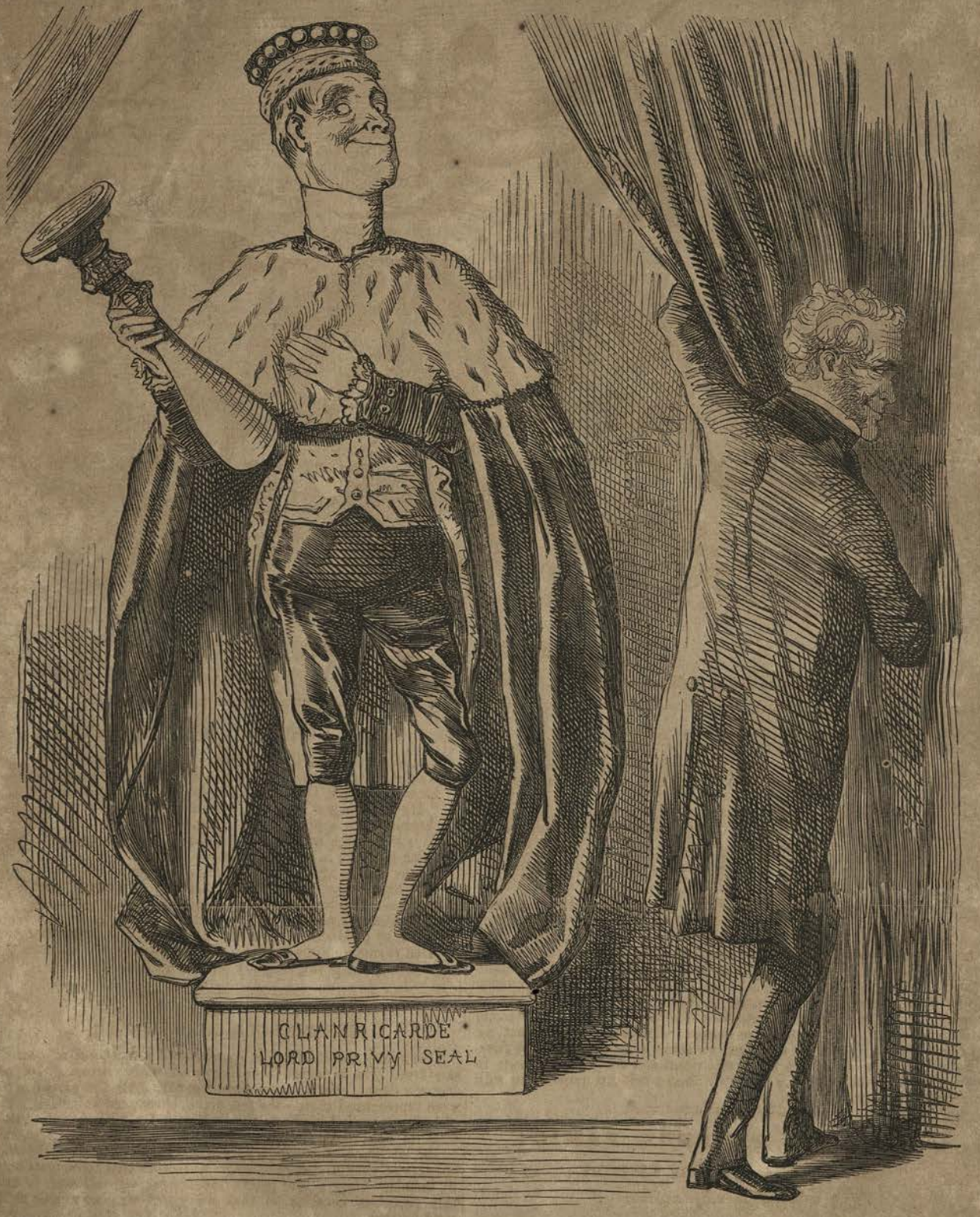
TREMENDOUS CHRISTMAS-TREE.

APOTHECARIES' Hall had in its courtyard a most magnificent Christmas-Tree. Its branches were decorated with chemists' bottles and doctor's lamps, every one of them lighted. All the gorgeous colours were represented there—the red, green, blue, predominating. Instead of fruits, toys, and bonbons, were suspended pill-boxes and ornamental vials of the most fashionable medicines. Perfumery, also, had its honoured place, nor was soap absent either. You could see rich clusters of vinaigrettes and tiny scent-bottles that were most tempting to behold. Only a few patent medicines were allowed to shine on this luminous occasion, so that the effect was as unique as it was most moving.

A SIMPLE REASON.

THE fastest ship ever built is the *Leviathan!*

And why? Because, inasmuch as they cannot move her, she must necessarily be the *fast*est.



THE MAN WHO IS **REALLY** WANTED.

OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

ALTHOUGH in the returns of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, no official notice has been taken of the fact, we think it cannot be denied that in a certain class of nervous ailments and disorders there has been of late a prevalence beyond the usual average. The complaints which we refer to are those which are brought on by a course of too free living upon other people's money; the usual consequence of which is an extremely nervous state, combined with a high fever of excited apprehension. The patient in such cases will, if narrowly examined, betray the greatest mental if not physical derangement. Confusion of ideas and even total loss of memory are two of the most commonly accompanying symptoms, and the minds of the sufferers are often so diseased, that the plainest form of questioning entirely disagrees with them. In short, they find themselves in so extremely delicate a situation that the shock of exposure would be very much too much for them; and they are driven to prescribe themselves immediate change of air, in order to avoid the danger of confinement.

Drawing general attention to the spread of this disorder, we would direct the special notice and compassion of our readers to the latest case on record that has come within our knowledge. The case of poor MR. STEPHENS, the ex-bricklayer and banker, is really a most painful and distressing one to think of. Here we find a sufferer, himself formerly a surgeon, so completely broken down by an attack of nervous fever, that he feels himself incapable of holding up against it. In spite of the advantage of his medical attainments, he is unable to relieve the acuteness of his suffering: and after three days' trial he is driven to adopt the painful course of amputation, *i.e.* cutting. This necessity at first he hoped to have avoided; and his careful treatment of himself at the outset of his sufferings, was such as well might justify his sanguine expectations. Being sensitive to temperature, and thinking that the southern clime of London was too hot to hold him, he prudently removed to the cooler atmosphere of Scotland, in the hopes of there deriving the benefit of the act. But unhappily his state was so extremely delicate that the North proved far too keen for him, and although not previously affected in his lungs, his respiration soon became so much impeded, that it was found upon examination he could scarcely even speak. The confinement of a court, too, clearly did not suit him: and to breathe more freely he was forced to have recourse to what in chemistry is known as an evaporating dish—the act of his evaporation serving to dish those who wanted to detain him.

The same treatment was adopted under nearly the same circumstances by those interesting invalids, poor MESSRS. CAMERON and WAUGH: both of whom were so much shattered in their nerves, that a life of strict seclusion was considered indispensable. We believe that in such cases the tonic of a sea-voyage is very commonly prescribed as a restorative stimulant: and it is generally found that patients feel the better for it. Living in retirement at some continental watering-place, they speedily contrive to regain a healthy appetite, and lose that nervous apprehensiveness, or fear of apprehension, which a life of more publicity would probably induce. Indeed, it is astonishing how many weak and sickly constitutions have thus been thoroughly recruited, and rendered quite robust; and there are abundant grounds for the belief, that when acted on in this way, the Movement Cure will prove of permanent advantage.

There are, however, doubts, at the time when we write this, if the relief in MR. STEPHENS' case will be more than merely temporary. Of course opinions differ in so delicate a matter, but the generally received notion appears certainly to be, that an attack of criminal law fever will most likely supervene, attended with, no doubt, a smartish touch of collarer. For this surmise there is a Warrant such as cannot be disputed: and in bidding MR. STEPHENS good-bye for the present, we trust we are not wrong in adding, *Au Revoir!*

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—"Liberty is not incompatible with the Empire."—*Mons. Emile de Girardin.*

A MANCHESTER BLUNDER CORRECTED.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by the Managers of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, to supply a trifling omission in the Reports of their closing Meeting. On this occasion speeches were delivered in which the warmest satisfaction was expressed at the success of the Exhibition, and the various gentlemen who had guaranteed its expenses, and otherwise promoted so noble a demonstration, received at one another's hands their due meed of praise for helping a project which has conferred permanent honour on Manchester, and incalculable pleasure to thousands of visitors. The trifling omission, which *Mr. Punch* has been requested to supply, was that of the Chairman's eloquent and well-merited tribute to the originator of the whole affair, and the gentlemen who did the work.

"THE CHAIRMAN. And now, Gentlemen, having alluded to those who, happily rich men, undertook a liability which I am delighted to say would, had it been enforced, have been but a pinch of gold dust out of their vats full of that article, let me proceed to record our gratitude to the real founders of the Exhibition. It was originally the conception of MR. JOHN C. DEANE, who proposed it to us, and the collection and arrangement of the pictures and other objects of art was the work of that gentleman, and of MESSRS. AUGUSTUS EGG, PETER CUNNINGHAM, GEORGE SCHARF, and WARING. They also prepared the Catalogue which guided the millions to the rich banquet, and which instructed their taste, and I feel that any recognition of services connected with our great Manchester success, which should not include warm and cordial tribute to the gentlemen who created it for us, would be miserably incomplete and ungrateful. (*Cheers.*) To MR. DEANE, therefore, and his fellow-labourers, I desire to offer publicly in your names and my own, most sincere and grateful thanks for the Idea which has done so much for Manchester, and for their long, persevering, and triumphant efforts to carry out that Idea to the utmost. (*Renewed Cheers.*)"

Mr. Punch inserts the above with the utmost pleasure, and his wonder is, how it can possibly have been left out of the reports.

LAMENT OF THE CIVES ROMANI.

OH, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
I wish I were DON PACIFICO,
Who had his little wrong made right
By PALMERSTON, with England's might,
But no redress our great wrongs know.
I wish mighty BOMBA were weak OTHO,
A British fleet, in Naples bay,
The deuce would soon with BOMBA play,
Unless he quickly let us go.
Chorus of Neapolitan Friars. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

THE GATE OF DELHI.

MR. PUNCH mentioned—he felt it was needless to do more—that the heroic young SALKELD, who died of wounds received at the blowing in the Cashmere Gate of Delhi, had left a Sister, and that this lady was doing *her* duty as a governess in a London family.

A writer whose initials have been so often found at the end of some bold exposure of a sham, or some eloquent appeal for the right, that to be called *homo Trium literarum* would be the highest of compliments, were the three letters S. G. O., has come forth in the *Times* with ample detail, not only confirmatory of MR. PUNCH'S statement, but showing how nobly the young soldier who is gone, and the young governess who is among us, have discharged filial duties, and how necessary it is that the gentle hands of the survivor should be strengthened.

S. G. O. (see the *Times* of New Year's Day) will receive private tributes in aid of the family of the young hero, to whom a memorial is to be raised in his native county. But, when Parliament meets, it is to be hoped that LORD PALMERSTON will have the pleasure of announcing that those who represent the nation have not been unmindful of the soldier who rushed upon death to make way for the bayonets of England when the great stronghold of treason was stormed.

And let it not be forgotten, when SALKELD'S noble deed is told, and thought is taken for those whom he loved, that other gallant men met death in the same proud exploit. SERGEANT BURGESS sprang forward, took the match from SALKELD when he was struck, and firing the train, fell mortally wounded. SERGEANT CARMICHAEL had already perished in an attempt to fire the hose. Surely England has a heart warm enough, and a purse deep enough, to do all that money can do in memory of such men as those whose names are thus set before her.

Our Manchester Friend tries his hand at "Spinning" for Jack.

DR. PUNCH TO DR. WHATELEY.

The Palace, Fleet Street.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Is it a hoax? Because really——

I mean this correspondence among three of you, the BISHOP OF COLENSO, the ditto of Norwich, and yourself. You all agree and rather scoff (this is you) at "puzzle-heads" who do not see the matter in the same light:

That if a respectable savage, in a country where polygamy is lawful, becomes a Christian, there is no necessity for him to reduce his wife-establishment to a unit, but that he may be baptised, and be a very good churchman, though he retains his whole seraglio.

Now really, ARCHBISHOP——

What does our friend LORD MACAULAY say against the Jesuits? That they made converts by making religion elastic, so as to take in not only heathens but their prejudices. Instead of elevating the Pagan to Christianity, they lowered Christianity to the Pagan.

What do you think of the observation?

Mind—I find no fault with polygamy. I don't practise it; but I am not bigoted.

But an Archbishop——

Is it a hoax?

Ever yours, my dear Lord,

PUNCH.

P.S. Roo-i-too-i-too-i-too-i-too.

"THE MAN AND THE HOUR."—A night-watchman, going his rounds.

THE UNLIMITED ACCOMMODATION BILL DISCOUNTING COMPANY.

PAID UP CAPITAL £0,000,000,000.

PROSPECTUS.

AMONG the numerous defects in our monetary system which the late commercial crisis has brought prominently to light, perhaps none have been complained of with a greater show of vehemence than the deficient means of discount which at present are afforded. It has been urged in many influenced, if not influential, quarters, that Commerce has been checked, and much embarrassment occasioned, through the scanty powers extended to the Mercantile Community, of making their acceptances convertible to cash. In the foolish want of confidence engendered by the panic, houses high in enterprise have fallen simply through the fact of their being low in credit: and many of the most successful overtraders have been driven to suspend, because for a like reason their names were not negociable. Through the general distrust the best accommodation bills have not been doable at any price, and consequently firms who have relied on such resources have been unable, when deprived of them, to meet their obligations. The absurd amount of caution which the banks have all been exercising has had the most depressing influence on traders, whose finances were not open to minute investigation, but whose credit had been good, simply from the reason of its having been unquestioned. Indeed in many cases where a stoppage has resulted, the assets of the firm in accommodation paper would have sufficed, if duly realised, to more than cover its engagements; and thus many have been brought to needless bankruptcy and ruin, through the overstrained fastidiousness in which a time of panic is so commonly prolific.

To remove these impediments to successful overtrading, and to supply the much-complained-of "want of greater banking facilities" than at present are obtainable, it is proposed to start a Company for mutual trade accommodation, whereby in times of crisis like that recently gone through, the assistance of the banks may wholly be dispensed with. It having been observed that when things are getting tight the public generally come forward to invest their savings, it is proposed to divert this money from the Funds, in which for safety sake it generally is placed, and to apply it in relief of those commercial exigencies which at such a time are pretty sure to have arisen. Some idea of the latent resources of the country is afforded by the calculation that in teapots alone there are annually hoarded between Six and Seven millions; and it is believed by those who are acquainted with the subject, that more than double that amount is yearly stored up in old stockings. The holders of this bullion being for the most part unacquainted with the Stock Exchange, and ignorant of what are or are not safe investments, it is assumed that there will be but very little difficulty in persuading them to place their money with the Company, to be applied in advantageous purposes of discount. The name of the Unlimited Accommodation Bill Discounting Company will, to those who cannot read, look as good as any other: and being a good long one, it will sound as imposing as it probably will prove.

With the view of getting funds to carry on the business, it is proposed that secret agents be appointed through the country, to ascertain the whereabouts of those auriferous receptacles to which allusion has been made: and, when found, to make a note of them for future reference and use. Then, on the approach of any time of pressure, plausible collectors will be despatched throughout each district, to point out the insecurity of teapots for investment, and the loss of interest that is caused by money lying idle: hence the immense benefit of the U. A. B. D. C., which will kindly undertake to receive sums on deposit, and will guarantee large interest combined with perfect safety. By these means, it is thought, a large amount of gold may be drawn out of the stockings, and placed by the collectors in the coffers of the Company, whose only business then will be to settle its apportionment. Thus, by an elegant simplicity of process, the gold which is withdrawn from non-productive hoarders will be placed at the command of enterprising traders; who, at times when their finances might have otherwise been crippled, will, without any cumbrous machinery of Banking, be secured the means of meeting their metallic obligations.

With the view of properly promoting the interests of the Company, it is proposed that the sole management be entrusted to the hands of five or six retired bubble Bank Directors, who have had considerable experience in discounts, and are as good judges of bad paper as can well be met with. Under this efficient management the business (and the public) will be done upon the Scotch System—the success of which has been evinced by the Royal British Bank, and will shortly be exemplified still further at the bar of the Old Bailey. In order to maintain that serenity of confidence which is so essential to the working of a Joint Stock Company, the Directors will be trusted with the sole supervision and disposal of the funds, and will be empowered to make advances in their uncontrolled discretion. If, being men of piety, they choose to act upon the principle of Heaven helping those who take care to help themselves, it is distinctly understood that they will not be held accountable for any sums they happen so to help themselves to. The principles, or absence of them, upon which the business of the Company will be generally conducted being those of the most boundless and unlimited liability, it will not be found worth while to put unpleasant questions, to which evasive answers would be certainly returned: and as all the books belonging to the U. A. B. D. C. will be kept upon the system of double-shuffle entry, it will defy the most expert accountant to make out a case of fraud, and prove who has committed it. In short, whatever and whomever they may do, the Directors' acts and deeds will be permitted always to pass utterly unquestioned; and although no special Act of Parliament be made for their Indemnity, they will always be allowed a full relaxing

power, in the relaxation they will have in the snapping of their fingers.

For further particulars, and terms as to the division of the Swag, called otherwise the Profits, apply (after nightfall) to the Honorary Secretaries, ARCHIBALD M'FLITTER and BENJAMIN BOLT, ESQUIRES, Temporary Offices, Hook'em Court, Snivey Street.

N.B. Vivat Regina! No Money Returned!!

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE EMBARRASSED.—A Gentleman of varied mercantile acquirements, an experienced book-keeper and practical Cashier, and having long been placed in situations of great trust, is open to an ENGAGEMENT in no matter what capacity, provided only that his salary be proportioned to the dirtiness of the work which is required of him. Having for some years been employed as Confidential Clerk in the counting-houses of a number of the most shaky firms in London, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the principles of trading under false pretences; and is well acquainted with the means which are employed by business men to keep "concerns" afloat when they are plainly sinking. From long and varied practice he is well versed in the methods of creating and maintaining a fictitious show of credit, and of supplying substitutes for capital to firms that find themselves without it. He can write a good hand, and is not less an adept in imitating signatures, than expert in devising how to turn them to advantage. With the System of Accommodation Bills he is thoroughly acquainted in all its varied branches, and has no objection either to accept, draw, or endorse, at a moderate per-centage, and to any requisite amount. He is also gifted with considerable inventive talent, and can supply fictitious names and spurious addresses, of the showiest description, and at the shortest notice. In cases of emergency he is willing to impersonate deceased or absent parties, or to attend appointments and officiate in character as referee or surety, or in any manner to facilitate whatever means may be adopted by a smart and enterprising trader to provide himself with funds, and restore his failing credit. In fact, without wishing to brag, the advertiser may assert, without much fear of contradiction, that he is as thoroughly well up to all the tricks of trade as any man in England, or even out of it; and in matters of finance he will back himself to go as far due North as any over-speculator in North Britain or America.

As the Advertiser entertains a most decided objection to travel (in a Colonial direction and at the Government expense), he begs to state that where he is engaged in any work that may bring him into trouble, he expects a special bonus in addition to his salary as compensation for the risk. He is willing to make himself generally useful, and to do whatever dirty work may in reason be required of him; and he has abundant vouchers to attest that his fidelity (when duly paid for) may be most thoroughly relied on: but in cases where detection might occasion him not only personal discomfort, but public loss of character, he insists on an equivalent in money for the risk; and he will only take in hand these hazardous transactions upon the terms of pocketing a half-share of the swag, called otherwise the profits.

From long experience in houses of the worst commercial character, having been employed by some of the most thoroughly unprincipled principals in London, the Advertiser has completely lost that squeamishness of conscience with which he was by nature, and in greener years, afflicted: and whatever dirty work may be entrusted to his hands, there need be no fear that his scruples will prevent his doing it. If any doubts be felt as to whether he be trustworthy, he can furnish the best references as to this important point. He need not hesitate to state that, in spite of all temptations, his honour has been kept in an unblemished spotless state; and he has vouchers to attest that where inducements have been held out to make him blow the gaff, he has never once betrayed the least propensity to peach. At the same time he should state, to prevent misunderstanding, that on each of the occasions on which he has proved faithful, the seal upon his lips has borne the impress of the Mint. Even among thieves honour must be paid for; so whenever his employers require him to be mum, and keep a matter dark, to ensure its holding good the gag must be a golden one.

Address, stating terms and nature of the business, to NUDUS VERITAS, ESQUIRE, care of MR. CADGER, 27, Scamp Street, Seven Dials. N.B. Parties wishing for an Interview will please call after dark.

ANYTHING BUT TRANSPORTING.

A PAPER, describing the fog in Paris, says, "It was so thick you might have fancied yourself on the banks of the Thames." It must have been a most magical fog to have caused this transformation—and supposing it did have the effect described, we cannot envy the poor Parisians being transported from the banks of their Seine with its magnificent quays to the banks of such a filthy open sewer as the Thames. To be on the edge of that pestiferous river must be bad enough at any time, but to be perched there in the middle of a dense fog must add considerably to the danger as well as the unpleasantness. The fog, however, might have the one beneficial effect of hiding from their eyes, if not their noses, the immense pool of floating filth below—and so we should be happily spared the humiliation of the French witnessing with disgust and astonishment the almost incredible fact of the wealthiest city in the world possessing what is, without nasal exception, the nastiest, worst-managed river in the world!

THE MONEY PANIC IN MUDDLEBURG SQUARE.

WE have to report another stoppage which took place early yesterday morning. The House known as GROGRUM'S, and which was of high standing (on the south side), closed its doors at Nine precisely, up to which moment, public confidence had remained unshaken. The capital furniture which GROGRUM brought in from Dulwich in a light spring van, only an hour or so before the house stopped payment, was considerable, and the managing men who had the carrying in of the sideboards, were perfectly upright, as was also the Piano by PEACHEY. The books were all carefully balanced as they were carried up-stairs. The first indication of anything wrong, was given by VAN PORTER AND CO. in green-baize aprons and carpet caps, demanding payment and being desired to call again to-morrow.

It is rumoured that the immediate cause of GROGRUM'S suspension, was the departure of GROGRUM AND SON for 'Change, taking with them inadvertently the key of the cellaret, where a balance of petty cash had been carefully locked up, more than sufficient to meet the current liabilities of the house.

At 10·50 GROGRUM'S embarrassments were augmented by HANSOM'S agent setting up a claim on account of young WILLIAM, whom TICKLETOP AND WHIPEM had forwarded per patent safety for the Easter Vacation, and which is loosely entered in GROGRUM'S balance sheet as "BILL'S returned dishonoured, noted by HANSOM." The Insolvency of young WILLIAM had long been notorious in the establishment of TICKLETOP AND WHIPEM, where he kept his books. HANSOM'S agent becoming clamorous for payment, FRANCES, a partner in GROGRUM'S house and one of the firmest of the Firm, had an interview with SQUARE BEADLE, with a view to obtaining advances and discharging the outstanding creditors—HANSOM, VAN PORTER AND CO. The negociation, however, led to no satisfactory result, SQUARE BEADLE being under liabilities for Boys, and having therefore to meet heavy runs on his own house.

The following statement will show that GROGRUM'S difficulties are merely temporary, and that there is no foundation for the report of the house being otherwise than a stable one:—

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Capital furniture, say . .	£450 0 6	Van Porter & Co. *(unsecured)*	£0 13 6
Cash in Cellaret (not immediately available) . .	0 17 6	Hansom, partially secured by Bill's—Bat on Roof (good), Kite on ditto (doubtful)	0 2 0
		Milk on Tally (account not closed)	0 0 1½
		Balance carried down	450 1 10½
	£450 17 6		£450 17 6
		Balance of Assets after all liabilities paid . .	£450 1 10½

Since writing the above, we learn that GROGRUM AND SON resumed payment at 3·30 yesterday, on their return from 'Change, when all their engagements to VAN PORTER AND CO. were satisfactorily adjusted. HANSOM stood out for some time, but eventually came in with the other creditors, and having delivered up his Securities, had his claim liquidated in the passage.

A FEW CONTINENTAL PORTRAITS.

THE Russians are such clever imitators, that they even imitate the faults and vices of other countries. The folly of London or Paris one year is the rage of St. Petersburg the next.

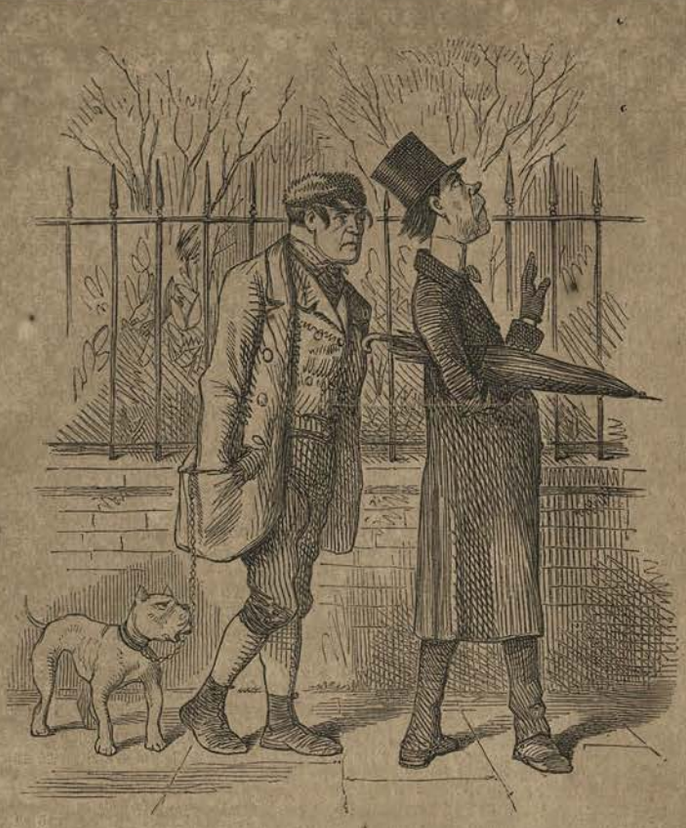
Germany is both old and young at the same time—it has the head of an old man, and the legs of a young one. The latter are always eager to rush forwards, and the former won't let them. The consequence is, the old and young elements of Germany are always running counter to one another.

A Belgian is the faithful *pendant d'un Français*. They are so exactly like, that put side by side into a case, the two would form a capital stereoscopic portrait of a Frenchman.

France for many years was nothing better than a Harlequin's jacket, where each party, looking only at his own colour, was apt to think it the predominant one. At present, the imperial colour is in the ascendant—the Orleanists and Legitimists are still disputing about their colours—whilst the Republicans console themselves by saying that not one of their colours was a patch upon theirs, the old Tricolor.

Turf Decency.

MR. PUNCH observes, with displeasure, that one of the horses in the betting for the Chester Cup has been called *Good Friday*. Whether the so-naming the animal was in consequence of its being foaled on that day, or whether the owner intended a miserable joke, to the effect that he had now got a Fast horse, *Mr. P.* neither knows nor cares, but the turf heathens had better look elsewhere than in the Prayer-Book for christening hints. Is the Newgate Calendar exhausted?



"DID YER WANT A GOOD WARMINT DAWG, SIR?"

THE PRIEST'S POMATUM.

"In consequence of the terrible earthquake in Naples, the blood of S. JANUARIUS was brought out to stay further mischief. It melted in the sight of the people—indeed boiled."—*Letter from Naples.*

EARTH heaves in fierce convulsion. Tower
And roof-tree crash with hideous shock;
See, as is fit in such an hour,
The Priest comes forth to guard the flock.

Between the dead and living stands,
As AARON bade the plague to cease;
What holds he up in holy hands?
'Tis a glass pot of Crimson Grease.

Neatly the juggler plies his trade,
He liquefies the barber's balm,
And, as 'twere oil on billows laid,
Would grease the Earthquake into calm.

We read (his dupes must not) of swine
Who once rushed madly down a steep,
Plunged, demon-driven, amid the brine,
And perished, weltering, in the deep.

Surely ye took from those poor beasts
The Lard with which yon trick you do:
But keep, yourselves, the omen, Priests:
Heaven grant it soon fulfilled for you.

PUNCH.

A Capital Christmas Game.

To be played by any Young Sprig inside an Omnibus.

GET into an omnibus filled with ladies. Take your seat quietly in the midst of them. After awhile, pull a piece of mistletoe mysteriously out of your pocket. Smack your lips as though unconsciously, and, waving the branch gallantly to and fro, begin casting your eyes about in all directions, as if you were perplexed as to whom your flattering choice should fall upon. In a very few minutes the consternation will be general, and the loud cries to the conductor to "Stop!" all but unanimous.

N.B. If the ladies in the omnibus are somewhat elderly, the fun of the game is proportionately increased.

HOW TO SWEETEN THE SERPENTINE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has moved a sensible amendment to the proposal for substituting real salt-water for that fluid which, resembling the green sea in colour only, at present fills the basin of the Serpentine. He suggests that the foul stuff which now constitutes the contents of that fashionable sewer, should be replaced by water simply fresh, derived from an Artesian well, to be sunk at the Serpentine's head. The expense of bringing sea-water up from Brighton is mentioned by him as one principal objection to rendering the Serpentine a salt-water lake instead of a cesspool. Could not chemical science, however, accomplish the evasion of this difficulty by a combination of its resources with the scheme of an Artesian well? We know—that is, FARADAY and ourselves know—pretty well, of what salts, besides kitchen salt, the saline part of salt-water is composed. Could not these various salts be placed in the basin of the Serpentine, in proper proportions, and the Artesian well, or pump therewith connected, be allowed to play upon them? The solution might be drained off and evaporated; in that case would not the salts do over again, and so on, *ad infinitum?*

Although it is certain that political revolutions cannot be made with rose-water, there is very plausible reason for hoping that sanitary revolutions may. Some of the nicest perfumes in the world, that is to say, the world of fashion, are—we need not inform young ladies who have not only attended chemical lectures, but also listened to them, as they attend sermons—made out of the very nastiest things, of which pitch and tar are perhaps the least unpleasant. It does not, therefore, appear very unreasonable to suppose the possibility of manufacturing delicious scents dirt cheap. If the water in the Serpentine could be imbued with some of these, a grateful fragrance might soon emanate from its surface, regaling the chiselled noses of the aristocracy in due season, and improving their generally aquiline character, instead of reversing it, and snubbing those fine and delicate organs with disgust. There can be little doubt that the apparently supercilious air of the footmen, who stand behind the carriages which during the summer months parade along the Serpentine's border, is in a great measure owing to that elevation of the nostrils which is the natural consequence of their offended sense, and simply organic indignation.

A great boon, however, would no doubt be conferred both upon the superior classes who ride up and down by the Serpentine, and also on the British Public who congregate there to inspect them, if mere fresh water could anyhow be conveyed into that filthy lake, the cavity of which may now, without injustice, be described as presenting the appearance of a basin of green pea-soup. If this object only could be accomplished, we should think that any philosophical propounder of a plan for the replacement of the Serpentine slush by salt-water, would quietly accept the advice to describe his invention to the Marines.

RATHER TOO BAD.

THE British Clergy, with all their merits, are certainly the Coolest Beggars when they beg for money for churches, schools, and the like. Nothing daunts them. They call, write, send, and persevere to an extent which, were the cause and the applicant any other than they are, would certainly bring the mendicant under the unfavourable notice of the police. But, unaccustomed as we are to be surprised at clerical coolness, the following appeal amounts to a frigidity for which the social thermometer gives no register.

It seems that, in a parish at Southampton, dedicated to ST. JAMES, there is no church. So that very questionable means of raising money, a Bazaar, is to be got up. And this is the ground—literally, indeed, the ground—on which the ladies of England are requested to contribute:—

"Those who rejoice in the safe restoration of friends from the troubles in India, ought not surely to forget the necessitous of the Parish *where their relatives first land.*"

Well, we will not say anything about trading on wounded feelings, and so forth; beggars get hardened on such points; but we should like to know how far the plea can be pushed. If the parish in which one's friends first land has such a claim, what must the boatmen have who row them ashore?—what the Jack-in-the-water?—what the beadle on the pier?—what the flyman who drives them to the hotel?—what the waiter who opens the fly-door?—what the cook who dresses their first English meal?—what the chambermaid who makes their first English bed? In fact, where is such gratitude to stop? O, my dear parsons, you are clever fellows, but will you follow out all your own arguments—eh?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER!

First Juvenile. "I WONDER WHAT CAN MAKE HELEN HOLDFAST POLK WITH YOUNG ALBERT GRIG?"

Second Ditto. "DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, TO MAKE ME JEALOUS! BUT SHE HAD BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR!"

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

WHEN we are out upon the hills,
'Tis sweet to list to rural sounds;
A mingled noise of purling rills,
Of lowing kine, and baying hounds,
And many a small bird's mingled song
Arises from the vale below;
Unless perchance the wind is wrong,
And from our ears the sound should blow.

We note the crowing of the cock,
We mark the steed's far distant neigh,
We hear the bleating of the flock,
And donkey after donkey bray,
All these are common notes 'tis true,
Which humble instruments produce,
Yet are they sweet to listen to;
And there 's the cackle of the goose:

The duck, too, lends her tuneful quack,
To swell the music of the vale,
The mill supplies its ceaseless clack:
Add songs that smack of too much ale,
All these are sounds remembered well,
And o'er the memory oft they ring;
On such the Poet loves to dwell,
When he invokes the Muse to sing.

But oh! there is one simple sound,
Amid the rustic symphony,
That never yet hath poet found,
Most sweet, most striking though it be.
It is a pleasing cry of pain,
First loud and strong, then soft and weak,
Which language to describe is vain—
The dying pig's perpetual squeak.

De Cassagnac on Decorum.

BY A TRIN. COLL. DUB. MAN.

GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC,
French writing has a knack
Of looking as harmless as hits from a fencer;
But, excellent GRANIER,
Your meaning is, darn ye,
"More power to the elbow of BUONAPARTE's Censor."

DIALOGUE ON THE DOUGLAS DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Punch. I don't seem quite to understand this disturbance between your President and MR. DOUGLAS. Can you tell me in a few words what is its character, MR. SLICK?

Mr. Slick. Guess I can. BUCK 's in a fix.

Mr. P. By BUCK, if I apprehend you aright, Sir, you would indicate the head of your republic?

Mr. S. That 's the critter. Promised Lecompton Con. should be overhauled.

Mr. P. Promised the gentleman what?

Mr. S. Who on airth said gentleman? By Kansas.

Mr. P. Promised MR.—a—Lecompton Con that he should go to Kansas.

Mr. S. Guess you 've a brick in your hat, stranger.

Mr. P. My facetious friends, Sir, have been pleased to say there is a brick under it.

Mr. S. 'T ain't that. Have you liquored?

Mr. P. I never take anything before dinner.

Mr. S. More fool you. Yes, si-ree. Guess I 've a kinder liking for ye, but I don't hanker after your old world habits. Take notice, now. WALKER throws up, his dander being riz by BUCK.

Mr. P. MR. BUCHANAN should hang the ruffianly fillibuster.

Mr. S. Jerusalem and snakes! Don't be in such a darned hurry. There 's a brace of WALKERS, and one 's not t'other.

Mr. P. O, I beg pardon.

Mr. S. Hold hard, and grin. You see, DOUGLAS has peeped through the hole in the blanket, and seed a bit of light.

Mr. P. The blanket—O! Ah! A bit of light, eh?

Mr. S. Spex *you* don't see none. We 'll begin at fust causes, and come on promiscuous. Air the great and glorious republic, the only nation in the world where the golden eagle of liberty can wave her alablaster wings, and scream her—

Mr. P. I know all *that*.

Mr. S. Guess you 're hard to please, stranger. Wall, air we to have more slave-states than we 've got? That 's the question.

Mr. P. I trust not; and that the abominable——

Mr. S. Calculate you 'd better shut up. Slaves or none, we 'll always be ready to whip you. Besides, look at your Irish, and your Jews, and the others that you keep in abject and grinding slavery. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Mr. P. I am silent.

Mr. S. Wall, then. BUCK 's with the South, and meant to have it all his own way in Kansas, and make a slave-state of it, but the Kansas boys kicks, and GOVERNOR WALKER (not the fillibuster, mind, you old opossum)—

Mr. P. Really, MR. SLICK——

Mr. S. Shut up, I tell you. GOVERNOR WALKER, who was sent by BUCK to Kansas to do the work, finds it ain't to be done, says BUCK promised him that the Lecompton Constitution should be submitted to the people, and so throws up. BUCK 's a wide-awake b'hoy, but DOUGLAS he 's a wide-awaker, and he sees that to force laws on free and enlightened citizens like ourn won't pay, special when a critter has his eye on the election in 1860. So he just throws BUCK over, and there 's a difficulty.

Mr. P. MR. DOUGLAS being, if I am right, the most influential man in the States, his opposition to the President would be formidable.

Mr. S. That 's it, reeled out uncommon fine.

Mr. P. Sir, I thank you for your explanation, and I hope that no serious trouble will arise in the United States, for which I always entertain the warmest regard.

Mr. S. Don't worry yourself into no sort of perspiration about that, stranger. In a corrupt and debilitated old rotten country like yourn, a political difficulty might bring ruin and dismay, but where a western sun gilds the proud pinnacles of American liberty, such things air but the wandering breezes that cool the wings of our glorious eagle, and help him to fly still higher towards the transcendental firmament. Will you liquor?

DISTRIBUTION OF MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

PUNCH, inspired by the example of Royal benevolence which is annually exhibited at Windsor Castle, His Serenity determined this year to present a few tokens of remembrance to such as he considered worthy to receive them. Having previously held a Privy Council with himself, and settled at what time it would be to his convenience to dispense his favours, His Serenity evinced his usual thoughtful foresight by commanding that his fire be lit an hour or so beforehand, so that his state chamber might be warmed by the time he meant to enter it. With his accustomed punctuality, His Serenity arrived within five-and-fifty minutes of the hour he had fixed: the delay having been caused by his having, in a momentary fit of self-forgetfulness, been so foolish as to get into an almost empty omnibus, which of course carried him much slower than his legs would have done. It being his desire to proceed in perfect privacy, His Serenity was attended only by his dog *Toby* and a file of his back Numbers, which proved of service to beguile the tediousness of the journey. A running escort of small street-boys was also in attendance for a great part of the way, several of whom stood on their heads at every stoppage of the 'bus, and performed acts of obeisance coupled with gymnastics.

Having at length arrived at what had been his destination, His Serenity descended from the vehicle in state—the state being that of wrath at the length of his detention—and the way having been cleared for him (there being no one passing), he proceeded on foot across the pavement to his office, where his publisher and errand-boy were present to receive him. Having poked the fire, and stood for some few moments with his back to it in his usual graceful attitude, His Serenity proceeded to divest himself of his hat and gloves and walking-stick, and assumed his air of business and his coat of office. The distribution of the Gifts then immediately commenced, the errand-boy aforesaid being chosen as distributor. During the ceremony, which was conducted without form, the bells on *Toby's* jacket rang out many a lively peal, as he occasionally indulged in the pleasure of a shake, or was busied in the much more frequent exercise of scratching.

Among the Gifts which were presented may be chronicled the following:—

MR. COX, M.P., received a new backgammon board, lettered on the outside *History of England:* the gift being intended as a work of reference which the learned gentleman should use on state occasions, when enlightening the House upon the acts of LORD WAT TYLER.

To the KING OF NAPLES was despatched the model of an ambassador, by whose mouth satisfaction would be asked for the insults to Great Britain, offered in the treatment of the *Cagliari* engineers: the model being that of a sixty-four pounder, protruding from the port-hole of an English line-of-battle ship.

To the British Museum was presented the gift of a large thorn, discovered in the side of the Premier of England, at the time of LORD CLANRICARDE'S admission to the Ministry.

A benighted constant reader of the *Saturday Review* received the gift of *Mr. Punch's* not invaluable only but disinterested advice, to save both character and money by reading *Mr. Punch's* periodical instead of it.

To the Pimlico New Towners was awarded the gift of a ton of cotton wool, to be used in aural self-defence against the coster-cries and organs.

To a brutal British Cabman, whom he had detected in the act of over charging, and then bullying a lady, *Mr. Punch* presented a small gift-book, called *Hints on Etiquette*, with (by way of sequel to the disregard of them) a lately published treatise upon *English Prison Discipline*.

To MISTER VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, the M.P. for Lambeth, the gift of a new eye-glass was most graciously presented, accompanied with the hope that he might find it serviceable in taking his usual one-sided view of subjects.

The gift of a new joke was made to a Burlesque writer, on condition that he should not use it more than six times in a season.

To a constant rider by the Chelsea omnibuses, *Mr. Punch* in his benevolence made the gift of some remarks upon the value of patience, with the more serviceable present of a sharply-ferruled walking-stick, to be used in poking at the ribs of a refractory conductor.

To the afflicted House of Commons, *Mr. Punch* was pleased to give a presentation copy of his works, as a harbour of refuge when a SPOONER'S on his legs or a NEWDEGATE is prosing.

The gift of common decency was one that *Mr. Punch* had wished to see presented to a Footman, whom he had detected in the act of snubbing a poor governess; but as the offer was rejected as an insult to the Plush, *Mr. Punch* was left to wish that the livery had been his, that he might have given him inside it his wages and the sack.

To SIR CHARLES NAPIER was sent a *Complete Letter Writer*, with some advice upon the maintenance of proper self-esteem, a quality in which he is so specially deficient; and MR. DISRAELI received the gift of a new chaff-machine, for his assistance when he wished to be particularly cutting.

Among the gifts which *Mr. Punch* expects ere long to see presented are the Freedom of India from the leaden brains in Leadenhall Street, and the Freedom of the City from the Corporation and the coal-tax; together with the Purifying of the Thames, and of the representative system, each of which alike is sadly in bad odour, and needs a thorough cleansing from corrupt constituents.

A Rhyme not without Reason.

To be Sung (rather Small) at the next Privy Council.

PAM and PAN,
Have called in CLAN,
Just to give us a subject for laughter;
But *Punch* says, folk
Don't relish the joke,
And PAM had best mind what he's after.

FOUND OUT AT LAST!

WE stop the press to insert the following telegram from Herne Bay, to which place a friend of ours retired some time ago, in order that he might, in solitude, unravel a mystery that had preyed on his mind to such an alarming extent that, it was feared, his intellect might suffer seriously from the strain. That mystery was,—who were the senders of the money acknowledged to be received by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on account of unpaid Income-Tax. He was resolved to solve it, or perish in the solution. The latest intelligence announced that he was living at Herne Bay, and that he had taken the policeman into his confidence. He was supposed to have done so because there was no one else to talk to; but still it was firmly believed that something would result from communication with that great man, whose habits of life were so peculiarly suited for reflection. Who made the discovery, or how it was made, we do not know; our only information of it being derived from the annexed telegram, received at the Punch Office at 9·15 this morning by our boy, between whom and the messenger a spirited dialogue occurred, as to the propriety of "punching" people's heads who didn't mind what they were about, and their extreme desire to catch anybody performing that operation. They are alone therefore answerable for the delay in giving it to the world.

[*By Electric Telegraph.*]

"*Herne Bay, 8 30 p.m., To-morrow morning.*

"I 've found it out.

"I said I should when I left Fleas Street.*

"By the new probe and get us the administration sucked † it is declared that the London Proctors are to receive compensation in the shape of a life pension of half their average gains during the past five years; *such gains to be calculated from the amount of income-tax they have paid during the period named.*

"The thing 's as clear as mud. It 's them! They have forgotten to pay the tax until reminded it was their interest to do so.

"I shall return to town immediately, and you must pay for this Telegram." ‡

* Obviously meant for Fleet Street.

† Probably intended for the new "Probate and Letters of Administration Act."

‡ Don't you wish you may get it?

THE LEVIATHAN LAUNCH.

MR. PUNCH deems it proper to say, with reference to the launch of the *Leviathan*, that he, of course, could have got her into the water at the shortest notice, and without the slightest difficulty. But he preferred to adhere to his practice of minding his own business, and letting other people mind theirs. Had he been called in by MR. BRUNEL, *Mr. Punch's* best services would have been at that gentleman's disposal; and that he could have exhausted all the resources of science will be evident from the following selection from about fifteen hundred letters which he has received upon the subject. Most of them are of a more practical character than the majority of suggestions which have been printed by his good-natured contemporaries:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—BRUNEL knows nothing about anything. I could launch the ship in six hours. She is made of iron, is she not? Well, I would cast at Woolwich, and place on the opposite side of the river ten large magnets, to be prepared under DR. FARADAY'S direction. They should be twenty-three feet from end to end, which, subdivided by the cube of the vessel's momentum gives the duplicate ratio of force required, as any charity-boy knows. Unless there be no such thing as attraction, she would be steadily drawn down into the stream without rams, jams, crams, trams, or dams.

"Yours obediently,
"*Pig Iron Works.*" "TOM TUG."

"SIR,—It is from no desire to advertise my own goods, but from a conscientious conviction that there is but one way to launch the gigantic vessel which does so much honour to British industry and skill, that I presume to trouble you with this letter. I am a manufacturer of that graceful and instructive toy, the Child's Balloon. I propose that MR. BRUNEL should purchase of me about 500,000 of my balloons, and attach them to his vessel. They would raise her into the air, and she must be guided down to the river. I would either take back the balloons at quarter price, or they might be sold to the public in memory of the event.

"Your obedient servant,
"*St. Mary Haxe.*" "BLADDERY POP."

"SIR,—These scoundrel Sepoys! Why not launch the vessel with *them?* Send 'em over in thousands, myriads if you like, harness 'em to the ship, and flog 'em like blazes till they run her down to the water. They'll be all drowned, you'll say. Well, so much the better.

"Yours (in haste),
"*Army and Navy Club.*" "SALMO FEROX."

"DEAR SIR,—Why not try Electricity? The vessel, being iron, is made for the purpose. Get a brewery vat, turn it into a battery, and lay on the conductor. She would jump, bang, into the middle of the river, and settle like a sea-gull.

"Your obedient servant,
"*Electric Telegraph Office.*" "TYCHO BRAHE."

"SIR,—I am an old naval gunner. Did you ever witness the effect of a broadside? If so, you will comprehend my suggestion for getting off my big neighbour, the *Leviathan*. Lay fifty of the largest ship's guns with their breeches against her lee side. Load them heavily, and fire them all at once. Their united recoil would shove her into the stream.

"Yours respectfully,
"*Greenwich Hospital.*" "ABRAHAM LINSTOCK."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We are diametrically opposed in religion and politics, but on the field of science we might meet as friends, especially since you have frankly given in your adhesion to the doctrine lately enunciated by the Holy See, namely, that the Sun goes round the Earth. I should like to see the large ship launched, and I can supply the means. You remember that it is said in your Roman history, that when a similar difficulty occurred on the Tiber, a Vestal Virgin tied her girdle to the vessel, and it instantly followed her to the river. The story is falsified, as the holy girl was a nun, who is now worshipped by the Church as Ste. Nigritia. A reverend friend in Naples (the custodian of the blood of S. Januarius), has got a strip of Ste. Nigritia's girdle, and will dispose of it on reasonable terms. Would you see the Directors on the subject?

"Yours in all humility,
"*Golden Square.*" "NICHOLAS FLAM WISEMAN (*Cardinal*)."

"THE Editor of the *Record* presents to *Mr. Punch* such compliments as miserable worms may exchange with one another, and would ask him, in all brotherly love, what he thinks of the profane and blasphemous ship *now?* The Editor foretold that no good could come to a vessel named after SATAN, and how much has come? The only way to launch her is, for the Directors solemnly to erase the ACCURSED NAME from the bow, or keel, or wherever they put such things, and then to invite the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, SIR. C. EARDLEY, DR. O'HOWL, and a few more of the few *really* sincere and pious men in England, to have service (*and lunch*) on board daily, until the engineers are privileged to launch her. *If there are any Papists in the yard, they must be instantly discharged.*

"*Record Office, Tuesday.*"

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a creditor of MR. HUMPHREY BROWN'S. Do you remember the extraordinary ease with which that great man managed his ships? I think he contrived to have them in two places at once. Why not send for him to Millwall?

"Yours obediently,
"*Q. B. Prison.*" "DUNN BROWN."

"SIR,—We are taught by the Constitution that the House of Commons is omnipotent, and that its resolution must be obeyed. I therefore propose, should the vessel not be launched by the 4th of February, to take the following course. As the vessel is on the ways, I conceive that the House must go into Ways and Means, and therefore I shall first move the House into Committee, and then the ship into the river.

"I have the honour, &c.,
"*Woburn Abbey.*" "JOHN RUSSELL."

"DEAR FRIEND,—I can put your Ship in water, but much better to be where her now is. My patron, S. M. the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, found it easy to put his ships down in the water; but, my faith, they come not up again. Let her be, and I will perform my little magics on board, and so get the direction much more profits, by my attraction.

"Your devoted,
"*St. James's Theatre.*" "WILLIABBER FRIKEL."

(*To be Discontinued.*)

THE SPURGEON QUADRILLE.

MR. SPURGEON'S approbation of dancing, provided that the two sexes dance separately, suggests an idea which we commend to the attention of MONS. JULLIEN. In many respects, besides the circumstance of having successfully performed at the Surrey Music Hall, JULLIEN resembles SPURGEON. They are men of the time, and very similar men. Kindred spirits should sympathize. Need more be said to induce the Mons. immediately to apply his gigantic genius to the composition of a Spurgeon Quadrille? The triumphs of SPURGEON might as easily, and at least as suitably, be celebrated by JULLIEN as those of our departed hero; but the reason why we want our mighty master of dance-music to immortalize the Ranter more particularly, is that he may illustrate the Spurgeonic notion of the gentlemen dancing alone. What that notion is, he perhaps understands better than we do. Does MR. SPURGEON concede the *vis-à-vis*, and would he permit the ladies and gentlemen to dance in the same room, so long as they confined themselves, respectively, to dancing on opposite sides of it? Would he tolerate "Set to Sides," whilst disallowing "Hands across and change partners?" Or would the Mons. better consult, and illustrate, the views of MR. SPURGEON, if he were to devise two separate quadrilles, one for ladies, and the other for gentlemen only?

Havelock.

HE is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old Cathedral gloom,
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.

Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of Fame
Sounding loud a deathless name:
Tell us of no vauntful Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"In Hoc Signo," pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.

A WOMAN OF REAL NERVE.

A VERY pleasing and instructive exhibition recently took place at the private residence of PROFESSOR BLANDE. This was a woman of real nerve (species almost extinct, and not classed by CUVIER or OWEN), whom the Professor had discovered among the Lakes of Westmoreland, and had secured by a matrimonial knot, after long and severe wooing.

Having introduced three of his bachelor friends to the lady, she received them with unaffected affability, though no previous intimation had been given by the Professor of his having invited them to dinner!

On sitting down to dinner the lady was attired in morning dress, of which, however, beyond a smiling allusion to the inconvenience of having painters in the house, she betrayed no consciousness!

Wine and filberts having been placed on the table, PROFESSOR BLANDE produced a box of cigars, and requested his bachelor friends to help themselves, the Professor observing that, if smoking was not injurious to *them*, it could not possibly affect the muslin curtains—a philosophical remark in which the lady entirely concurred!

During tea the Professor, winking at his bachelor friends, informed them that he had been elected a director of the "Royal Sand Bank," and that in performance of his duties he should be obliged at least once a week to sleep upon the premises, at which announcement the bachelor friends were much concerned. The lady, however, composedly observed that business must be attended to, and hoped that "EDWARD" (meaning the Professor) would take his nightcap with him, and ascertain that the beds were well aired!

A very pretty servant-maid waiting at table, the Professor took occasion in her absence to comment upon her personal appearance, the lady confirming his favourable opinion, and adding, that PHŒBE was an excellent servant and a very good girl, and regretting in one respect that she was soon about to be married!

The exhibition concluded by PROFESSOR BLANDE ingeniously dropping a letter from his pocket, which the lady picked up, and found to be a Valentine highly coloured. PROFESSOR BLANDE feigned to be much disconcerted at this discovery; but the lady was so amused by his guilty countenance, that he was at length constrained to admit that he had written and posted it himself. On hearing this confession the lady pleasantly observed, that a little innocent diversion was not dear at a penny, and that it might have been less usefully spent—for example, in snuff, which never made people laugh, though it often made them sneeze. At this mild expression of a feminine prejudice, the bachelor friends lifted up their eyes with one consent, and marvelled hugely. Before their departure the bachelor friends warmly congratulated PROFESSOR BLANDE upon his invaluable acquisition; and requested him, if he should hear of another specimen, to let them know as soon as convenient; which PROFESSOR B. promised to do, archly observing, however, that he rather flattered himself his exhibition was unique.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE!

MR. BULL. "THERE, TAKE YOUR TRUMPERY JEWELS, AND DON'T LET ME HEAR OF YOU AGAIN!"

TIGER-SLAYING IN KAMSCHATKA.

THE *Athenæum* says, "MR. GORDON CUMMING, has found his match in MR. WILLIAM RICE," who has recently published an account of his tiger-slaying tours in India. The following exciting narrative, from the pen of an American gentleman, shows that MR. RICE has also been beaten hollow, or to speak more correctly, has been pounded into ground rice. We may mention that the author of the narrative is the father of the celebrated baby whom MR. ARROWSMITH saw murdered in the railway train, and of which he gave such a thrilling account under the title of "*Railways and Revolvers in Georgia.*" It is needless therefore to assure the reader of the perfect authenticity of the following story:—

"It is singular that many otherwise well-informed persons should labour under the delusion that no tigers are to be found in Kamschatka. The very name of one of the chief towns 'Tyhil-skaia,' (which may be translated tiger's cave) should at once convince every one of the absurdity of this opinion. I shall not stay to advance further proof, but shall proceed at once to my narrative.

"On the 5th of June, 185—, accompanied by my friend CAPTAIN C. of the Horse Marines, and DR. W. a Bishop of the English Church, having his see not a hundred miles from a certain great University, I found myself in the woods between Itchenskor and Coniano. My companions were armed with a gun apiece. The Bishop constantly wore his mitre to protect his reverend head from the piercing rays of the sun, and really looked like one of the mediæval bishops accompanying an army to battle. For myself, relying upon my skill as a marksman (I have often hit an apple, as* WASHINGTON is said to have done from the head of his youthful son), I preferred to carry simply a bow and arrows.

"Presently we came upon the footsteps of a tigress, and following them up, soon arrived at her den. Immediately, with a terrific growl, she sprang out of some brushwood near, and stood within a few yards of us. Hereupon the Bishop quickly ascended a large specimen of the Prickly Fig Tree, which grew near. The rapidity of his ascent caused his mitre to effect a divorce from his sacred cranium, and to fall to the ground. The tigress fortunately stopped to smell at the episcopal emblem, which gave us time to take a good aim. The Captain first fired, and his ball hit the tigress in the lower jaw, carrying away three teeth. This rough dentistry enraged the animal to such a degree that she gave a yell, and sprang forwards, throwing me down, and putting my left arm out of joint. Despair, however, gave me almost superhuman strength; so bending my bow with my left leg, I took aim, and hit the savage beast in the eye. She fell dead instantly.

"In this conflict I received a severe wound in the shoulder, besides the dislocation of my arm already referred to. I am at present laid up from the effects of these injuries, but as soon as I recover, I intend again to sally forth into the woods."

* Our American correspondent here tells the often told story of WILLIAM TELL. The application of the anecdote to WASHINGTON may be pardoned in an ardent patriot.

RAGGED PEOPLE FOR RAGGED SERVICES.

IT appears that the crowds of people who throng to hear Bishops and Deans discourse in the Nave of Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, are, for the most part, not by any means composed of those classes for whose edification Special Services and Sermons are intended. If the congregations who attend these devotions continue to consist of respectable persons, the very reverend and right reverend preachers will hold forth comparatively in vain. Fools who come to stare remain to gape. No difficulty, however, seems to be experienced in securing the attendance of the poorer orders alone at the Ragged Churches. This consideration suggests an obvious expedient for providing that those who attend Special Services shall be the right sort of people. It consists in the inverse application of that rule by the enforcement of which security is taken that none but proper people shall be admitted elsewhere.

Nobody can be allowed to enter the pit of the Opera unless attired in correct evening costume. In like manner, on the other hand, everybody might be turned back from the door of Westminster Abbey, on these special occasions, who did not present himself in costume decidedly incorrect. Everybody might be required to be at least out at elbows, and nobody permitted to enter with a clean shirt, or without a shocking bad hat. It would be necessary to deny admission to all comers in any description of vehicle above a donkey-cart. The principle of exclusiveness might thus be practised on behalf of the inferior classes, so as to protect them from the intrusion of genteel persons. It would no doubt procure the result desired for the former as effectually as it answers the intentions of the latter; and the shabbily dressed or half-dressed worshipper would not be annoyed by the proximity of a party of fashionable exterior. If any individual of the higher ranks should, now and then, smuggle himself in, the case would be simply that of the occasional snob at the Opera—an exception proving the rule. But this is not likely; for though a gent may sometimes slip into HER MAJESTY'S Theatre in a suit of black MOSES, it is not very likely that any adventurous swell would, except for a very high wager, attire himself as a costermonger, in order to go to Westminster Abbey and hear the Dean preach to the populace.

The mention of costermonger recalls the idea of a peculiar conveyance above alluded to as a vehicle allowable to special service-goers. If the Clergy prove as successful as they seem to be zealous in their attempt to attract the humbler classes, there is no reason why the doors of cathedral naves and Ragged Churches should not be as closely crowded with donkey-carts as fashionable places of worship are with superior equipages.

SERIOUS READING.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"SOME very painful letters have lately appeared in the *Times*, in censure of the general style of Clergymen's reading and delivery. The writers are evidently unsanctified persons, who dislike and deride a truly devotional tone. There is a pathetic moaning, an earnest groaning, a long-drawn rise and fall of the voice, a peculiarly affecting intonation, in which alone the lessons, the prayers, and the sermons are read by truly pious ministers. It is that blessed kind of reading which cannot even be mimicked, as it frequently is by scoffers, without causing an almost involuntary raising of the eye-balls. It expresses a sweetness, and a sadness, and a yearning; but the scorner calleth it a drawl. It corresponds to the music of parochial psalmody—the only music truly sacred; and when heard at a distance it is a kind of music without words—at least without articulate words—by which however, the nature of what the utterer is reading may always be recognised. Yea, even an unsanctified party in passing by a house wherein a Scripture Reader is labouring in his vocation, is at once apprised of the character of what is being read. He knoweth it is not a leading article, or a money article in the *Times*. Oh! *Mr. Punch*, never let our preachers abandon that mode of reading which the reporters of the marriages in high life so truly term 'impressive.' What were our most popular preachers without it, and without it what were their sermons? Lacking carnal argument, deficient in worldly wisdom, replete only with a heaving and gushing affection, the moaning, and the groaning, yea, and, if the wicked like, the snuffling and the belching and the howling of the preacher, inspire them with a meaning which they would not otherwise possess, and more than supply an absence of unnecessary sense by the more edifying eloquence of sound.

"I am, my dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Your own and the *Record's* constant reader,

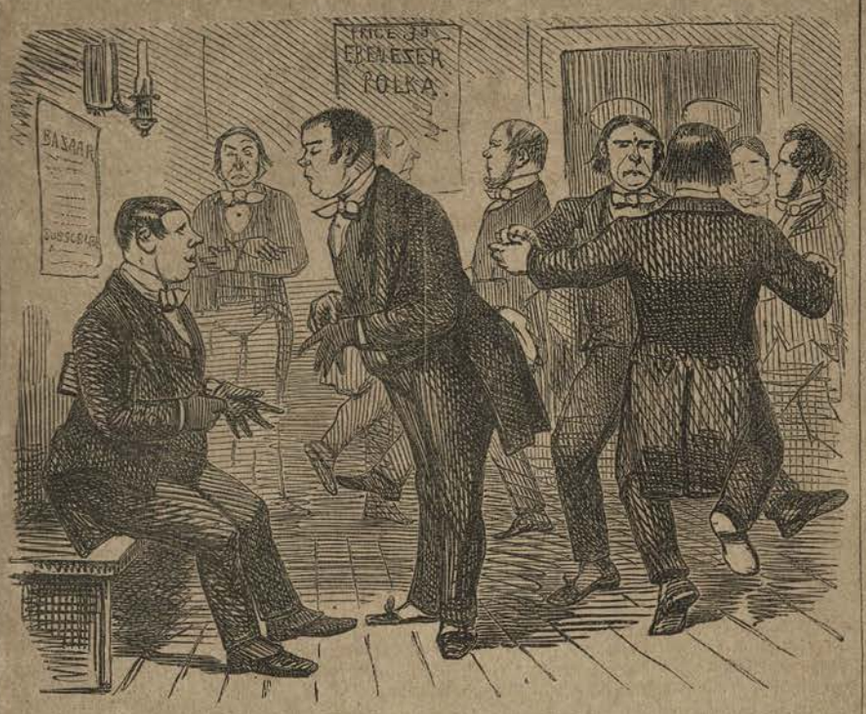
"JEREMIAH MAUDLIN."

"*Drivelbrook Parsonage, Jan.*, 1858."

A Card.

THE Celebrated Ministry called *All the Talents* is well-nigh forgotten. The present Cabinet does not aspire to such a title, but will be known—since CLANRICARDE has joined—as *All the Trumps*.

A NEW SAW FOR AN OLD ONE.—The *Leviathan* was not launched in a day.



DELIGHTFUL BALL, ACCORDING TO THE REV. SPURGEON.

THE SPURGEON QUADRILLES.

THE following are the figures of these Quadrilles, as authorised by the reverend gentleman who has discovered that dancing is proper, but that partners being of opposite sexes is not so. The Quadrilles are sold with MR. SPURGEON'S portrait and autograph.

1.

Ladies advance and leave the room. Opposite gentlemen advance, groan, and retire. Sides the same. Set to partners, and turn up eyes to ceiling. All jump as high as possible till tired.

2.

Gentlemen rise and leave the room. Ladies enter and to places. Dance *ad libitum*, and that only waltz, polka, or mazurka be permitted.

3.

Ladies leave the room. First gentleman advance, sing a hymn, and run round the room as hard as he can go. Second and others follow, and all run round together, and finally out at the door.

4.

Ladies enter, and to places. Stand still, beating time with one foot while first lady recites hymn. All round. Opposite lady the same, and then sides. Walk slowly from room.

5.

All go home, but separately, mind, and a deacon is to take care that the ladies shawl one another, and that there is no nonsense about being "seen home," and the like.

PAINTING ON BEAUTY.

HIS pleasing Art has of late made rapid advances, and is now practised by pupils in all classes: even housemaids, we are privately informed, have been seen handling the brush. Not long since we were present at a fashionable concert, where a youthful Etonian, who sat on the platform, directed our attention to some exquisite specimens in the stalls before us, our examination being aided by our own *lorgnette*, and that juvenile critic's interminable loquacity.

We append a catalogue of the Paintings, with remarks by a Connoisseur:—

No. 1. *Sweet Seventeen.* The first essay of a young hand, which would be better employed on another subject—say her Mamma.

No. 2. *Mrs. Major Flushing.* An ambitious attempt to produce a great effect, reminding one, as scarlet naturally does, of the sound of a trumpet.

No. 3. *Charity and Patience.* Sisters; patterns of humility, the tints so feebly laid on, from want of confidence, as to impress the spectator with a deep melancholy. Painting is not Charity's *forte*, and Patience should practise less on public credulity, and more on the Piano.

No. 4. *The Maiden Aunt.* Hurriedly done in distemper on a very rough ground.

No. 5. *Miss Ruddell.* A crude attempt in chalk, and quite unworthy of the Academy—for young gentlemen—over which her parents preside.

No. 6. *A Widow Preparing for Conquest.* A highly-finished work, suggesting by its intensity a sunset in the tropics.

No. 7. *The Dowager Duchess of Rougemore.* Like TURNER in his latter days—but we will not be severe. Remembering what this distinguished Peeress has done for High Art, we regret that judicious friends do not interfere to prevent those failures which every lover of humanity must reverently deplore.

No. 8. *The Marquis de Carmine.* A fine specimen of the Italian style; eyebrows and moustache faultless; the *tout ensemble* "killing."

No. 9. *Amy—a Country Girl.* Painted by *Nature*, and one of that Old Master's happiest efforts. The dimple in chin (same artist) nicely put in.

No. 10. *Editor of the Bath Post.* A magnificent head; the upper part scumbled by PROFESSOR BROWNE. The roots *au naturel*, and very warm in tone. Exhibited for many years as the *Dyeing Hair*.

No. 11. *Honourable and Reverend Sylvester Moon.* A study in imitation of alabaster. The cold cream delicately laid on.

No. 12. *The Model Husband.* A handsome painting, but with traces of indecision near the whiskers, and slightly smudged about the nose. Evidently the work of a lady. A better title for it would be *Love's Labour Lost.*

In conclusion, we must say, that much as we admire Art in any shape, we think paintings of this character should be confined to the *al fresco* Exhibition of the first of May. *Nymph with a Brass Ladle* is a charming picture, which no man of sensibility would desire to sweep away. Some very fine Paintings on Beauty are to be met with at the Sea-side, the best *couleur-de-rose* being obtained from Cowes—not from the Poultry.

TUPPER THE POET.

MR. MARTIN TUPPER has been honoured (*Mr. Punch* is apprised) by the gracious permission of the PRINCESS ROYAL, to write a little poem on the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of *Proverbial Philosophy* in the possession of her ROYAL HIGHNESS. The poem is every way worthy of the work, and though not originally designed for publication, its merit entitles it to a place of honour in *Mr. Punch's* Volume:—

M. F. T. TO H. R. H.

MADAM, (or Miss, for I may call you so,
Because you are not married yet, you know)
This is a book. Books are of various sorts,
Some holding shallower, some profounder thoughts.
A book by various operation's built,
It must be written, printed, bound and gilt;
Nor is't enough the book's before you spread,
Ere you can master it, it must be read.
Think, lady, what a lot of things to do,
Before a work can be of use to you.
And ink, lead, leather, gold, must in its turn
Help out the thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
Consider this, when you are pleased to look
Upon the handsome thing we call a book,
And read it to the end, or else, indeed,
I say your reading is a broken reed.

M. F. T.

COMIC COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE trade reports are often very witty, if brevity is the soul of wit. Among some recent commercial intelligence from America we read that:—

"Ashes were quiet, with small sales, at 6 dollars for both pots and pearls."

When the female aristocracy, and our other undomesticated readers, are informed that there is a substance in common use in private families, especially those of which the washing is done at home, called Pearlash, and when Members of Parliament, and unscientific people in general, are told that there is also a substance, much employed in manufactures and in medicine, commonly known by the name of Potash, they will be enabled to perceive the main point of the above pithy announcement. Still, however, they will not have apprehended the fulness of meaning comprehended in the monosyllabic designations "pots" and "pearls," until they shall have been further instructed that Pearlash is the sesquicarbonate of Potash; nor even then, perhaps, would they be enabled thoroughly to appreciate the entire significance of those two little words, unless we were to venture on explanations relative to "pots" and "pearls," amounting, virtually, to that peculiar projection of pearls which is proverbially injudicious.

The worst of brevity, as the poet says, is that it tends to obscurity; a truth exemplified in the succeeding sentence:—

"Cotton was dull and entirely nominal at 9¾ to 9¼ for middling Uplands, and 10¼ for New Orleans."

Entirely nominal cotton one would take to mean devil's dust—but that is not made till the cotton gets to Manchester. The same may be said of shoddy, and every other compound or simple form of cotton stuff—and rubbish.

Here again is an example of wonderful condensation:—

"Flour was rather firmer, though the receipts were large"

Observe how powerfully the abundance of the flour-market is expressed in that one small conjunction, "though."

True wit disdains a pun; and accordingly, our commercial wag, in describing the state of cereal produce, states that—

"Wheat was dull, and tending in favour of the buyer."

That is, wheat was disposed to be sold. A punster would have said that wheat was flat.

Our pleasant friend concludes by advising us that—

"Sugar and molasses were steady."

We are very glad to hear so good a character of sugar and molasses, which cannot but afford very great comfort and satisfaction to all their friends.

"AND IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

Now that what is termed the "Double Government" of India is about to expire, people begin asking, how it can have happened that it ever has existed, and are wanting to know, what can have been the use of it? Having a character to keep up for omniscience, we are reluctant to confess that we are ignorant of anything; but this is just one of those questions which it is far easier to ask than answer, and we should as soon try to account for ladies wearing Crinoline, or to explain philosophically the precise cause which impels them to loiter near a mistletoe, or a bonnet shop in Regent Street.

In expressing their astonishment that the duplex form of Government should have been suffered to survive, economists would doubtless draw attention to the fact, that the keeping up of two establishments to do the work of one must, of course, have involved a precisely double outlay, and should on that account alone have been long ago abolished. Not only has there been "double, double, toil and trouble," but just twice as many salaries and pensions as there need have been. Moreover, it might reasonably be urged, that the service of two masters is proverbially impracticable, and this of course should have prevented the creation of twin Governments. The more cumbrous the machine, the more difficult it is to keep in working order. Too many clerks are pretty sure to spoil the broth; and so far from making a division of labour, their joint efforts only lead to a compound multiplication of it. Of course by having two workshops where one would have sufficed, there has been just double scope for circumlocutionary processes, and the correspondence that has passed between the two establishments has doubtless wasted enough foolscap to have papered the Great Globe, and more than sufficient ink to have floated the *Leviathan*. We will be bound that the red tape consumed yearly in transacting the business of both Governments would have sufficed to put a girdle three times round the earth, and then reach to the tail of the late expected Comet; and doubtless as much sealing-wax has been spilt in Leadenhall Street as would fill up the Red Sea, and raise in the Atlantic a pathway to America.

Altogether, then, we think that the Government of India has gone no better for its being on a duplex movement. Although we free them from the charge of intentional duplicity, we cannot quite help thinking that those who have contrived to keep the two concerns afloat, have had the means to "come the double" over those they had to deal with. Any doubts of this kind must, of course, tend to shake one's faith in any Government, and the Indian administration has doubtless been impaired by the fact of its possession of no singleness of purpose. Our chief wonder is, indeed, how being cut in two, the moribund absurdity should have so long existed; and it is a proof of the vitality of nuisances that it has done so. Forgetting the old maxim that "unity is strength," we have shown our weakness in the preference of duality; and in keeping up two Governments events have clearly proved that we have kept up one too many. In short, however serviceable the Company may have been, there are few who will deny that its room is vastly preferable.

THE HAPPY MAN.

GAIN is JOHNSON'S knocker muted,
Warning postman, milkman, tramp;
Once more hath he been saluted
By that dear old *Surey Gamp*.
At his window chirp the sparrows,
JOHNSON happiest of Men!
With his quiver full of arrows,
The tallest rising two foot ten.

At his Club now pensive dining,
JOHNSON views his ways and means,
Home tranquillity resigning
Until JANE the Cherub weans.
In due time the midnight chamber
With his little charge he 'll pace;
A meerschaum may be tipp'd with amber
Pointing from his quiet face.

Visions to his mind are rising,
Long Apothecary's bills;
French and music—friends surprising,
Socks and boots and tiny frills.
For relief of beings tender,
One horse now must serve for two:
Golf-stick—that he must surrender;
Whitebait—certainly eschew.

Ye who jest at love's intrusions,
Listen gravely, if you can;
Mock not JOHNSON'S sweet illusions,
Wondrous are the joys of Man!
Better far to own a bright house,
Lit with twinkling lamps all o'er,
Than to dwell in lonely light-house,
With no soft glove-knocker'd door.

HIBERNIAN HAYMAKING.—During the late frost, an Irish M.P., observing some confectioner's men at work, carting ice out of a pond, observed that there is nothing like making hay when the sun shines.

Master Sparrow. "LOOK THERE, TOM! YOUNG FRED IS ASLEEP!"
Master Sprat. "YES! POOR LITTLE BEGGAR! WHAT A SHAME IT IS TO KEEP SUCH A MERE CHILD AS THAT UP SO LATE!"

PERSECUTION OF THE MORMONS.

MANY enthusiastic champions of religious liberty will be greatly shocked at the measures taken by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to put down Mormonism. MR. BUCHANAN has sent troops to bring the Mormons to reason—to reason from faith. True, he has not taken this step on theological grounds. He does not attack Mormonism simply because Mormonism is a heresy. If the religion of JOE SMITH had been merely a ridiculous religion, and nothing more, doubtless MR. BUCHANAN would have let it alone. But Mormonism opposes itself to social order in general, and to the institutions of the United States in particular. Therefore MR. BUCHANAN persecutes it. He forgets, however, that what otherwise would be simply immorality or treason, is sanctified when practised under the name of religion. If BRIGHAM YOUNG had raised the standard of rebellion against the Stars and Stripes, in the character of BRIGHAM YOUNG merely, professedly off his own hook, it would have been well to abolish him as soon as possible; but when BRIGHAM YOUNG comes forward as the legitimate apostolic successor of JOE SMITH, Deputy-Lieutenant of Creation, his pretensions are entitled to respect. What next? BRIGHAM YOUNG is a Pope in his way, and his disciples and subjects are Papists in theirs. Utah is an *imperium in imperio*, or at least an *imperium in republicâ*. But so is every Roman Catholic diocess. Suppose the Papists attempted to carry out their principles in the States, or in some territory adjoined to the States? Perhaps MR. BUCHANAN would pursue the same course in their case as that which he has taken towards the Mormons. And then what would the *Univers* say? What would the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER say? What would the Peelites and the ex-Manchester scholars say? What would *Mrs. Grundy* say?

Be it observed too, that whilst a bigoted President is organizing a crusade against BRIGHAM YOUNG and his subjects, the rabid intolerance of the people, in Belgium and Sardinia, is also doing its utmost to prevent PIO NONO and the faithful who acknowledge his sovereignty, from having everything altogether their own way. Grievous want of enlightenment! Shocking destitution of liberal ideas!

☞ TO THE UNIVERSE!

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered when in practice a certain cure for indigestion, dulness, flunkeyism, foolishness, mental cramps, low spirits, literary nausea, Spoonerism, boredom, pressure on the brain, Dizzyness, depression, intellectual debility, Clanricardisms, snobbishness, bad humour, ennui, tight-lacing, absurd fancies in the head, small bonnets, crochet, crinoline, weakmindedness, peg-top trowsers, over-smoking, loss of literary appetite, and a score or two of other ailments, real and imaginary. The remedy was first discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to chronic melancholy, combined with too wide petticoats, induced it was supposed by a mixed reading of *Le Follet* and the *Saturday Review*. The physician had, in common with the rest of the civilised community, heard much of the wonderful restorative and brain-healing qualities of the ingredients made use of in the making up of *Punch*; and it occurred to him, by a lucky flash of intellect, that they might peradventure prove of service to his chy-ild. To those innumerable billions who are acquainted with the virtues of that wondrous publication, it is superfluous to say that the result was a successful one. One joke relieved, one volume cured! His chy-ild was restored to her right mind and figure, and is now alive and kicking; depressed by no low spirits, and deformed by no unnatural protuberance of skirt.

The benevolent physician has since prescribed the remedy to countless myriads of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy in their minds, and sensible and happy; and, in short, professionally phrasing it, entirely all serene. Wishing to confer as much good as he can while the short span of his existence still remains within his grasp, he presents to his afflicted fellow-creatures this recipe; and gives them his advice (for which no fee will be demanded) to lose no time in purchasing the wonderful specific. To keep them mentally in health, in happiness and wisdom, he recommends all those who peruse this advertisement to provide themselves regularly with the unfailing panacea, which is supplied fresh every week at the Dispensary in Fleet Street, price only Threepence, or Fourpence if impressed with the Government Stamp.

N.B. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS COUNTERFEITS!

☞ *Vivat Regina!* *Bad Money Returned!!*

Public Conveyance.

ONE of the most immediate reforms contemplated by Law Reformers is that of facilitating the conveyance of land, which, it is to be hoped, they will render so cheap and so practicable for everybody, that such conveyance will merit the name of Omnibus.

NOT A TRUMP CARD.—CLANRI-CARDE.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, January 16, 1858.

THE FRIGHTFUL FIGURE THAT NEARLY TERRIFIED OLD FOGEY AND HIS WIFE OUT OF THEIR WITS—AND WHICH PROVED, AFTER ALL, TO BE ONLY AN ORDINARY MORTAL, CARRYING ROASTED CHESNUTS!

MARRIAGE ON SMALL MEANS.

BY A SWELL OF SLENDER INCOME.

To marry a girl on three hundred a-year,
Would involve self-denial extremely severe,
When if ten times that income a fellow enjoyed,
On his pleasures and wants it might all be employed.

I must put down my brougham if I am to wed,
And establish a cradle, of course, in its stead.
I must give up my club and my sporting pursuits,
And resort to cheap tailors, and wear fewer boots.

A wife, whom a fellow has got to support,
Is the dearest of things that a fellow can sport;
And still dearer are children—I speak in the sense
Of a man of the world—in respect of expense.

Oh, yes! I'm aware the cigars I consume
Are so much per annum that flies off in fume,
And I know that the sum which in smoke I expend,
Would suffice to procure tops and bottoms no end.

My cab-hire would buy lots of small boots and shoes,
But the latter investment I beg to refuse,
And I'd rather devote all I could from my store
To buy my own boots—which I mentioned before.

Of course, if a man gives up all that makes life
Worth living, why then he may marry a wife,
Whose face is her fortune—whilst all he has got,
Will just serve to boil—horrid object—the pot.

I wish you may get it—I wish you may see
Myself in a chair with a child on each knee,
And a number of others, about me at play,
In a cottage, with nowhere to put them away.

I'll follow my pleasures, I'll stick to my club,
And while I'm enjoying my glass and my grub,
With content I'll regard want of conjugal bliss,
Exclaiming, "That isn't so jolly as this."

TO MAKE WRITING IMPERVIOUS TO CRITICISM.—Write on Bank-notes.

THE RIVAL POWERS AT NAPLES.

THE priests and the earthquake at Naples have been contending one with the other. The contest has consisted in trying which could be the more shocking—the earthquake in violence, or the priests in folly and humbug. The earthquake having made a prodigious effort, which overthrew a house and part of a belfry, the priests answered it by a demonstration thus described by the *Times* correspondent:—

"It is difficult to describe the consternation of the people; all ran to the temporary building where Divine Service is performed, and the crucifix and the image of the Madonna being brought out, all followed in procession, priests and all, scourging themselves with ropes."

Flogging is one of those operations that no man, even if anxious to whip himself soundly, can so effectually perform on his own person, as another man, sufficiently able-bodied, can do it for him. It is to be regretted that the people, instead of lashing themselves, which they probably did with all their might, had not taken the ropes out of the hands of the priests, and given every one of those reverend impostors a smart sound sensible taste of the rope's end. However, if the "faithful" chose to give themselves a good hiding, they only inflicted on their own shoulders that chastisement to which proverbial wisdom devotes the back of the fool, and which, accordingly, they richly deserved.

That the faithful did not perceive and act upon the propriety of thrashing their priests is the more wonderful, by reason that they are in the habit of abusing ST. JANUARIUS when his blood does not melt soon enough to please them. Now, their reverences the priests altogether failed in their attempt to stop the earthquake; although they overdid their soluble red substance the other day, and made the coagulum boil; but as DR. JOHNSON said of the aërial voice which called him SAM, through a keyhole, "nothing came of it." The earthquake had still the best of the battle, and seems to have minded the miraculous ebullition no more than it would have cared for that of a tea-kettle. It went on shaking the earth—whilst the priests shook nothing whatever, but the faith of every rational member of their communion.

Again, the earthquake has had the advantage of the priests in shaking, even to overthrow, the monuments, at least, of their superstition. In the letter above quoted, is given the following inscription, taken from the engraving of a statue of the Madonna found among some ruined houses:—

"S. M. DI LORETO DI POLLA. Erected on occasion of the earthquakes of 1652 and 1814. On the 22nd May it sweats manna. . . . Manna flows from the side of MARIA to save guilty souls devoted to her."

This Madonna, the writer states, was one "who had granted some special favours during the earthquakes" mentioned in the inscription. The church in which the image was set up is now a heap of ruins; so that the special favours of the idol have not as yet been repeated in the earthquake of 1857-8, unless they were confined to sweating manna under a lot of rubbish. Perhaps, however, it will rebuild the church without funds and without architect or workmen, to confute British incredulity and compel *Mr. Punch* to belabour his own hump with his own cudgel.

A DRAMA OF MANY HEADS.

MR. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, in his new paper called *Le Réveil*, (a *réveil*, judging from the reading, that is generally followed by a most tremendous headache), has written an article on the French Drama, which he has divided into fifteen heads. We must say that this is a rare number of heads for such a very small quantity of brains! But, how about the English Drama? How many heads can our Drama of the present day boast? Supposing the English Drama to be, by any power of stretching, divisible into fifteen heads, it would be with those heads as with the French watches sold here:—the cases would be English, but the works, with which they are filled, would be imported from Paris.

"Muscular Christianity."

WE think this term, though cleverly intended, is wrongly applied. If religion hangs on a question of muscle, then the Mussulman must be the leading and most powerful member of the Church.

VERBA SAPIENTI.

AMONG some articles in a capital new number of the *Quarterly Review*, is one upon the *Sense of Pain in Man and Animals*. It is written in an excellent spirit, remote alike from the maudlin sentimentality which would call in a Lord Mayor because an ill-conditioned boy gets an extra touch of the cane, and the ignorant brutality which prescribes coercion as the only way of imparting knowledge. The article inculcates manly humanity to the inferior creation. The following is an excellent observation, showing how well the writer has studied his subject:—

"It is of course worthy of remark that the same agency is powerful upon one class of being, powerless upon another. Call your dog to you, and make him swallow the best glass of claret you can give him, and he will probably be sick. Invite your friend, and perform the same operation on him, and he will smack his lips and utter such wit as is in him. On the other hand, call your dog, and read to him a chapter from ALISON, or a speech by WISCOUNT WILLIAMS, and he will exhibit no perceptible annoyance; but try either of these experiments upon your friend, and he will call you

'Such a friend that one had need
Be very much your friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.'"

THE GREAT MARRIAGE QUESTION.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the establishment of the New Divorce Court, the public has suddenly rushed into controversy upon the subject of Marriage, and chiefly upon the question raised by a correspondent of the *Times*, whether a Gentleman can marry a Lady on Three Hundred Pounds a-year.

The discussion has assumed formidable proportions. An imaginary young lady who has been called JENNY has been selected as its heroine, and while "A Happy Man" urges JENNY'S cousin, young JONES, to go and wed her, a "Friend of JONES'S" explains to him that he will have to work like fun to keep her, and another and a sterner adviser assures him, that with his habits and tastes, he will come to grief if he makes the match. An indignant girl calling herself "JENNY'S Sister" dashes in, and scornfully declares that women don't want club-men, with "cattish" moustaches, and "Another Happy Man" encourages JONES by showing how he himself has immured a poor girl in a hole near some railway, comes to town himself, and leaves her to her solitude. This mean wretch, who also vaunts that out of 160 odd pounds he gives £20 to "Church and charity," is clearly a sham—moreover, we don't see his Income-Tax charged.

Mr. Punch has, of course, his own opinion upon this and every other subject. It is no secret to *Judy* that her fascinations induced him, as he conceives, to throw himself away when too young to know his own value. But he bears her no malice, and they are very good friends. He prefers, on the present occasion, to open his columns to correspondents who have come down upon him like Cedron in flood since the question was raised.

"DEAR SIR,—MR. JONES belongs to some London Club, where he enjoys himself. He has three hundred a-year, and his friends advise him to marry. Are they all insane?

"The subject is too ridiculous for argument. If he likes to marry a milliner's girl, and go and live in a Welsh cottage, he can do it. But if he wishes to marry one of my daughters, who I suppose are fair specimens of the society to which he belongs, I will merely mention that when he has set apart £90 a-year for house rent (he can live in no decent place for less), £50 a-year for her milliner and little expenses (I have put it absurdly low), £50 for the autumn trip (I am sure that is cheap enough), £30 for three little dinners (I am perfectly ashamed of the item), £20 for servants' wages (they can do with two servants for the first year), he will have exactly £60 a-year, or £1 3*s.* a week, for butcher, baker, brewer, wine-merchant, grocer, green ditto, his own tailor and bootmaker, cab-hire (she ought to have a brougham, dear child, with her accomplishments, but we would wait), occasional opera or theatre, seats in church, doctor's bills, coal merchant, and about as many things more. And how is he to furnish his house? Am I to do it?

"Pray let MR. JONES keep to his club. I dare say his relative, MISS JENNY, will meet a better match, if she will be patient, and use her opportunities.

"Yours, very truly,
"*Russell Square, W.C.*" "A PRACTICAL MOTHER."

"DEAR PUNCH,—That 'Another Happy Man' is a snob. Two pound and fourpence in the year for wine! Does he ever give the poor little wife whom he shuts up in the country a drop, on her birthday, or when her baby is christened? He says he often has a guest. Beer and spirits, I suppose. Hang it all, that's not the kind of fellow to be writing on the subject. BINKS the Bagman may do as he likes, but we're talking of his betters, and their marriages.

"Ever yours,
"*Reform Club.*" "AN INDIGNANT SWELL."

"MY DEAR, DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pray, please exert your power, and encourage the young men to marry. £300 a-year is a fortune for a prince. I do so want AUGUSTUS to propose at once. We could live like angels on it. Do you know that it is more than sixteen shillings a day? Sixteen shillings! Why, we could go to the theatre every night of our lives—not in a private box, of course (I am not irrational, dear), but to the dress-circle, where it is only five shillings a-piece, and I don't think that if you knew me you would say I was the least pretty girl in the boxes, or that he ought not to be proud of me. And then there would be six shillings more for gloves and cabs. O, do, do, do, dear *Mr. Punch*, make him do it. I *will* love you so.

"Ever your affectionate
"*Bayswater Hill.*" "ROSE D'AMOUR."

"DEAR OLD PUNCH,—We *can't* do it. It is those mothers, and the other women about the girls, that won't have it. I know a girl, now, a perfect Lady, and as good a little soul as lives, and she'd marry me, and live in chambers, and be as happy as you like; but LOR bless you, if the old girl got a hint of such a thing, she'd pack off BELLA to Bristol, and have the door slammed in my face.

"Yours truly,
"*South Square, Gray's Inn.*" "A LORD CHANCELLOR (*in futuro*)."

"SIR,—Certainly marry on £300 a-year, if you can arrange as I do. I settled my income on my wife, who keeps things snugly enough, as I relieve her from most of our expenses by getting tick for everything, and occasionally walking through Portugal Street. Then the income comes in handy, we start fresh, and of course try a new quarter of town, or country. We are very jolly, and I can't think how people can be so heartless as to keep young hearts asunder.

"Your obedient servant,
"*Pimlico.*" "CORNELIUS O'TOOLE."

"DEAR SIR,—There need be no difficulty about marrying on £300 a-year, providing the husband has the manliness to do as my husband has done. He has transferred the entire management of the purse to me, and he never dreams of ordering a pair of trowsers, or buying a cravat without consulting me. I never refuse him permission to incur these expenses when I consider that he is justified in the outlay, and I not unfrequently give him a fourpenny-piece, or even a sixpence when he is going out for a walk, and seldom (except sportively) demand an account of its expenditure. We live in a suburb, and as he has no business to take him into town, I rarely encourage his going thither; but walks in the fields are healthy and inexpensive, and I should be sorry to deny him rational pleasure. My mother resides with us, and in the evenings he reads to us from the *Evangelical Magazine*, or any other improving work which my mother may prefer. He has recently, at my desire, I am glad to add, joined the tea-totallers, as his excellent constitution will enable him to keep the pledge, though the health of my dear mother and myself requires both brewed and distilled stimulants. He says that he is so happy that he does not know one day from another, except that the Sabbath calls him to the three discourses of our good minister and only visitor, MR. BEETLES, of Jechoniah Chapel. If I were in the habit of accounting to any person for my administration of my means, I would send you a year's items, but suffice to say, that a serious and resolved wife will have no difficulty in keeping house upon the sum of £300.

"Yours sincerely,
"*Camberwell.*" "MARTHA POST."

"DEAR PUNCH,—I have not married, because I did not exactly see how it would add to my comforts. But with £300 a-year, and a head for whist and one or two other games, I don't see why a man should not indulge himself with a wife, if he thinks she would keep his collars, and so forth, in better order than a servant.

"By the way, weren't you delighted to see my friend CLAN. up in the world again? *Virtus est*—what is it?

"Ever yours,
"*Travellers' Club.*" "DUDLEY SMOOTH."

"DEAR PUNCH,—Let's be rational, and not confuse matters that have nothing to do with one another.

"If a man has £300 a-year, and never can by possibility get any more, he may either spend it on himself at his club, or take a wife.

But he must not look for a wife among the sisters and daughters of his club friends. That won't do, you know.

"But if he have only £300 a-year now, but sees reasonable prospect of increasing his income—if promotion, or popularity, or success in business, may bring him a lot more money, year by year, why, if a girl of his own society will have him, and stand by him while he fights his uphill game, I don't see why he shouldn't take her. The deuce of it is, that parents seldom see it in this light, and so he has to wait until he has made his game, and in the mean time his bachelor habits fix, and when he can pick and choose a wife, he chews at the club, and picks his teeth, instead.

"Yours,

"*The Albany.*" "JOHN BUMPTIOUS."

OBEDIENCE.

WE don't know what association of ideas could have put a story about gambling into our head. But—

"He gave me half-a-crown," says one of SIR WALTER SCOTT's boys, "and told me not to gamble it away at pitch and toss."

"And you disobeyed him, of course," returns the listener.

"Na, I didna disobeyed him. I gambled it away at neevy neevy nick nack."

Thus said the *Times* to LORD CLANRICARDE, apropos of certain disclosures in the HANDCOCK case:—

"LET LORD CLANRICARDE leave these things unexplained, and *he will do wisely to abstain from taking his seat among the assembled peers of England.*"

"And you disobeyed the *Times*, of course," said *Mr. Punch*.

"No, I didn't disobey it," said the Marquis. "I took my seat among HER MAJESTY'S assembled Privy Council."

The Jews more Tolerant than the Catholics.

RACHEL, being a Jewess, is buried with all the rites and ceremonies of the Hebrew religion. But, supposing RACHEL had been a Roman Catholic, the chances—nay, we may almost say, the certainties—are that the Roman Catholic priests would have refused to bury her in consecrated ground, simply because RACHEL was an actress; and, in the eyes of the Infallible Church, to be connected with the theatres is a sin almost equivalent to being an Infidel, or a Heretic, or even a Protestant!

The Clergy and the Laity.

Q. WHY is a "Lay Sermon" so called?

A. To distinguish it from the Sermon one generally sleeps at.

MILDNESS OUT OF SEASON.

PROOFS of the extraordinary mildness of the season have been appearing lately in the corners of our newspapers, and the scissors of sub-editors have cut out more than common work for our credulity. Upon the very best authority of their own penny-a-liners, the papers have informed us of the cowslips plucked at Christmas, as well as of the May which is in bloom in January, and cartloads of bouquets have been forwarded to editors, to give them ocular and nasal demonstration of the facts. In short, if the accounts of penny-a-liners be uncooked, and the letters in the papers be letters of sound credit, the warmth of the weather has been recently productive of such marvellous phenomena, as none but warm imaginations could have possibly predicted.

But however wonderful it may have been in England, the mildness in Calcutta has, we are obliged to say, been far more extraordinary. Among the proofs of it with which the press has overflowed, this extract from the *Daily News* is the most recently confirming:—

"In Delhi and the neighbourhood our lenient policy, MR. COLVIN'S proclamation and the 'Clemency of CANNING' have been bearing the richest fruit. Very few of the inhabitants of the villages which revolted have been punished, notwithstanding that in almost all our fugitive countrymen and women experienced the most savage and inhuman treatment. It is stated by an eye witness that our soldiers, having made what was considered too good a use of the bayonet against these assassins, have been disarmed, and clubs placed in their hands; that the wretched Goojurs, whose normal vocation is robbery and murder, have raised a canvas city outside the walls of Delhi, and are paying for admission within; that the King still holds his regal state, and that his youngest son, notwithstanding the comments of our fettered press, still rides about on an elephant, waited upon by two English officers. When it is recollected that the Princes of Delhi commenced the massacre in May last, by shooting from their chairs of state our unhappy countrymen who took refuge in the Palace, we may be excused for not keeping our indignation pent up within our breasts, and for announcing the simple facts to our countrymen in England."

The only thing that tends to shake our faith in this intelligence is the statement with respect to these two English officers, who are said to be in waiting on the young Black Prince of Delhi. The disarming of our soldiers we can readily believe, and we should fancy that the clubs which were exchanged to them for bayonets were mere panto-mimic "properties" of cottonwool and canvas, constructed so as not to hurt the poor dear darling Sepoys on whose precious heads and shoulders they might chance to fall. We can well believe too that LORD CLEMENT CANNING'S orders have been to punish nobody whom it was possible to spare; and that therefore the misguided villagers, who helped the mutineers in their devilish atrocities, have been let off with a caution not to do so any more. But that a brace of British officers should have been made the waiting-men or flunkeys of the Prince of Delhi Darkness, is a statement such as only a MUNCHAUSEN could have dreamed of, and its obvious untruthfulness must throw a shade of doubt upon the rest of the intelligence.

EXPERIENCE OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

AT the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh—according to a newspaper report—a paper was read by DR. ALEXANDER PEDDIE on the treatment of drunken maniacs: wherein "the subject was treated in a very able and exhaustive manner." Perhaps DR. PEDDIE'S lecture was rather able than exhaustive, but exhaustiveness rather than ability is a too general characteristic of scientific lectures; for most of those discourses exhaust either the patience or the nervous energy of the audience, and set the majority of them either fidgetting or snoring. Perhaps DR. PEDDIE exhausted his subject without exhausting his hearers; but most medical lecturers do just the reverse.

A BROAD VIEW FOR THE CITY.

LET us no more be told that St. Paul's Cathedral arose like a Phœnix out of the ashes of London burnt down. The Committee of the Institute of British Architects distinctly state that the civic coal-tax was originally imposed for the erection of that building; so that St. Paul's did not arise out of ashes, but out of coals. When due allowance has been made for this correction, coupled with the fact that the coal-tax still produces to the Corporation of London nearly £80,000 a-year, the ability of that worshipful body to spare a little vacant ground adjoining the Cathedral, instead of building upon it, in order that the view of WREN'S masterpiece may not be completely spoiled, will be obvious.

Telegram Extraordinary.

Is it possible that the Government telegram subjoined, should have been received—as it is stated to have been—at Calcutta?

"All going well at Alumbagh. GENERAL HAVELOCK died two days ago."

What more consummate indifference could have been shown in announcing the decease of MAJOR CURRY, or COLONEL CHUTNEY, or GENERAL MULLIGATAWNY TIFFIN, at Brighton, or Tunbridge Wells, in an easy chair? The official gentleman who sent the above message is much to be envied by all aspirants to aristocratic style. He must be a severely unimpassioned young man.

Now be careful Sir and mind what I told you about poppingin your Left!
Hah! Handles his Mauleys well Mum! I say!
I think he improves Doctor!

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

A GOVERNESS TO HER SISTER.

"MY DEAR ANGELINA,

"HAVE you got a boxing-master at MRS. ST. EXTRA'S school—I beg your pardon, Establishment? Don't laugh, now. When I became a governess, I certainly did not include fighting among the fifty or sixty things which I undertook to teach thoroughly, and it may not come among your duties as a teacher yet. But we never know what may happen. MR. MONTMORENCY'S eye was caught the other day by the following advertisement:—

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—MR. JOWL respectfully draws attention of parents and teachers of his superior STOCK of BOXING GLOVES, fencing foils, masks, slippers, and gauntlets, buffalo hilts, baskets and sticks, &c. Catalogues of price gratis.

"'Rather rough English,' I said, when he handed it to me at breakfast.

"'Perhaps,' he replied, 'that is to be in keeping with the rough English character of the proposed education. But it is a capital notion, and we'll try it on one of your pupils, MISS EARNSHAW, if Mamma sees no objection.'

"Mamma, who, between ourselves, is the silliest doll that ever was put at the head of a family,—and, when I think of the good fortune of that pretty idiot, while somebody else, not quite such an idiot, but quite as pretty, has to work from seven in the morning till nine at night for sixty guineas a-year, it makes me sure that there must be another place where everything will be balanced——what was I saying?—O yes, Mamma simpered, and then began looking at her bracelets. Not that her objection would have mattered, for MR. M. has a will of his own, I can tell you, and perhaps that 's why he likes a goose who has none.

"My dear! That afternoon there came home a whole cabful of foils, masks, boxing-gloves, and single-sticks, and with them came the most awful man you ever saw. He was not savage, on the contrary, he meant to be exceedingly polite, but his nose was flattened, his hair cut short, and as for his hands—I profess Greek you know, and I have therefore read POPE'S *Homer*. He mentions somebody who knocked down an ox with his fist. My dear, this man could have knocked down a Mammoth or Megatherium, for I profess comparative anatomy, you know.

"Dear little CHARLEY, who is the sweetest child in the whole world, and not in the least like his Mamma, was ordered down, and introduced to the man, who was called DADDLES by MR. MONTMORENCY. And the dear little pet was made to put on huge gloves, as big as his pretty head, and pretend to fight with the monster. And very well indeed he did it as soon as his first shyness was over, and struck at MR. DADDLES with all his might, to Papa's great delight. But the Professor—my brother-professor, my dear—grunted out, that he could teach better if there was two on 'em of a size, and so MR. MONTMORENCY prevailed upon his neighbour, MRS. MAJORIBANKS, to let her children learn with ours. And the nursery is made a regular arena, like that of the old gladiators, for I profess Roman History, you know.

"Such fights we have, and I am getting quite learned in the technicalities of the business. EDWARD, whom I told about it, perfectly roared, and next day sent me a newspaper of which I had never heard, full of accounts of battles. It is called the *Bell's Life in London*. And one day, when PROFESSOR DADDLES was there, and the children were all fighting one another, I said: 'Now, CHARLEY, dear, darken his daylights.' I thought the Professor would have kissed me, his dreadful face lightened up with so much ecstacy at hearing his own language. MR. MONTMORENCY looked at me, as much as to say: 'It would be a long time before my doll in the drawing-room would have picked up anything like that.' However, I ought not to write such things, for I profess charity, you know.

"I hope it is doing CHARLEY good. His Papa thinks so, and says that he shall use his influence to get Physical Education introduced into the nursery of every friend he knows. So you had better try and learn something about it, because we might profess the rudiments of boxing—it would be another item of accomplishments. Write to me soon, and give Mamma my love, and the ten pounds I enclose, and make the dear old thing buy herself a new shawl. The doll has had such a beauty given her for her ridiculous little shoulders.

"Ever your affectionate Sister,

"*Oxford Terrace.* "CAROLINE EARNSHAW."

"P.S. Make Ma. buy the shawl, or I will darken your daylights."

THE PREMIER'S NEW CAB-BOY—WITH **SUCH** A CHARACTER!

FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS.

WE have just seen a book by MR. CYRUS REDDING that embraces *Fifty Years' Recollections*. Now we think no one will be audacious enough to contradict us, when we confidently assert, that there is not a woman in the world who could have published a work of that longitudinal nature; not because a woman's recollection is not just as good as a man's—and in matters of birthdays, weddings, amusements, babies, and kindnesses, it is infinitely better—but simply because no woman was ever known to live so long as Fifty Years. Forty is about a woman's Ultimatum, and but very few are spared to reach that distant point of female longevity. Your *Bas-Bleu* and Strong-Minded Woman, especially, die prematurely early. We knew a *Bas-Bleu*, a delightful specimen of her interesting class, who had lost her hair, took snuff, wore spectacles, smoked cigarettes, and wrote out her washing-bills in the form of an algebraical problem, and yet she died (leaving behind her a large mathematical circle of scandalising friends) at the precocious age of 21. It is our unhappy belief that that young *Bas-Bleu* is not all singular.

THE INFLUENCE IN PARLIAMENT OF WELL-CONNECTED ORATORY.

THE Maxim that "Inquisitiveness betrays Vulgarity," is one that perhaps most of us who have learnt to write, have had pretty often at our fingers' ends in school-time. Nevertheless, in spite of this old copy-book precept, low people will keep asking, what could have been the reasons which induced LORD PALMERSTON to make choice of such a help-mate as the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE. It was stated by the *Times* at the time of the appointment that—

"As the duties of the Lord Privy Seal are merely nominal, LORD HARROWBY of course performed them satisfactorily, and LORD CLANRICARDE will be equally successful. The office exists indeed only as a pretext for placing in the Cabinet without burdensome duties some man whose position, character, or oratorical talents will give strength to the Ministry. An appointment to it is a question which concerns the PREMIER and his colleagues alone; and if they think that one man will give them the requisite assistance, the public has no right to suggest another."

Vulgarians who "want to know" the cause of the appointment should of course be silenced when they hear that in the office of Lord Privy Seal there is nothing to do, and that, therefore, LORD CLANRICARDE is just the man to do it. When told that the place exists merely as a pretext for getting an unburdened man of weight into the Cabinet, they ought of course also to accept the *sequitur* that of all men in the political as well as social world, whose "position, character, or oratorical talents" are exactly fitted to give strength to any Ministry, the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE stands A 1; first and foremost. Appointed to the sinecure office of Lord Privy Seal, he is, all must own, precisely where he should be: an instance of a good man in a good place.

In case, however, some few ultra-curious vulgarians should fail to be appeased by this sufficing explanation, the *Times* proceeds to hint that doubtless there were other not less satisfying reasons why the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE was appointed to the post. Foremost among these it is stated that the Government were influenced no doubt by his Indian connections, at a juncture when their India Bill is looming in the future, and will need their best personal and oratorical support. The advantage of securing a man like LORD CLANRICARDE will be obvious at once from a perusal of the following:—

"His brother-in-law is Governor-General, his father-in-law was going to be Governor-General, and probably he himself has been thought of, or has thought of himself, in connection with the post. These associations with our Indian Empire may, of course, be expected to give him weight with the assembly he addresses."

It is quite a new idea that in the House noble Lords are listened to because of their relationships; and that, in effect, their chances of a hearing depend less upon their talents than their family connections. Certainly if what the *Times* has stated be correct, it is a fair inference that the "weight" of lordly orators is regulated mainly by referring to the *Red Book*. In fact, it seems to be a matter which they themselves can have but very little in control, seeing it is chiefly in dependence upon others. For the guidance of those who wish to vote on a debate, we imagine that a graduated scale must be in use by which to weigh the influence of any noble speaker. The weight of what he says will be determined, not by the arguments he uses, nor at all by his own character or personal ability, but by the nearness or remoteness of his family connection with some eloquent celebrity, living or defunct. If their lordships give the precedence to strict lineal descent, we may presume that the great great grandson of a CHATHAM would, if paternally descended, have more weight in their councils than the traced maternally great grandson of a PITT. In short, if what the *Times* expects in LORD CLANRICARDE's case be justified by fact, we in future shall know how to put a proper value on the influence of speakers, by simply classing them according to their family connections, and seeing whose relationships are of the greatest weight.

Keeping this in mind, we shall be prepared to find a feeble speaker claiming to be heard on account of his great uncle; or, when threatened with a snub, reminding the House of his wife's sister's husband, or of some twenty-second cousin nineteen times removed, as a reason for their lending him their ears and their indulgence. With no great stretch of fancy we imagine that a maiden speech might be commenced in this way:—

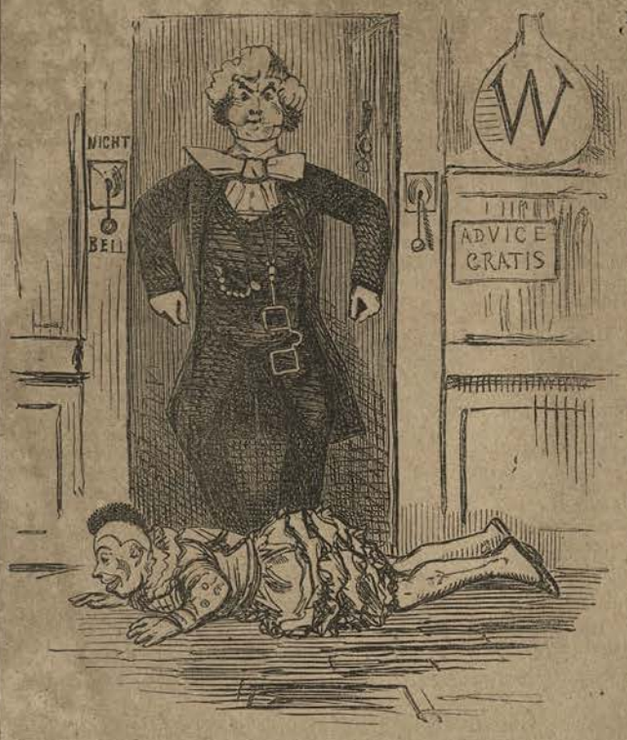
"Unaccustomed though I am, my lords, to—ah—public—ahem—speaking, and although—ah—I must candidly admit—I mean—ahem—confess, that—ah—I am really, that is—ah—personally quite unacquainted with the—ah—highly important subject which—ah—is now before the House, (*hear!*) and—ah—in fact have really not the ghost of an idea as to what it's all about—ah—still I trust that when I ask your lordships to remember my—ah—intimate connection with the noble EARL OF DRAWLINGTON, (*hear, hear!*) who, your lordships are aware, is esteemed so very high—ah—an authority upon the—ah—the—ah—thing, (*hear!*) your lordships will perceive—ah—that I have—ah—a most intimate acquaintance with the noble Earl—hem—that is with the—ah—subject, and have therefore a clear right—ah—to claim—ahem—a patient, that is—ah—hem—indulgent hearing. (*Cheers.*)"

In the same way, too, we may suppose a lordly bore making similar good use of his family connection, as a shield against the coughs and oh! ohs! of the House, and as a means of giving weight to his empty commonplaceities. We can fancy the noble DUKE OF SQUARETOES on his legs, and on the question of admitting Jews into Parliament:—

"If their lordships' nerves would bear it, he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES) would now take another frightful and appalling illustration of the danger to the State, and, he might even say, to the British Constitution, with which this innovation was indubitably fraught. The Jews, it was well known, were an aspiring race of men, as, he grieved to say, they were a greedy and a grasping. Now if they were once admitted to the Commons, what was to prevent their mounting to the Lords, and in time, even climbing to the Crown itself. (*Oh, oh!*) Noble lords might cry oh, oh! but he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES) had had some dealings with the Hebrews in his time, and he well knew their avaricious and usurping disposition. His experience had shown him that the Jews were of all people the most difficult to satisfy; and he would warn their lordships that no Jew would ever rest *contentus parvo*, as the classic poet phrased it, so long as there was something more than *parvum* to aspire to. For his own part, he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES) hated to indulge in any gloomy forebodings; but should BARON ROTHSCHILD be admitted to his seat, he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES) could but picture to himself a Hebrew standing in the shoes now worn by the Prime Minister, and he saw distinctly 'in his mind's eye, *Horatio*,' a perspective of hook-noses on each side their lordships' House, and one longer than the rest protruding from beneath the wig upon the woolsack. (*Oh, oh!*) Noble lords might say oh! oh! but did they 'like the picture?' and would any loyal subject wish to see the crown of England worn upon a head once covered by three hats? (*Vehement oh-ohing, and loud cries of Order, by which the noble Speaker's voice was drowned for quite five minutes.*) If their lordships sought to silence him by their unseemly interruptions, he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES) begged to remind them of his right to a fair hearing, if not for his own sake, at least for that of his distinguished relative, LORD BORELY, (*hear!*) who, their lordships were aware, was regarded as one of the chief pillars of the State, and had invariably commanded the ear of the House, whether upon that or any other subject. (*Cheers.*) In virtue of his lineal descent from that great orator, he (the DUKE OF SQUARETOES), might hope to claim some influence upon their lordships' councils, and for the few moments while he occupied the House, he would petition for a patient and attentive hearing. (*This appeal was followed by a prolonged burst of cheering, after which the Noble Lord resumed the thread of his discourse, the delivery of which lasted upwards of four hours.*)"

Doubtless our report of these imaginary speeches will be looked on in some quarters as outrageously absurd. But it can hardly be deemed more so than the calling in of LORD CLANRICARDE to the Cabinet on account of the great influence of his Indian connections. However much a sinecure may be the office which he fills, it confers on him the duties and position of a Minister; and that these be, as they should be, worthily entrusted, we think that in the choice of a successor to the post, there should be not so much regard paid to his relatives as to his antecedents.

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.



ISHING to ascertain if the cessation of the money panic and the approaching celebration of the PRINCESS ROYAL'S marriage had caused much increase of festivity in the recent "festive season," we selected half-a-dozen of our jolliest reporters, and enjoined them to spare no expense in cabs and white dress waistcoats until they had supplied us with statistics on the subject. Our financial instructions they have thoroughly obeyed, as the cheques drawn on our bankers have been quite sufficient proofs to us; but we are not so satisfied that they have faithfully complied with the rest of our injunctions; for the accounts they have sent in bear most decided signs of cooking, and we believe that their reports are not much more to be relied on than the telegrams of Government. That our reporters have been moving in some highly festive circles, is apparent from the more than usual badness of their writing, and from the incoherent jumbling up of names and things in their reports: most of which, indeed, bear clear internal evidence of being written after dinner, and would, if shown in a Police Court, almost justify the magistrate to impose five-shilling fines, without any further proofs of the condition of the writers. With patience and an eye-glass we have succeeded in deciphering some portion of the scrawls, and print it merely as a sample of the ways in which our editorial good temper is imposed upon, and as a proof of our great wisdom in putting no belief in anybody but ourselves as being capable of doing anything we want done:—

The festivities in which the KING of NAPLES has indulged have consisted in a tour of inspection of his prisons, which has afforded him the utmost possible enjoyment. With his usual thoughtful kindness, and attention to the wants and comforts of his prisoners, the KING was pleased to order that, in honour of his visit, the inmates should all be regaled at his expense with two ounces of black bread and an extra basinful of gruel.

The retired bubble bank directors, MR. HUGH M'HOOKIT and COLONEL SLOPE DE BOLTER, have been indulging in as much festivity as seemed to be compatible with their so very recently debilitated state. The continental air having happily restored their shattered constitutions, they have regained the full enjoyment of their appetites and spirits, and indeed have seldom found themselves in better health and plight. The joke of sending home a medical certificate, to say that in their present state they will not bear removal, has afforded the two invalids a constant source of merriment; and they have further found amusement in the taking mental sights, and snapping of their fingers, at the Courts of English Justice they are pleasantly deluding.

The proctors have exhibited a highly festive spirit on the occasion of the death of their late friend the old Ecclesiastical Court, and as chief mourners for the sad event, have been entertaining one another at a jovial succession of good funeral dinners. The chief cause of these feeds has been the handsome compensation which the hosts have all been pocketing; which has enabled them to keep up the most festive hospitality, and to bear the loss of their dear friend with exemplary resignation.

The festivities in which MR. SPURGEON has been revelling have consisted in a series of masculine quadrille parties, at which the reverend gent has been enabled to enjoy the exercise of dancing, without peril to the purity of his inward meditations.

MR. JOLLY OLDBRICK has been in an unusually festive state of late, and has taken mean advantage of the approaching Royal Marriage, as an excuse to justify his excess of joviality, as well as the late hours to which his curtain lecturer has been almost nightly driven to sit up for him.

A lodger in a "quiet" street has been entertaining himself lately in quite a festive way, with trying the cold water treatment upon organ-grinders; and his exertions have not only afforded him much fun, but have pretty nearly cleared the nuisance from the neighbourhood.

The Government have lately had a highly festive time of it, several funds of merriment having been provided them. The joke of LORD CLANRICARDE'S admission to the Cabinet has afforded them a fruitful subject for hilarity; and there has been much hearty laughter in the sleeves of several of the official coats, at the short measure of Reform which has so long been in expectancy.

The festivities in which MR. Y. COUNT WILLIAMS has been lately plunging, have consisted in a number of political *réunions*, at which he has recited extracts from his speeches, as proofs to his Constituents that the business of the Nation could by no possibility proceed without him.

MR. SHEVENTY PERSHENT, the eminent Jew bill-discounter, has been indulging in some extra festivities of late, on account of the recent tightness in the city, which enabled him to charge a somewhat higher rate of interest and to clear off his remaining stock of Hounsditch made Havannahs, and Fine Old Logwood Port.

One of our rich bishops having, in a fit of quite ungovernable benevolence, handed up the fifty-second part of his year's income, to be spent in entertaining the poor clergy in his diocese, there have been unusual festivities in consequence, and no less than eighteen families have been feasted for a month with the exuberant supplies which have thus been given them.

The moribund Directors of the Leadenhall Street Company have been having an extremely jolly time of it of late; their festive doings being, we suppose, upon the principle that as their official life is short, it may as well be made a merry one.

MR. SPOONER has been giving a few extra festive "tea-fights," in remembrance of his having made his annual anti-Maynooth motion twice within a twelvemonth; a feat which, through the opening of a New Parliament last Spring, the regulations of the House allowed him to accomplish.

Our dear friend, NANA SAHIB, has evinced much festive feeling, on account of having had so many Feringhees to torture; and of having had so many pleasant instances of CANNING'S clemency to laugh at. (*It may* be hoped, though, that by this time the CAMPBELL'S coming down on him, and that the Sahib's laughter will be shortly found upon the wrong side of his mouth.)

The Great Historian, MR. COX, has been too deeply engaged upon his *Life of Lord Wat Tyler*, to allow of much indulgence in the general festivities. He has, however, once or twice entertained his friends with his historical allusions, and his close acquaintance with our ancient lore has given many a rich treat to those who have been fortunate enough to listen to him.

MR. DISRAELI has likewise abstained from overmuch festivity of late, in his anxiety to know what LORD PAM'S intentions are with respect to the Reform Bill. MR. D. having prepared some highly poignant sarcasms, to be brought out as impromptus if no measure be produced, an event which he is somewhat apprehensive is improbable.

The partners in the house of PAPERMAN AND KITEFLIER have been indulging in hilariously festive doings, to celebrate their Thirteenth Passing of the Court: an extra cause of merriment being furnished by the fact that, thanks to their judicious piece of claptrap about "the honest trader bowing to a period of pressure," they have succeeded even in obtaining a first-class certificate!

One of the prosiest contributors to the *Saturday Review* having somehow picked up a new classical quotation, has been so overjoyed by his unexpected fortune, that he has plunged into the wildest feats of festive dissipation, and as a climax to his revelry, has indulged in a perusal, from title-page to *finis*, of a new work by the author of *The Ratcatcher's Daughter*.

MR. SWIGLEY has found things so much easier in the City, that he has been enabled to resume cash payments for his grog; and, having treated himself to a few extra goes in consequence, has nightly reached his doorstep in a state of much advanced festivity.

The family of MRS. MOLLY CODDLE have been prevented joining in the general festivities by reason of that lady's having put her *veto* on their going out at night; because, as she alleges, she heard one of them sneeze no less than seven times, after the last juvenile party they attended.

The festivities at LORD COWLEY'S residence in Paris have been upon his Lordship's usual scale of splendour and unparalleled magnificence. No less than three persons have dined within a month at his hospitable board, and pretty nearly half a pint of wine has been consumed on each occasion.

As a climax to the general festivity, *Mr. Punch* has entertained his usual countless myriads of weekly constant readers, for whom a feast of reason and a flow of fun has, it is quite needless to remark, been most abundantly provided.

AN OLD TUNE BY A NEW MINISTER.

AIR—"*Tom Brown.*"

HERE'S to thee, LORD PAM,
Here's to thee, with all my heart,
And long life unto the Ministry
Whereof I'm now a part.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the King shall take the Queen,
And the Queen shall take the Knave,
And while I'm in the Cabinet,
I'll mind how I behave.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Queen shall take the Knave,
And the Knave shall take the Nine,
And I will give the town no cause
For kicking up a shine.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Knave shall take the Nine,
And the Nine shall take the Eight,
And you shall find that I'm a trump
About affairs of State.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Nine shall take the Eight,
And the Eight shall take the Seven,
And not e'en CANT himself shall trace
Aught of the ancient leaven.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Eight shall take the Seven,
And the Seven shall take the Six,
And I'll take to counting noses
Instead of counting tricks.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Seven shall take the Six,
And the Six shall take the Five,
And I will be a busy bee
As any in your hive.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Six shall take the Five,
And the Five shall take the Four;
And if I've scandalised the world,
I won't do so no more.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Five shall take the Four,
And the Four shall take the Three,
And I will take excessive care
To play—pro-pri-e-ty.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Four shall take the Three,
And the Three shall take the Two;
And you shall all be satisfied
With everything I do.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Three shall take the Two,
And the Two shall take the Ace;
And I'll do my best endeavours
To atone a life's disgrace.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

And the Two shall take the Ace,
And the Ace shall take them all;
And the *Times*, and *Punch*, and Public, they
Shall sing uncommon small.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

Here's to thee, LORD PAM,
Here's to thee, with all my heart;
And here's hoping your selecting me
Will never make you smart.
Here's to thee, LORD PAM!

FLAMING FASHIONS.

THE old Frenchwoman, whoever she is, who represents that goddess—Fashion, seems to make it a point of never allowing herself to be put down by ridicule. On the contrary, like the pig or the donkey, but especially the pig, the more she is poked and dug into with the view of causing her to change her course, the longer and the further she perseveres in the wrong direction. Thus the more loudly long robes have been laughed at, and the more strikingly their inconvenience and absurdity have been demonstrated, the longer they have been made, until at length it has become necessary for the wearer to hold them up with both hands. Now, instead of concealing the foot and ankle, they therefore display, not the ankle and foot merely, but half the leg to boot—with military heels or otherwise. Perhaps this was a dodge of the Frenchwoman's, intended to obviate an objection the force of which was felt, whilst seeming to be a redoubled defiance of criticism.

Be that as it may, the petticoat, by this contrivance, has virtually been made a short dress, and has had to be beautified accordingly with black bars, and interstices which look red hot. Not only that, but the stockings in many cases are assuming the same appearance of combustion; being in colour scarlet. CARDINAL WISEMAN appears to have obtained followers principally among fashionable girls—they not only sport his stockings, but also a hat which is as much like his as Puseyism is like Popery. Doubtless the hat will soon be assimilated as closely to the original as the stockings have been: and the other paraphernalia will follow in the same line. Perhaps some of the saucy creatures, who will prank themselves out in these fancy pontificals, will go so far as to have a parasol-bearer to precede them—*à la* BOWYER—because both of their own hands will be engaged, unless they employ another flunkey to follow them and bear their trains. But we forget that since all female fashions are imported from France, those now in vogue cannot have been adopted on principles which regulate the costume of GUY FAWKES. They have probably been suggested by the Jesuits with the intent of rendering us enamoured of their sacerdotal vestments.

QUESTION IN METAPHYSICS.—If a man's goods and chattels are his effects, is that man the cause of his plate and furniture?

SALE OF CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

WILL WATCH the bold smuggler, as a once popular song informs us, sleeps, or rather has slept for a considerable time, at peace with the dead. That is a pity, for if MR. WATCH were, conformably to his surname, alive and wide awake, we should have a capital story to tell him, or rather to commend to his attention: for the anecdote is related in the *Times*, and thus ensues:—

"NOVEL IMPORTATION.—Among the cargo of the *Dane* steamer, discharging in the Southampton Docks on Saturday, from the Cape of Good Hope, were seven cases addressed to DR. SCHWARZ, Germany. The contents being unknown, they were taken to the 'sight floor' for examination by the Customs' officers, when they were found to contain various specimens of natural history. One case was filled with human bones, and in another case were four tins each containing the head of a negro, preserved in brandy in a jar closely secured in the tin. The whole were in the most perfect condition."

The fact, which MR. WATCH would hardly have required to be pointed out to him, evidently is, that a very neat trick was played on the Custom House officers. Did they taste the brandy in which the heads of the blackamoors were preserved? If they had tried that formidable but safe experiment, they would probably have found the spirituous liquor none the worse for the preserves. By the art of the modeller and colourist, no doubt, heads, black or white, as incapable of affecting as of being affected by brandy, might be manufactured in any required quantity. Certain gentlemen of MR. WATCH'S profession, or rather pursuit, have probably, ere this, drunk the health of the Southampton Custom House officers in the fluid supposed to have served an antiseptic purpose in relation to the heads of the black men. It is wonderful that the officers were so easily done. The address, "DR. SCHWARZ, Germany," ought to have opened their eyes. What would they have said to MR. SMITH, London?

We have no scruple in revealing a secret of smuggling—which is an occupation much more romantic than respectable; for the smuggler inflicts an injury on the fair trader, if the latter character still exists. On the other hand, we are sorry in causing the imposition of a very disagreeable duty on Custom House officers—those usually polite and accommodating persons. They will henceforth have to assure themselves that the brandy in which alleged anatomical preparations are imported, really contains those objects of medical science; and we only hope that they will find the means of determining this point by some other sense than that of taste.

Another Chance for the "Record."

IT was surmised that should the *Leviathan* get well clear of the launching ways, Sunday's tide might float her. Here is another opportunity for the *Record* to make an exhibition of its peculiar principles, by denouncing the wickedness of setting the tide to work on a Sunday.

Mr. Lightbody does not dance, himself; but is always much gratified to see the Young Folks enjoy themselves. But, whether it is that Forty Summers (I Sixty) have Impaired his Vision, he cannot, for the life of him, discern anything but some Black Coats struggling frantically in a Sea of White Muslin.

THE SECRET OF THE SEPOY NATION.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S victory over the miscreants of the Gwalior Contingent will delight the hearts of the writers in the *Nation* Irish newspaper, in spite of their affectation of frantic joy at the supposed successes of the Sepoys, and of the malice, equally frantic, which they appear to bear against the English name. Poor fellows!—the fact is, that they are as much interested as anybody else in the triumph of our arms in India—where most, if not all of them, have female relations, or had some before they were dishonoured and tortured to death; but they are still more interested in the sale of their paper.

A small number of the most abominable of Irish blackguards, still continue to take in that sham Sepoy journal. To preserve the numerous but extremely select rascals of subscribers, it is necessary for the gentlemen of the *Nation* to produce articles suited to their diabolical tastes. It is hard for men whose hearts are bleeding with sorrow and burning with indignation for atrocities practised on Irishwomen among other ladies, to have to write in terms expressive of the most cordial sympathy with their butchers, and the most furious hatred of their avengers; but what are they to do when they are out at elbows, and are going about in brogues without soles, treading almost in the footsteps of BRIAN O'LYNN, perambulating the face of the earth in a state of nature? Like *Caliban*, they must eat their dinner, and after that they must have their sufficiency of potheen, under the inspiration of which fiery spirit they compose those ravings, for the publication whereof in times when we did not know how to stand nonsense, they would have howled ere now under the lash of the hangman, and their ears would have adorned the pillory.

This is Mr. Lightbody.

Bridal Favours.

IF the weather is only cold enough to admit of the display, we are informed that, on the wedding-day, the noses of all the coachmen and footmen will, in honour of the ceremony, be uniformly Prussian Blue. The Police will, within a shade or two, endeavour to adhere, as closely as they can, to the same uniform.

WONDERFUL CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—After many days' dogged resistance, the *Leviathan* was prevailed upon, at last, to take water for the first time!

EXTREME MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—For the last two weeks the *Saturday Review* has appeared without an article abusive of anybody.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

Man of the World. "WHAT RUBBISH ALL THIS IS ABOUT MARRYING ON £300 A-YEAR! WHY, IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO BUY A FELLAH CIGARS!"

EPITHALAMIUM.

FAREWELL, young Royal Lady,
Ne'er may your life wax shady,
Still may your path be shiny,
All rosy—nothing spiny.

Macbeth, when, sitting stately,
You were beholding lately,
A point, which I may mention,
Perhaps won your attention:

The line of Kings, descending
From *Banquo*, never ending;
I hail you the Queen Mother,
Young Bride, of such another.

May the first line long sit in
The royal seat of Britain,
On Prussia's throne the second,
From you to doomsday reckoned.

United in alliance,
May those two lines, defiance
Bid evermore to treason,
By governing with reason.

Conjoined by lasting tether,
May they both pull together.
Thus begging to address you,
I say, with England, Bless you!

A Joke for the Bar.

IN the Court of Exchequer the other day, MR. BARON MARTIN is reported to have delivered the following observation:—

"We shall lose four days of the term if we do not sit on Monday, as Thursday and Friday are devoted to error, and on Saturday we shall be called upon to make a criminal court."

That those who shall have devoted two days to error will have qualified themselves to constitute a criminal court on the third, is quite conceivable, but one would think such judges ought to try each other before presiding at the trial of anybody else.

THE POPE'S OWN BLACKS.

THE daily papers state that the Popish Shoe-Black Brigade, whose formation *Mr. Punch* announced some months ago, has had a celebration meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms, whereat CARDINAL WISEMAN and other distinguished Catholics attended, and the most satisfactory account was given of the prosperity of the society and the fidelity of the young ultramontanists.

The Report set forth that several miracles had been already wrought in favour of a cause so dear to Rome. Among them it was mentioned that MR. BOWYER, M.P., the Cardinal's cross-bearer, having desired one of the boys to clean his, MR. B.'s, shoes, they were found to be so exceedingly wet that they would take no polish. But the faithful little Papist was not disheartened, and having whispered four *Aves* into his blacking-bottle, MR. BOWYER'S shoes at the next touch shone out with a lustre never before surpassed. Another interesting case was that of a Protestant marine store-keeper, who, having employed the services of one of the boys, was converted during the cleaning of his left high-low, and immediately ran home, sent to its lawful owner a quantity of stolen metal which he had that day bought, a great bargain, and has become an Oratorian at Brompton. A third instance was that of a Quaker, who had, as he confessed to the Cardinal, designed to pay a poor little blacking-boy with a bad threepenny bit, but on searching for it found that, not only had it slipped through a hole in his pocket and been lost, but that his pocket-handkerchief, pocket-book, and an abridgment of *Barclay's Apology for the Quakers* had miraculously disappeared. It is needless to say that he at once saw the error of his ways, threw his hat over Waterloo Bridge, and now swings a censer at St. George's Cathedral, near Bedlam.

The worthy Cardinal delivered an excellent address to the boys, and assured them that their priests would always take a deep interest in the success of the association, for they themselves were extremely fond of blacking, though they devoted themselves rather to the blacking of the characters than the leather of Protestants. He encouraged them to proceed, and though he regretted that the objects they had chiefly to deal with were named after such enemies of the true faith as WELLINGTON, BLUCHER, and ALBERT, still they were always having a brush with those heretics, and speedily sent them about their business. His Eminence then blessed several dozens of blacking-bottles which had been placed upon the orchestra for that purpose, and polished off the meeting with an intimation that the lads might now go out for a jolly shine.

THE SCOTTISH WEAKNESS.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, addressing the Glasgow branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland, is reported to have told his audience that:—

"If Scotch people do not cultivate their self-esteem a little more than they have been in the habit of doing for the last 150 years . . . that will be a very dangerous thing both for Scotland and Britain."

Most men will be rather surprised to hear that the region of the Scottish mind which has not been cultivated is the particular one of self-esteem. Yet PROFESSOR BLACKIE may be right in a certain sense. Scottish self-esteem may be very considerably too rife with fancies and crotchets of which, perhaps, it grievously requires weeding.

FASHIONABLE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To persons about to marry on three hundred a-year, the consideration of the subjoined advertisement may be recommended:—

"THE LAST CONSIGNMENT OF BRUSSELS POINT, which MRS. DASH AND SON, 1000, Pall Mall, have received, comprises 10 sets of Flounces, from 12 guineas the set, and 6 Shawls and 5 Scarfs, from 6 guineas each. As these goods are to be SOLD at the fabricant's cost price, Ladies will find this an unusual opportunity of purchasing perfectly new goods at one-third under the regular prices."

We are informed of the figures from which the prices of the goods above mentioned ascend, but of the sums to which they may rise we are left to form a mere conjecture. That all the articles in question are one-third cheaper than such things usually are, is a piece of intelligence which those who contemplate fashion combined with frugality in marriage, would do well to ponder, ere entering on a career which, beginning at Pall-Mall, may be expected to terminate in Portugal Street.

MR. CLOD ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

THEY says as how the gentlefolks of marriage stands in fear,
And doubts if they be yeable to affoord to keep a wife,
On sitch a little income as dree hundred pound a-year,
Which some don't think sufficient for a comfortable life.

I wonders how much longer this here world of ourn 'ood last,
If everybody thought like thee, my vashionable buck.
Tell me thee castn't marry! Stuff and nonsense, mun, thee ca'st,
Thee unbelievun jackanyeaps! I wish I had thy luck.

But, loramassy! if thy means to marry be too small,
How dost thee think a chap like me can do't on what I've got?
Ten shilluns by the week is what we yarns; that there is all;
Now, how d'ye think we married folks contrives to bile the pot?

A NEW CALLING.

As the balloonacy of Gargantuan dresses keeps expanding with the ladies, we fancy we shall shortly hear an addition to our public cries. This cry will probably issue from the mouth of some strong-lunged Tinker, who, as he promenades our fashionable Squares with his pan of lighted charcoal in one hand, whilst the other holds a long pole from which will be dangling something like a monster steel hen-coop, will salute the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms with the following screaming inquiry:—"Any lady's Crenolines, or Petticoats, to mend to-day?" From the quantity of work that the enterprising Tinker will doubtlessly have thrown on his hands, we should think that he would make a very profitable calling of it.

WHAT THE PLAY-BILL WILL COME TO.

ON one point *Mr. Punch* begs to proclaim himself a *Laudator temporis acti*, which means (he explains to Cox of Finsbury and others) an applauder of the way in which, in old times, the actors were announced. A play-bill of the days of JOHN KEMBLE, MRS. SIDDONS, CHARLES YOUNG, or EDMUND KEAN, was a modest little piece of paper, scarcely longer than this page, but on which the public were told all that they wanted to know then, and all that they want to know now; *videlicet*, the name of the play, and the cast of the characters. The bill was a clean thing, and a useful one, instead of a yard and a half of oily lamp-black, insulting you with impertinence and smearing you with nastiness.

The British play-bill is a nuisance. And if the insufferable egotism prevalent in the theatrical atmosphere were permitted full play, things would be ten times worse. Nothing but a pamphlet would satisfy the ambition of some persons. They conceive that the people in front of the house cannot enjoy the sight of a painted tree unless they know who supplied the glue that stuck the leaves on; and they imagine that the effect of the tinsel on some fairy scene is heightened by the spectator's knowledge of the shop where it was bought. Assuredly, where high scenic excellence is attained, and a master-mind has painted or arranged the whole, it is pleasant to know to whom we are indebted for a beautiful sight—but we do not want to be told who primed the canvas. *Mr. Punch* heard the other day of a dancing-master wrathfully resigning a capital engagement, because his manager did not see the necessity of announcing that some ballet-girls' skips round a may-pole had been "invented and arranged" by the saltatory artist. And it is this hankering to cry "I did it!" that makes the play-bills so long and so nasty, and ruins *Mr. Punch* in white gloves. He usually soils six pairs every evening on which he visits the theatre.

But he is for equal justice to everybody. If a play-bill is to tell him anything that he does not want to know, he begs that there may be no reserve. Let everybody have a chance. If BROWN, who has made *Claude Melnotte's* trousers, is to be mentioned in the bill, why not BROWN's man, who waited while they were tried on. If we are to know that DUGGINS made the stool on which the fairy stands, let us hear who carried it on to the stage, and obstinately stuck it in the wrong place until the stage-manager had sworn five-and-twenty shillings'-worth of oaths at him. In fact, let us have general recognition. *Mr. Punch* subjoins a play-bill framed upon the principle of combining the present system with strict justice, and he has no doubt that in their private hearts the people mentioned will consider that it contains "No more nor what 's right":—

THE GLOBE THEATRE ROYAL.

Monday, January 25, 1858, will be presented

MACBETH.

MACBETH - - - - - MR. BROWN.
MACDUFF - - - - MR. JONES.
MALCOLM - MR. ROBINSON. DUNCAN - MR. GRAY.
LADY MACBETH - - - MRS. SMITH.

(*And the rest of the characters as usual.*)

The Scenery, except as follows, by MR. POUNDBRUSH.

Scene 2, in Act I, by Mr. Splash. Scene 4, by Mr. Slopp. Tree in Scene 3, Act 4, by Mr. Blotch.

MOON AND STARS BY MRS. TINSEL.

Costumes by Mr. Cabbage, Mrs. Vamp, and Messrs. Drill, Stitch, Goose, Mrs. Herringbone, Miss Herringbone, Miss M. A. Herringbone, and their Cousin, Miss Gobbleby.

The Thunder will be worked (on this occasion) by - Master JACK ——
The Lightning and Rain by - - - - - - Mr. ROSIN.

The Banquet will be arranged on the tables by the following supernumeraries, Messrs. Mugg, Glogg, Blogg, Fizer, Lugg, & Goodle.

The Trap that Raises Banquo's Ghost

Will be presided over by Mr. Wheeler, assisted by Master T. Wheeler.

The Blood for smearing Macbeth's hands from the surgery of CAMPHOR LINT, Esq., M.R.C.S., 11, Varicose Lane. (Vaccination gratis before 10 A.M.)

MATERIALS FOR THE INCANTATION

(*Except as mentioned*) from Mrs. Isaacs, Marine Store Keeper, Swagg Passage. (N.B. Best prices and no questions.)

Maw and Gulf of ravenous Salt-Sea Shark, kindly lent by Mr. Muscles, Fishmonger, nearly opposite the theatre.

Finger of Baby and Three Ounces of Red-Haired Wench,
From Dr. Quack's celebrated Collection.

The Prompter, MR. BOGGLE, *being indisposed, the Book will be kindly held by* MR. BLUNDERMORE.

Oysters for the principal Actors, from Mr. Beardy. *Opener*, Master Beardy.
Oysters for the subordinates, from Mr. Muscles. *Opener*, Master Muscles.
The Beer behind the Scenes, from the Elephant's Arms.
Potboy, Mr. Frother.

The following Dressers will attend to the ladies and gentlemen engaged:—Messrs. Rougepot, Trim, Swipey, and Magg. Mrs. Swipey, Mrs. Magg, Mrs. Snapper, Miss Beans.

Mr. Growler will occupy his usual position at the Stage Door.

The Stage will be watered by Mr. Trickles. The entirely new Watering-Pot from the establishment of Messrs. Tinpotts & Co., Old Jewry.

Superintendent of the Glasses at the Footlights - - - Mr. CRACK.

Carpenters at R.—Messrs. Mooney, Clumsey, Boozey, Batseyes, & Shirk.
Carpenters at L.—Messrs. Gawkey, Beery, Sulky, Sniffle, & Shunt.

Call-boy - - - - - Master SQUEAKER.

Inspector and Poker of Fire in Green-rooms - Mrs. GRIME.

The Meat for the Cats of the Theatre will, this evening, and until further notice, be supplied by Mr. SKEWERS.

Vivant Regina et H.R.H. Nupta Regalis.] [*No Orders returned.*

Architectural Notes and "Quæris."

THE Epitaph of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN is most carefully nullified. The direction "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*" may be internally correct, but how about the exterior? The City Corporation have taken such especial pains to wall in the Cathedral with buildings and monster warehouses, that look around as you will for the monument, it is with the greatest difficulty you can see it. Take whatever view you please of St. Paul's, you cannot possibly, with the greatest leniency, come to any other end than that our short-sighted Corporation is shamefully wrong upon all sides.

ADVICE TO FAST YOUNG MEN.—If you mean to settle, emigrate.

BRITISH SANCTUARY IN QUESTION.

To LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

MY DEAR LORD,

His MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD is the ally of our gracious SOVEREIGN, and even if he were not, we should be bound to prevent a set of foreign fugitives from conspiring against the French Empire openly in the public dining-rooms of BERTOLINI near Leicester Square.

They do not conspire at BERTOLINI'S? Well; then they digest their complots together with their macaroni at some other equally well-known eating-house either in that neighbourhood, or somewhere else.

How do I know that? Because the French Government accuses England of harbouring conspirators against the person and dynasty of the EMPEROR. That accusation of course implies that the proceedings of those fellows are carried on in the face of the British public, and under the noses of the police. How absurd it would be to find fault with us because revolutionists conspire here in holes and corners! As if there were no attics and cellars in Paris, and fulminating mercury could not be manufactured there as privately as it can be here on the roof of a house, where nobody but the operators would smell the nitric ether which is given off during its precipitation!

The French Cabinet must know very well that no end of robberies are planned in our slums, and perhaps in many of our respectable neighbourhoods, in spite of the vigilance of Policeman X himself. Much more easily might schemes of assassination and insurrection be concocted by French and Italian exiles. We cannot prevent privy conspiracy if we would; therefore the Imperial Government must mean to say that we tolerate machinations which are open and barefaced. Accordingly, it stands to reason that the plotters must be accustomed to concert their mischievous enterprises at BERTOLINI'S *restaurant*, aforesaid; or even at a British chop-house, where they might suppose that nobody would understand what they were talking about. Heaven only knows what desperate designs may have been discussed and matured at the Cheshire Cheese.

I have, indeed, heard that the demand of the French Government is, that we should hand over to them, or kick out of the country, any aliens whom they may choose to denounce. But this rumour is too absurd. They might, for example, want some of the Orleans family—whom they might reasonably suspect of conspiring against the NAPOLEONIC dynasty. Conspiracies were formed in England against the Orleans dynasty. NAPOLEON THE THIRD surely could not wish to impose on us a precedent for violating the laws of hospitality. LOUIS PHILIPPE was over here twice in a private capacity; first, when young, as a teacher of geography; secondly, in his old age, under the *alias* of MR. SMITH. Nobody can tell what may or may not happen. Such is the mutability of foreign affairs, that no Continental monarch possessed of common sense could attempt to abolish the sanctuary of Europe. We shall not be called upon to allow the eclipse of liberty to creep over the edge of the sun of our British constitution.

No doubt our inattention to the devices of the foreign conspirators admits of some excuse. We naturally supposed that we might safely leave them alone. We took it too confidently for granted that the vigilance of the French passport system would infallibly keep them out of France. We thought there was no danger in letting them revel in the imagination of crimes which we presumed they would never be able to commit. We were mistaken; and it now becomes your Lordship's duty to prevent a parcel of revolutionary fanatics from embroiling us with our allies, in abusing our hospitality.

I have the honour to be,
My dear Lord,
Your Lordship's most Private and
Confidential Adviser,

PUNCH.

P.S. The French Government may fairly enough request us to keep a rather sharper look out after our foreign guests. Anything in reason, and consistent with English law and liberty, for a quiet life.

The Pursuit of Joking under Difficulties.

A GERMAN Band playing under the windows—a young lady practising the *Battle of Prague* next door—a Polish refugee arguing with the landlady in the passage—three gas-men fixing up a "V R" on the balcony—500 different voices bawling loudly in the distance—and the Printer's Devil whistling *Poor Dog Tray* outside on the door-mat!

A NEW MILITARY GAME.

THE New Order of the Victoria Cross is certainly an inducement to the soldier to go in for a higher game, and to play for worthier stakes. Very curiously, it is proved with soldiers, as with sheep, that the *Cross*-breed is decidedly the best.

BRIGHTON IN A DEFENCELESS STATE.

WHILST Portsmouth, and other parts of the coast, are being fortified, we regret to state that Brighton is being stripped of the bristling fortifications that once made it so terrible, and for a long series of years protected its brick-paved shores from the invading hoof of the enemy. The eight cannon, and their attendant pyramids of highly-polished cannon-balls, that we recollect on the King's Road, almost as long as we recollect the sea, have been swept away, and there is no knowing into what dirty arsenal, or cockney pleasure-gardens, they have been remorselessly swept. Perhaps we may see them next season at Cremorne, planted along the terrace of the Thames? However, their removal leaves Brighton perfectly defenceless. If JOINVILLE, or PRINCE NAPOLEON, or the Admiral of the Prussian Fleet, or a second *Paul Jones*, chooses to make a descent on the Steyne, there is nothing now to prevent him. The Chain Pier is at the mercy of any pirate who takes a fancy to run off with it. The "Regent Street by the Sea-side" is to a knocker as unprotected as its peaceful namesake in London.

We grieve over this neglect, as we imagine it is only another sign of the gradual fall and decline of Brighton. For a long time past, we have noticed, with extreme pain, its glories falling off, one by one. GEORGE THE FOURTH has gone—old MARTHA GUNN has gone—and now these guns, that for a quarter of a century made an English Gibraltar of Brighton, have gone also! Are we so short of ordnance that they have been sent over to India?—or, inasmuch as the guns were taken by LORD HOWE from the French, have we, with graceful obsequiousness, returned them to LOUIS NAPOLEON, in order to pacify him. Suffice it to say that the ever-renowned battery, that effectually defended three miles of bow-windows, besides covering a good mile and a half of bathing machines, has now become to all intents and purposes a masked one—so much so, that it is completely impossible to discern through the mask one of its old familiar features. In the name of the nation, we call upon the Brighton authorities to pull off this invidious mask, and to restore to us the old artillery-ground of our childhood in its former impregnable state.

An Abuse that needs Ventilation.

SO contradictory have been the statements with regard to the General Lying-in Hospital, that there is some talk of rendering the Institution more worthy of its officers by removing the superfluous little word—*in*—more especially, as upon one side, the Lying has been "out and out."

THE HORSE ON THE TABLE.

IT is a long time since we have heard anything of the Parisian Hippophagi. They seem to have discontinued their little dinners. Perhaps they have found that the majority of people declined their invitations to partake of their hospitality.

Gent on Horseback. "GET OUT OF THE WAY, BOY! GET OUT OF THE WAY!—MY HORSE DON'T LIKE DONKEYS!"
Boy. "DOAN'T HE?—THEN, WHY DOAN'T HE KICK THEE ORF?"

MR. PUNCH'S CONDUCT AT THE WEDDING.

THE cannons are roaring, the bumpers are pouring,
And neatly the conjugal knot has been tied,
The dickins is in it if *Punch* at such minute
Forgets to shout out "Here's a health to the Bride!"

He knew her a baby, some years ago maybe,
He knew her a maiden, red-lipped and soft-eyed;
And now his true-mettled young darling is settled
(As matrons remark), Here's a health to the Bride!

When Mamma first disclosed that the Prince had proposed,
Mr. Punch with his instant permission replied,
And never looked grumpy, but, "Out with the stumpy,"
He said to JOHN BULL, "for our dear little Bride."

He got near the altar, and heard her voice falter
While all the sweet Bridesmaids in sympathy cried,
And when he could come near the good DOCTOR SUMNER,
Stood treat to that priest in a health to the Bride.

He bestowed a kind slap on the good-looking chap
Who in future will call her his joy and his pride.
And he said, "Prussian buck, don't I wish you all luck?
Though you have it, young FRED, in your fair English Bride."

Every Bridesmaid he kissed, not a beauty he missed,
Though the dowagers opened their eyes very wide,
And perhaps you don't think he told each with a wink,
"There's another nice party in search of a Bride."

When the festival staves end he 'll go down to Gravesend,
And see that his darling is served with a tide,
And roar ten times louder than Tilbury's powder
Hip, hip, hip, hooray, and long life to the Bride!

ECONOMY IN CORONERS' INQUESTS.

THE subject of the payment of Coroners by fees has been taken into consideration by the Middlesex Magistrates. Such a mode of remunerating those officers is highly objectionable. It tempts a coroner to exceed his duty, and, not content with holding legitimate inquests, to be unnecessarily inquisitive. It must tend to induce him to sit so much oftener than he ought, as seriously to endanger his health by a sedentary occupation, which is expensive to his county as well as injurious to himself. Why cannot Coroners be paid salaries, like other judges, so that every charge which they deliver to a jury, shall not involve an additional cost to the public?

An Awful Wreck.

A BAND of savages on the Coast of Africa were for a long period puzzled with several semicircular bits of iron that had been cast on their shore. In their ignorance, they made sure that they were the ribs of some monster *Leviathan* that had been wrecked. They turned out to be the mangled remains of a lady's Crinoline, that had been probably flung overboard by some ship in distress in order to lighten it. Civilisation, impeded, probably, in her progress by the amount of her luggage, had never before travelled so far. The savages collected the pieces of iron and steel, and erected a commodious Kraal with them.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM A CABINET.—Get CLANRICARDE out of the way as fast as you can.

A NATIONAL TOAST.

"Health and Happiness to the Bride and Bridegroom! (Hoorah!)"

CRITICISM MADE PLEASANT.

WE have not the least scruple in printing the following correspondence, inasmuch as it is of the class which people always show and often publish, namely, "confidential."

To MR. PUNCH.

"DEAR SIR,—It would be idle to offer any compliments to your talented pen, which has, as it deserves, a world-wide reputation. Permit me therefore to show, at once, how I appreciate its ability and its power.

"I am, as you are probably aware, an actor about to make my *début* in London. I well know the value of approbation from a first-class journal.

"Will you do me the honour to accept the enclosed private box for my opening night, and as a gentleman of your distinction ought not to walk to the theatre, will you also accept the enclosed cheque (£25) for cab-hire?

"I shall look with great interest to the number of your paper which will appear after my performance.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,
"Your obliged Servant,
"*January* 20." "BOGUS BELLOW."

To B. BELLOW, ESQ.

"SIR,—I have received an audacious and offensive letter purporting to be from you, and tendering me the bribe of £25 to puff you as an actor. Supposing you to be the writer of this letter, I have simply to inform you that your utter ignorance of the character of the British critic is your only excuse for your impudent effrontery, and I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,
"*January* 21." "VIRTUOUS PUNCH."

To V. PUNCH, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grieved and shocked that my carelessness in writing, and inadequate expression of my meaning should have elicited from you the severe letter which I have just received.

"Believe me, Sir, nothing could be further from my meaning than to presume to imagine that such a sum of money as I ventured to offer, or any other sum, could for a moment sway you in pronouncing judgment upon my humble efforts. I hope that I am better aware of the dignity and honour of the critical calling. I simply meant to offer you an inadequate token of my high esteem and regard.

"Pray forgive me, and in proof that you do so, pray retain the trifling cheque, and that I may not seem to try to place you under the semblance of an obligation, will you, at an idle half-hour, dash off an article, no matter how brief, upon the drama and its prospects, which shall be inserted in a local paper, the Editor of which is good enough to agree with me upon subjects of the kind.

"I am sure that you will bear no malice, and will pardon the indiscreet way in which I approached a British critic.

"I am, dear Sir, yours most devotedly,
"*January* 21." "BOGUS BELLOW."

To B. BELLOW, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—That is quite another story, and I enclose you a few lines on the subject you wish treated.

"Yours faithfully,
"*January* 22." "VIRTUOUS PUNCH."

It is only necessary to add that the article may or may not have appeared in the local paper, and that *Mr. Punch* will be deeply shocked if a series of favourable notices of MR. BOGUS which may appear in these columns should be in any way maliciously connected with his little negotiation with MR. B.

Delicate Precaution.

ON the morning of the Royal Wedding, placards were posted along the different corridors of Buckingham Palace, informing the distinguished foreign guests, in three different languages, that—"Smoking would not be allowed until after the ceremony."

A SEASONABLE COURT REVEL.

THAT a Drawing Room should be held on the 30th instant is proper enough. High jinks are peculiarly suitable to a fast day.

A TALE OF CHEAP TROUSERS.

A TALE, if you please, gents, I 'll venture to tell
Of a case which at Worship Street lately befell,
Where a poor half-starved creature, named EMILY DRUCE,
Was dragged by a knight of the thimble and goose.

A tailor whose name is of world-wide renown,
Who keeps a Clothes-Mart at the East-end of Town,
Gave cloth, that some Trousers thereof might be made,
To one BARNETT HARRIS, concerned in the trade.

For making them, HARRIS demanded one bob.
However, he only did part of the job,
And handed the rest of it over to MEARS,
A lower subordinate man of the shears.

To MEARS he gave sixpence the Trousers to do,
But MEARS in his turn got a deputy too,
Who received for performing the task in his stead,
Threepence-halfpenny sterling, twist, needles, and thread.

This was EMILY DRUCE, with a small child to feed:
Her husband had bolted and left her in need.
'Gainst hunger whose conscience for long will hold out?
The Trousers, when finished, she put up the spout.

The secret behold of the slopseller's trade!
You see how those very cheap Trousers are made;
By grinding the workpeople down to the dust,
Henceforward you 'll pause ere you buy them, we trust.

Now who was the tailor, and where did he dwell,
Who ordered the Trousers?—you 'll ask me to tell.
If his mart you would find, to the Minories go:
Of course what his name is you 'll swear that you know.

And so far you 're right, but there stop, or you 'll make
A conjecture which may be a perfect mistake;
There are many more Hebrews of that name than one:
'Twas MOSES—but not, it seems, MOSES AND SON.

"A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN."

A CLEVER book has been published under the above title, but we do not see what necessity there was to publish such a book at all. A gentleman only has to attend a tea-table, and he is sure, before the first cup of Bohea has gone round, to hear what a "Woman's Thoughts" are "about Women." Generally speaking, the "Thoughts" expressed are not of the friendliest nature; for Woman, as judged by her own sex, is by no means the beautiful, divine creature, that poets delight in imagining her. However, the book we have honoured by mentioning, is perfectly free from scandal and ill-nature, and is so sensible in most of its observations, and at the same time so gentle in its reproofs, that really a man might have written it. There isn't a squeeze of satire in it, and so old maids, who rush to its pages in the hopes of finding something spiteful, will be grievously disappointed. The Work ought to be on every lady's tea-tray.

THE COURTS ABOVE AND BELOW.

WHEN ORPHEUS visited the shades below,
And played the fiddle in the realms of woe,
The stone of SISYPHUS, half-way up hill,
Rested awhile; IXION's wheel was still.
Then TANTALUS his thirst no longer felt,
The FURIES even were constrained to melt,
PLUTO forgot the roast he had to rule,
And, for a season, Phlegethon was cool.
In modern phrase, OLD NICK, and all his crew,
Forbore their occupation to pursue.
So when our PRINCESS, whom good luck betide,
Became the heir of HOHENZOLLERN's bride,
Did Chancery proceedings intermit,
Queen's Bench and Common Pleas refuse to sit,
Exchequer's Court its business also stay:
And all the lawyers took a holiday.

So it Was Rude.

LORD PALMERSTON was the other day repeating the saying which gained him so much approbation in the sewerage debate, namely, that "Dirt was only matter in the wrong place." The Lord Privy Seal said that it was the rudest speech he had ever heard.

AN ADVERTISING CONSCIENCE.

HEAVEN knows we have no wish to be thought of a complaining disposition, or to have it said that we let trifles put us out, but the advertisements we see in the second column of the *Times* are really a continual cause of great annoyance to us. We rarely ever now can get our breakfast in peace, by reason of the problems which are there to puzzle us: and we have generally a fit of indigestion afterwards, from the state of mental worry these perplexities occasion. As a sample of the way in which we are bewildered, we quote the following enigma from the *Times* of the 6th ult.:—

THE PERSON who accidently BROKE the BOW of a stranger engaged at an archery meeting in the neighbourhood of Stafford, about 30 years ago, is desirous of making RESTITUTION for the offence, and ready to do so on receiving the address of the owner, with particulars as to the time of day when, and the place where, their bow was found broken. Apply to A. C. H., post office, Stafford.

We hate to use harsh language, but we really think if A. C. H. had had the least regard for the fitness of things, he would have said, apply to me at Bedlam or St. Luke's, and have reserved his announcement for the First of April. The notion of expecting one to recollect a circumstance like that which forms the subject of this long-deferred advertisement, is really so insane, that a lunacy commission might be issued on the strength of it. If one even had a memory as long as the *Leviathan*, it would reach with little certainty to so remote a date.

Besides the puzzle of remembering so small a circumstance at so great a length of time as thirty years ago, there is to thinking minds an additional bewilderment in the doubt which must ensue from the wording of the notice as to how many proprietors the broken bow belonged to. The singular noun "owner," is coupled with the plural possessive pronoun "their" in a way, that not only sets grammar at defiance, but adds to the perplexity the statement must occasion. Not merely is it doubtful whether or no, the "Stranger" and the "Owner" be one and the same person, but whether one or both of them were with other one or others joint-stock holders of the bow, and interested therefore in the restitution to be made for it. In short, the mystery in which this "Stranger" is enveloped is scarcely less than that which afflicted *Mrs. Haller*, and we can hardly hope to feel quite easy in our mind until we have been told the way we may unravel it. If the Duplex Boy had lived "about thirty years ago," we should have guessed at once that he had been the injured one; for only to some such singular a personage could the plural pronoun "their" be grammatically applied. There is one thing, however, which seems completely clear to us: namely, that at any rate, the owner, it is known, was not a lady, or A. C. H. would have been spared the cost of his advertisement. For as the recollection of thirty years ago is tantamount of course to the confession of a life of so prolonged duration, it is obvious that only from a masculine memory could the proof of such longevity be reasonably looked for.

The only construction we can put upon the matter is, that A. C. H. has lately had the nightmare, and his awakened conscience prompts him to expiate his fault as far as it is possible at this late day to do so. If this be really so, although we feel we cannot pity, we in our benevolence will do our best to help him, and to this end we have given his announcement the publicity our world-wide circulation will ensue. Should A. C. H. consider it will ease his troubled mind to send us up some conscience-money in atonement for his fault, we have the still further charity to say, he need not fear to find we are a bit too proud to take it.

AN ALDERMAN ON A PEDESTAL.

METAPHYSICAL talkers are generally hard to understand, but the obscurity of their phrases is sometimes exceeded by persons who pass for the plainest speakers. The discourse of Aldermen has the character of being, for the most part, remarkably idiomatic and familiar; so familiar, indeed, as now and then to border on vulgarity. But it is sometimes almost or quite incomprehensible, although the *v*, in aldermanic speech, may be substituted for the *w*, and *wicey-wawcey*. Yes: *wicey-wawcey* we say, though those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, as we shall probably be informed by the *ci-devant* academy-usher, who criticises dog-Latinisms and typographical errors in the *Saturday Review*. An example of the obscurity in question occurs in a speech reported to have been delivered by ALDERMAN SIDNEY, at a recent Court of Aldermen, in reference to the address voted by that worshipful body to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The worthy Alderman is represented to have said, alluding to the Emperor's address to the Chambers:—

"The sentiments therein expressed must not only raise him in the estimation of his people, but must place him on a pedestal of fame among the crowned heads of the world."

A pedestal is the basis of a statue, according to JOHNSON. That is to say, it is the block, more or less ornamental, on which a statue is placed. It may be a simple pillar or column. Fame is denoted by wings and a trumpet; but the pedestal of fame is indistinguishable from any other pedestal. ALDERMAN SIDNEY, if he were placed upon the pedestal of fame, would stand on exactly the same elevation as that on which he says that LOUIS NAPOLEON must be placed by the sentiments which he expressed the other day. He might not look quite so statuesque there, perhaps. But whether it were the Alderman or the Emperor that was placed on the pedestal of fame, nobody would know whose the pedestal was, if the occupant thereof did not indicate the owner by wearing a pair of wings and blowing a trumpet.

According to the Alderman's statement, it appears doubtful whether the crowned heads of the world have only one pedestal of fame among them, or stand each of them on its own pedestal of fame. There is one of those heads—that of the Royal BOMBA—which, adopting and adapting MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY'S diction, we may describe as standing on a pedestal of infamy.

By this time we may be thought to have erected a pedestal on which ALDERMAN SIDNEY will stand as it were upon a stool; whilst on the other hand we may be considered to have given him too great a length of column. However there he is; and we will say no more except just to call attention to his attitude, which, though it may not be exactly graceful, is that of an upright Citizen and Magistrate.

PENURY IN PLENTY.

On the Kooria Mooria Islands
May guano in plenty be found,
But oh! they're such hard rocky dry lands,
We can't dig it out of the ground.

Meanwhile the Thames, under our noses,
Flows rich with deposit impure,
And we waste all that essence of roses,
That treasure of native manure.

TOLERATION FOR A WHIM.

THE Roman Catholics of Doncaster have gained a point which they have been long contending for, having, by dint of importunity, compelled the Doncaster Cemetery Commissioners to give them a portion of the Cemetery for themselves exclusively. This is all very well; and if they choose to believe that the remains of Popish organizations will decompose more comfortably by themselves apart than they would if intermingled with Protestant remains, by all means let them enjoy their belief, and be humoured in it. But how the Spanish priesthood, who will not, or would not till lately, allow Dissenters to be buried elsewhere than at low-water mark, on the coast, must laugh at our Government for allowing our Romish fellow subjects—if they will allow us to call them so—to be interred in a Cemetery at all!

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE (POLITICAL) APPRENTICES.—FREDERICK PEEL, and SIR ROBERT PEEL.

STATISTICS ON SMOKING.

FROM OUR OWN TOBACCO-STOPPER.

WITH the notion of preventing the Tobacco Controversy from ending, as so many controversies do, in smoke, a Committee of tobacco-stoppers has been recently appointed for the purpose of examining all classes of tobacco-smokers, and of collecting evidence upon the lately mooted points on which the question of injuriousness principally rests. The Report (as yet unpublished) enables us to state that out of fifteen hundred smokers who have recently been asked if they are conscious of sustaining any injury from smoking, and what in their opinion, constitutes "excess" in it—

Ninety-five affirmed, with greater vehemence than logic, that as proverbially "one can't have too much of a good thing," so smoking to excess was a non-extant possibility.

Eleven hundred and eleven declared they never meant to let the habit get the better of them, but they could see no harm in taking "just half a pipe" occasionally. Being further questioned as to how many half-pipes they thought they averaged per diem, and whether in their reckoning two halves would be allowed to constitute a whole, the witnesses showed somewhat of evasion in their speech, and several of them declined to answer either question.

Seven Members of Parliament, who confessed to being homœopaths, affirmed that they smoked only as a matter of precaution, considering the narcotic virtues of the herb might neutralise the narcotism of the speeches they'd to listen to.

Upwards of a score of newly-married men had the boldness to assert that they only kept up smoking just to fumigate their houses, and to deodorise the freshly-furnished drawing-rooms from their highly deleterious redolence of varnish.

An Anglo-German lecturer, and writer of a treatise on the *Inner Life of Man* and a work on the *Æsthetic Aims of Metaphysics*, who wore a dog's-eared shirt-collar, and had apparently for some months cut acquaintance with his haircutter, declared he found that smoking much assisted meditation; that the more clouds he blew, the more foggy were his thoughts, and the more obscure the verbiage in which they were enveloped.

Of the medical students who submitted to be questioned, nine in ten protested with some emphasis of language, that they wished it to be known they only smoked medicinally; the herb being a fumigant protective from infection, and therefore vitally essential to all frequenters of dissecting rooms and fever wards of hospitals.

A confirmed punster, who had most unluckily been called in as a witness, said that he considered the tobacco question ought not to be dealt with from a merely Birdseye point of view. Cigars, he must admit, might be looked upon as weeds; but as for anything injurious, that was a mere sham, and the root of the he-vil was clearly not a she-root. For his own part, he believed that smoking, though perhaps pernicious in excess, was not excessively pernicious. Hams were cured by smoke, and the tongues of all habitual consumers of tobacco were most active in attesting its curative qualities. For himself, he had cut Cavendish, and was on the point of returning to Returns, which, although not paid to advertise, he might often be found puffing.

An average of ten and not quite half per cent. of the deponents, who owned to being "habitual" but not "excessive" smokers, being asked if they considered that tobacco was injurious, returned a Quaker answer by asking the Committee if they had ever smoked themselves; and on the return of an indignant negative, they closed their evidence by saying: "Poor devils! how I pity you!"

Nine Cambridge undergraduates who wore the greenest of green spectacles, and tried elsehow to disguise their being Double Fasts, affirmed they only used tobacco as an aid to them in reading, and, as soon as they were "through," they intended to eschew it.

No less than three hundred hearty-looking gentlemen declared that they had long been martyrs to bronchitis, and that smoking was the remedy which they had been prescribed for it. On being further questioned as to the precise nature and duration of their sufferings and the amount of relief which the prescription had afforded them, the witnesses grew somewhat confused in their responses, and only three of them would give the address of their physicians. Two pale-faced individuals, with a superfluity of hair, and collars turned down *à la* BYRON, alleged that tobacco was the handmaid of poetry, and that their success as bards depended on their using it.

A gentleman who owned to reading MR. Y. COUNT WILLIAMS' speeches and to being a believer in the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, affirmed that he believed his mental constitution had been weakened by tobacco, taken to the excess of a cigarette *per diem* for upwards of three weeks, exclusive of the Sundays. The statement of this witness being given in a somewhat incoherent form of speech, was referred by the Committee to the Master of St. Luke's, with the view of there obtaining the admission of the speaker.

Upwards of a score of jolly-looking witnesses, who did not hesitate to say they were confirmed Tobacconalians, declared they didn't know if smoking was injurious, and what was more, they felt quite sure they didn't care. They further said, that none of them were absent-minded men, though they never missed a chance of being in the clouds.

Twelve witnesses who scornfully declined to be called boys, and did their best to neutralise their very juvenile appearance, being asked if they smoked, replied with some acerbity that they should rather think they did; but being further begged to give a reason for their smoking, they did not show so much alacrity in answering. One or two who said they smoked because they liked it, were forced, on cross-examination, to retract that statement; and several who were asked if it ever made them ill, showed by their evasions that they had learnt to fence.

Six seedy-looking gentlemen, who wore no linen visible, and spoke with a strong Leicester-Square-and-back-Soho-Slums accent, said that so far from tobacco doing them an injury, it was pretty nearly the only thing they lived upon.

One audacious witness had the impudence to state, that his sole reason for smoking was because his wife liked it. However, the Committee very properly decided that the statement of this witness was, by several degrees, too preposterous to be received in the absence of the wife; and we are not surprised to add, that her confirming testimony has not as yet been handed in to them.

Above three hundred witnesses evasively declared that smoking wasn't half so injurious as drinking; and of the two evils they thought they acted wisely in selection of the lesser.

A person who confessed, with some show of reluctance, that he was under an engagement as a *Saturday Reviewer*, protested that he smoked as a mere matter of business; for he found that the narcotic virtues of tobacco proved of great assistance to him when employed in writing for that lively periodical.

No less than five hundred and fifteen of the deponents thought that limiting oneself to taking just a whiff or two of Cavendish while shaving, and a brace of Number One Manillas after breakfast, followed by a pipe or two of Shag if one was kept indoors, or three or four Regalias if one was walking or on horseback, with perhaps a cigarette at dinner-time while waiting for one's soup, and then winding up the evening with a full-flavoured meerschaum or with colouring a cutty, might be fairly held to constitute quite "moderate smoking."

It is worthy of remark that only one case of injury was confessed to in the course of a whole week's examination. And in this the injured smoker was a gentleman dependent for support upon his relatives: with one of whom (a maiden lady of a mediævalesque appearance and most strictly pious habits) he had seriously damaged both his character and prospects by smoking underneath the blankets of his bed, so as, he imagined, to prevent her smelling it.

Pretty Thought.

BY A SHEFFIELD GALLANT.

KNIVES receive their last polish from the soft hands of women.

And do not we, my blades, receive our final polish at the hands of the dear creatures?

THE REASON WHY.

THE large preponderance of Germans at the Princess's wedding was fully accounted for by the fact of the Lord Chamberlain having put at the bottom of the invitation cards: "NO ENGLISHMAN NEED APPLY."

SEPOY TYPES.

AN Intelligent American, upon being asked what he thought of the policy of the two Sepoy papers—the *Star* and the *Nation*—replied, characteristically enough, that he thought "it was (*S*)*Tar-Nation* UN-English."

THE FRUGAL MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Jones (of the Dandelion Club). "DOOCED JOLLY, I SHOULD SAY, TO MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR! THINK A SEE MYSELF WOCKING A CWADLE, AND FETCHING HOME THE MUTTON FROM THE BAKER!" [*Orders Glass of Dry Curaçoa.*

THE SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.

ON Tuesday last there was a rumour, which ran the whole length of the Strand, and never stopped until it had reached Regent Street, that the Beadle of the Exeter Change Arcade had been frozen to death whilst in the passive discharge of his nominal duties. The rumour assumed the most alarming proportions on account of the desolate solitude of that uninhabited region, as it became painfully evident, even to the least imaginative, that, in the event of any accident befalling that respected official, there would not be a living soul near him to render him the smallest assistance. Accordingly, a small party of benevolent individuals formed themselves into a heroic party, and lost no time in hurrying to the *locale* in question. To their great relief, they found the Beadle in the perfect possession of his legs, though it would seem that his faculties were slightly impaired; for, at the sight of so many human beings, he became fearfully frightened, and, bursting into tears, would have run away, if a charitable Poor-Law Guardian had not opportunely pulled him back by the coat-tails. Restoratives were quickly applied in the shape of a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and, after informing the Beadle of the termination of the Crimean War, and leaving with him a quarter of a pound of Bristol Birdseye, and a copy of the *Morning Herald* for the month of March, 1855, the philanthropic party proceeded homewards, agreeably disappointed, to their several destinations. The Apple-woman, by the side of Temple Bar, illuminated in the evening.

FAINT ATTEMPT TO CARRY OUT JONES'S IDEAW!

German Symbolism.

IN the procession of Trades Societies at Berlin, which is to welcome the newly-married Royal couple, the Journeymen Bakers are to appear with three-cornered hats and swords. We cannot see what Bakers can have to do with swords, although those weapons will perhaps give their wearers a doughty appearance. Three-cornered hats are suggestive of a similar form of raspberry-jam tart; but emblems of less remote significance might have been found in tops and bottoms.

ADVICE TO PLAYGOERS.—"Stand not upon the Order of your going; but go at once."

FERDINAND'S FIRMNESS.—BOMBA took the earthquake at Naples coolly enough. It did not shake his throne.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, January 30, 1858.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Professional Poacher. "*Praps you ein't aweer, Young Gen'leman, that this here Bit o' Water is strickly Perserved.*"

A FEW QUERIES TOUCHING A LATE WEDDING.

CAN'T our penny-a-liners be loyal,
Without writing themselves down flunkeys?
Can't our crowd gape at ciphers royal,
Without such percentage of "drunkies?"

When we want a wedding cantata
For our PRINCESS ROYAL'S espousal,
Why for a TENNYSON CATNACH barter,
An owl for a singing ouzel?

When English fiddlers find fingers,
And an English composer chords,
Can't we find six English singers,
Who at least could pronounce the words?

When the flame of loyal feeling
Breaks out in an illumination,
Must we always be revealing
Our dearth of artistic creation?

With official and non-official
Conceptions put to tension,
Is wreath and star and initial
The limit of our invention?

Can't we find for our toiling masses
Some *fête* beyond a street-tussle?
Some show for our upper classes
Of more state than a play-house hustle?

Must we still in ruts of old stick,
All alike, both high and humble,
Our nobs the slaves of Goldstick,
Our snobs the slaves of BUMBLE?

WHAT MULGRAVE IS LIKELY TO MAKE OF HIS GOVERNORSHIP.—A Grave Mull.

FORGERY IN FRENZY.

A VERY strong likeness of *Uriah Heep* appeared the other day at Guildhall, in the person of one WILLIAM DENTON FLOWERDEW, brought up on remand, on a charge in answer to which he declined saying anything, but handed in a written statement, of which the material portions follow:—

"MY LORD,—I have pleaded 'guilty,' and still feel in duty bound to tell my reason, as far as I feel able, what induced me to commit the crime in question. I shall always believe to the day of my death that when the crime was committed I must have been in a state of insanity, for a thief I never was, and can challenge the world to make me such. . . . I do pray and hope that my prosecutors will plead for mercy on my behalf. I repent and feel sorry for what I have done, but thank God, you have not lost your goods, which will be a little in my favour. I hope, gentlemen, you will forgive and forget, as I feel that God has forgiven me for all. I have offered up prayers night and day when in my dungeon, and am convinced my prayers have been heard and answered. I am not sorry for one thing I have committed this crime, for it has been the means already of bringing me nearer to my Saviour. . . . The next Judge I shall meet will be the one that will judge us all.

"*Newgate*, 1858." "PRISONER FLOWERDEW."

The offence, of which MR. FLOWERDEW, Hosier's Assistant, was accused, was that of having obtained "various goods by means of forged orders, with intent to defraud MESSRS. HITCHCOCK AND CO., of St. Paul's Churchyard, and other City firms." This was the crime which he represents himself as having committed in a state of insanity. A fashionable artist in leather—a gifted son of CRISPIN—once declared concerning a marvellously diminutive pair of boots, that he had made them in a moment of enthusiasm. History, therefore, affords some parallel to the plea of having forged several orders in a state of insanity. The appeal of PRISONER FLOWERDEW appears to have been thrown away upon ALDERMAN HALE, the presiding Magistrate, and is accordingly followed, in the report of the case, by the short and expressive statement that—

"The prisoner was then committed for trial."

He will now have the opportunity of trying the effect of religious language on the Ordinary; by whom, let us hope, that species of slang is understood rather better than it is by the majority of gaol Chaplains.

Destitution in High Life.

ROTHSCHILD, upon hearing of the marriage of the PRINCESSE DE B * * *, who merely carries to her husband a dowry of 150,000 fr. a-year, was visibly affected, and after several sighs, exclaimed: "Poor children! two more victims to the folly of 'Frugal Marriages!'"

THOSE INDIAN BEGGARS.

IN the debate at the India House, on the motion of MR. CRAWSHAY, deprecating the transfer of the governing powers of the East India Company to the Crown, MR. SERJEANT GASELEE is reported to have made the following remark amongst others:—

"He had given directions to his servants never to admit into his house a candidate for the office of Director, nor a beggar. (*A laugh.*)"

Judging from the language of the addresses "To the Proprietors of East India Stock," which candidates for the office of Director are accustomed to advertise, one might think that SERJEANT GASELEE'S servants would have some difficulty in distinguishing between those importunate applicants for a situation and common mendicants, if the latter were not denoted by their rags. The solicitations of Colonels and Majors for a seat at the India Board are for the most part as earnest and eager as any appeal to benevolence commencing with —"Gentleman! do, Sir, if you please, give me a 'apenny;" or, "'Ave yer got a copper, Marm, to bestow on a poor feller?" The ladies and gentlemen in whom the elective franchise is vested are plied by those military gentlemen with epistles, of which the composition is generally worthy of the genius of the most pathetic begging letter-writer. Threadbare black coats buttoned up to the chin and out at elbows, patched trousers, and boots obviously requiring to be mended, are the kind of costume which would become them when they go about canvassing. Possibly they have been led to implore a share in the government of India with so much anxiety by pure solicitude for the interests of the India Stock Proprietors; perhaps by a philanthropic concern for the welfare of the natives; but if their entreaties have been prompted by the mere desire of emolument, the success of those supplications may have contributed to the result which we witness in the revolt of the Sepoys. However, that catastrophe can be chargeable only in part on the fortunate supplicants, or candidates for the berth of Indian Directors. The two portions of the double government have misgoverned India between them; in what degree respectively Parliament will have to inquire; perhaps in the ratio of six of one to half-a-dozen of the other.

An Acting Charade.

WHEN a piece succeeds, the actor takes all the praise; but when the piece fails, the actor puts all the blame upon the author. Now, we have put on our spectacles, and our best good humour, at least a thousand times, but we have never been able, as yet, to see the exact fun of this Acting Charade.

THE GAPING MULTITUDE OF FASHION.

THAT the aristocracy of England, though an exclusive body, is by no means exclusively an aristocracy of intellect, is generally admitted. But even the vulgar people who work for their living may have no idea of the multitude of distinguished persons, distinguished chiefly by the want of intellect, that this otherwise exclusive class includes. They may, however, derive some from the subjoined statement of the *Post*, concerning the marriage presents made to the PRINCESS ROYAL:—

"The bridal presents have been of a munificence worthy the occasion and the recipient. Among them is one which for some days past has attracted the attention of the aristocracy in large numbers to the establishment of MR. WEST, in St. James's Street. This is a gorgeous dressing-case, intended as a wedding-present for the PRINCESS ROYAL by Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF KENT."

What amount of intelligence may a set of people be presumed to possess of whom the sight of a dressing-case, lying in a shop, can attract vast numbers? Passing by the shop, and having nothing to do, it is perhaps just conceivable that a very empty human being might turn in to take a look at an object which must be supremely uninteresting to anybody having any business to attend to but that of a cabinet maker. But the emptiness of such a being would surely be extreme: he could have nothing to think of as well as nothing to do; and it is humiliating to consider that there are large numbers of such persons among the British aristocracy. They may be high people, but they must have low minds.

LAUNCH OF AN EARTHEN VESSEL.

No person can accuse *Mr. Punch* of pride, that is, improper pride. There is an American story about a Yankee Militia officer offering to give a nigger something to drink. The negro condescendingly replied, that he had no objection, that he knew some niggers wouldn't drink with a milishy officer, but for his part he thought a milishy officer quite as good as a nigger, "special when the nigger is thirsty." *Mr. Punch's* humble contemporary the *Earthen Vessel* (PARTRIDGE & Co., The Row) which bears the second title of the "*Christian*" *Record*, to distinguish it from the other *Record*, is enclosed to him for notice—and though most of its contents are of too theological and sectarian a character for his treatment, he is happy to promote the *Vessel's* interests so far as he can.

The *Vessel* does a good deal in the advertising way, and some of its announcements are pleasing specimens of the combination of religious topics with the shrewdest business hints. *Mr. P.* regrets that he cannot well illustrate this by extract, as he confesses to an old-fashioned dislike to mingling the most sacred of topics with the chaff of the counter. But here is a not very irreverent appeal for a halfpenny.

THE little favourite monthly, CHEERING WORDS, sixteen pages of the richest spiritual reading for one halfpenny, will commence a new series in the January Number. CHEERING WORDS has been transferred to its original Proprietor, and will solely, in future, be conducted by him. Contents of January Number:—Cheering Words for Wounded Warriors and Weeping Widows; The Burning and Shining Lights of London and Manchester; or, the Fiery Ministrations of those two Sons of Thunder, C. H. Spurgeon and Arthur Mursell; Cheering Words from Scotland, &c. &c.

Of one of the Sons of Thunder above named, *Mr. Punch* hears for the first time. He has, of course, a great respect for BOANERGES, but does not see quite so high a compliment in giving that name to a pastor as if one were to call him another from the same source—a Son of Consolation. Perhaps we have growling enough in this world. But proceeding along the Earthen advertisements, and noting that quack remedies for bodily diseases are among them, *Mr. Punch* lights on the following characteristic bit:—

A LADY possessing a comfortable home of her own, without family, finds it beneficial to move about, would be glad to meet with a respectable Christian family who would receive her accordingly as a boarder, in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, or Regent Street. She would likewise be glad to meet with one or two families in the country, where the truth is preached, and near a Railway Station.

The Earthen ladies are not above the little vanities of earth. The advertiser takes pains at the outset to state that she has a comfortable home of her own, and therefore need not keep moving, unless she likes. Regent Street is a cheerful *locale* for her to "move about" in, though, we fear, rather worldly, especially in the afternoon; but, as she intends to calm her mind by an occasional railway-trip, she may overcome the temptations of SWAN and EDGAR and the other Serpents who look out for EVE in Crinoline.

Here is a very accommodating young lady:—

WANTED, by a respectable Young Person, accustomed to the confectionery business, a Situation in that *or any other* light business; her principles are in accordance with the "Vessel."

What the principles of the *Vessel* are must be looked to by the intending employer of the Young Person. We do not profess to set them forth, but we are sorry to see that they comprise faith in MR. MACAULAY'S "ugly vicious lad," afterwards a most impudent quack, WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S. Indeed, one of the contributors to the *Vessel* emulates that worthy, and recounts—not indeed that he prayed for a pair of leathern continuations, which fitted him miraculously,—but that having written in 1847 an intimation to Providence that he should like a rather dear book by DR. GILL, somebody gave it him in 1857.

But the cream and flower and glory of the *Earthen Vessel* is an advertisement in which we can find nothing censurable, except a little pardonable Borough Grammar, and which contains some most sound and valuable hints to all singers. If our eccentric friend, the *Musical World*, had not become slightly distracted of late, and taken to calling wrong names, we should ask him to reproduce this bit for the benefit of British and Foreign vocalists. The italics are in the original:—

SURREY TABERNACLE.

A CLERK WANTED, to conduct the Singing at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road. He must be one who knows *vitally* the truth for himself, and be able to give a Scriptural reason of the hope that is in him. One who *lives* as well as professes the gospel. He must also be a *decided*, a *strict* Baptist.

Also he must have a competent knowledge of music, and a voice for giving the hymns out as well as singing, suited to the largeness of the place, and congregation. Also he must be one who can both give the hymns out in their significance as one who knows in his *own soul* what he is saying; also, he must be sufficiently acquainted with the English language to *pronounce* his words with *propriety*; one who knows whereabouts *accent and emphasis* ought to rest. It is not desired that the hymn, in giving out, should be growled out, nor squeaked out, nor bawled out, nor whispered out, nor hurried out, nor dandied out, but given out as dictated by *common sense* and a *feeling heart*, in a voice distinct, earnest, and impressive.

Also it is desirable that he should be one who in singing *pronounces* his words; not glide with le, la, la, through the hymn, and nobody know what he is singing; nor is it desirable that he should bawl ready to split his throat, but sing *easily* and *melodiously*. Of course, *perfection* cannot be expected, but the above will serve for a *hint* as to the kind of article that is wanted. Direct to Deacons of Surrey Tabernacle, care of J. Cox, 100, Borough Road, S.E.

This is so sensible an announcement that *Mr. Punch* gives it all possible publicity, and will be happy should the Deacons inform him that they have found the "article that is wanted." If they succeed, they will certainly not have taken the article out of any clerk's desk in the Church of England as by law established.

And *Mr. Punch* has now done nearly as much for his contemporary as is compatible with the demands of the other vessels of Church and State, but the festival week has made him good-natured, and his heart is open, and he proposes to give a whole group of people a certainty of literary immortality. The Editor, who, by the bye, should be more dignified, and not let mere correspondents address him as "dear Editor," and begin without homage to his valuable and widely-read periodical, has been reading a lecture to all the shining lights of his sphere. He is preaching a sermon, full of awful matter, but he must have his little jokes. And so, after quoting words far too solemn for more reference to them here than the mere mention that they form one of HANDEL'S choruses, (at which even the worldly stand up), the Editor dashes into peroration:—

"Now, then, brethren—whether we be noble Foremen—deep Wells-men—pre-existerian Murrel-men—high-minded Milners—logical Palmers—pithy and pleasing Bloomfields—sturdy Williamsons—determined Joneses—Baptist-despising Abrahamses—witty Bowleses—steady Attwoods—wing-clipped Birds—afflicted Nunns—fine-threaded Chiverses—profound Cozenses—argumentative Boxers—fruitful Butterfields—lively Davises—affectionate Hankses—meditative Hazletons—sterling Flacks—angry Gunners—out-spoken Greens—timid and trembling Whitteridges—loud-trumpet Hislops—courteous and kindly Wyards—sharp and shrill little Mcereses—patient and particular Moyles—hot-hearted Parkers—Lutheran Strangers—attracting Vaughans—high and holy-minded Luckins—teaching Ponsfords—literary Wilkinses—carry-all-before-ye Corbitts—soft and savoury Wigmores—learned Brunts:—Yes, whatever may be our natural cast, or our Gospel position, let us, one and all, 'Cease to do evil, learn to do good.'"

It is a laudable request, and we trust that all these respectable Dissenting Ministers will comply with it, and abstain from whatever crimes they may have been committing, but as to which, as we never heard of one of the gentlemen, we are entirely in the dark. Simply adding, that if we were either GUNNER or MEERES, selected for uncivil epithet when everybody else is being puffed, we would punch the Wessel's head (of course in brotherly love), we now beg to place the *Earthen Vessel* on the shelf.

A CORRECT MISNOMER.—We know an old lady, who, when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of ideas—"MR. BIGAMY YOUNG."

JOHN COMPANY AT BAY.

ONOURABLE COOMPANEE BAHADUR is determined to die hard. He protests; he petitions; he appeals to Parliament; he speechifies to the Court of Proprietors; he presses into his defence the weighty pen of MILL, and the practised goosequill of KAYE; gives fire at once from the bastions of Leadenhall Street and the rifle-pits of the *Saturday Review*; recalls the past; points to the present; appeals to the future; swears he has conquered India nobly, and governed it well; scores all the credit of reforms and successes to the Directors; and throws all the discredit of unjust acts, impolitic annexations, and futile wars on the Board of Control. COOMPANEE BAHADUR is in the last ditch, but, Briton-like, will not know when he is beaten. But COOMPANEE BAHADUR *is* beaten, for all that; and neither MR. MILL'S logic, nor MR. MANGLES'S Evangelism, nor MR. KAYE'S articles, nor MR. GEORGE CRAWSHAY'S Urquhartisms, can avert the evil day.

Be silent, O COOMPANEE BAHADUR! Cover up your brazen, seared, blood-stained old face, fold your sharp-clawed dirty old hands, and die—defiant, if you will, but either in grim silence, like an old Thug as you are, or, if you must have a death-song, let it be, not a hypocritical assertion of your piety, probity, open-handedness, and Christian principle, but a confession of the gods of rapine, blood, and gold, whom you have worshipped, to whom you have sacrificed the races of India, and who have failed you at the last, as such gods must, some day.

You appeal to the past history of India—to the formation and spread of British empire there, by your hands and agents! Better be silent—for England's sake and your own. That history is one which British Christianity, British faith, and British honour must blush for, if British valour and hardihood may be proud of it. Or, if you must appeal to the British nation, appeal to them not as your judges, but as your accomplices. Say if *we* have sinned, who was it honoured CLIVE, acquitted HASTINGS, sneered at LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, put aside SIR CHARLES METCALFE for LORD AUCKLAND, and upheld LORD DALHOUSIE in his career of annexation?

In that plea you are strong. England *has* been your accomplice. Her best answer must be, that she knew not what she did—the men she honoured, the acts she sanctioned, applauded, and rewarded.

O COOMPANEE BAHADUR, if the ghosts of the wronged could come back to the wrong-doer—if, as the poor Indians imagine, you had a corporeal reality—a body and a spirit—what a death-bed ought yours to be!

Like the shades of *Richard's* victims, crowding pale and ghastly into his tent on Bosworth field, sitting heavy on his soul, and bidding him despair and die, round your Council table should range the sad spirits of OMICHUND, made an idiot by the treachery of CLIVE—a traitor, beyond Indian conception of treason; of SHITAB-ROY, the gallant soldier, broken-hearted by the indignities of HASTINGS, of the despoiled ROHILLAS, the plundered RAJAH OF BENARES, the tortured Begums of Fyzabad; of the murdered PRINCE OF SATTARA, the tricked Ameers of Scinde, and all the long line of the victims to your rapacity, down to the broken-hearted QUEEN OF OUDE, yet scarce cold in her grave!

No—let not you, nor any of us, call up these accusing phantoms. Be satisfied that your guilt is shared by the nation; that it has endorsed your acts, and let your agents go rewarded, but do not recall the past of British rule in India as a ground for pride to Britain, and a claim for continued power to yourselves. What we have now to do is to repair the past; to turn ill-gotten power to good uses; to cultivate every germ of improvement that has been planted there by you, or in spite of you; to govern India, not for you, nor for us, but for her own millions, and this is not, and never has been; and never can be, work for you. Die, COOMPANEE BAHADUR, die, as you have lived—a bold, unblushing, gold-grasping, treasure-seeking, land-sharking, old reprobate. Leave the work of Indian regeneration to those whose national complicity with you, leaves them, at least, unencumbered with your corporate sins and shortcomings.

Prodigy in the East.

A CURIOUS change occurred in the Money Market, when the Royal Marriage took place on Monday last. Interest abandoned the City, and was to be found only at the West End.

"THEY ARE COMING."

IF anything could add to the horrible panic into which *Mr. Punch* has been thrown, by the terrible addresses of the French 59th and 82nd Regiments, and of the Commander at Rouen, who, in consequence of the clumsiness of the French police ("the worst in Europe," according to the EMPEROR), beg to be employed "to sweep out the den of assassins," meaning England, it would be the following petition from the 2nd Zouaves, which has just appeared in the *Moniteur*:—

"*To* S. M. THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

"SIRE,

"YOUR Majesty's devoted Second Regiment of Zouaves approach your throne with profound emotion and indignant congratulation.

"Miscreants from that murky (*ténébreuse*) island, where amid eternal fogs, the genius of aristocratic demagogism unceasingly sharpens the arrows of treachery, have aimed at your Majesty, and have failed. The heart of your army bounds high (*saute*) at the intelligence.

"We implore you, Sire, to accede to the prayer which has been offered by some of your valiant soldiers, that they may be sent to rout out assassination from its haunt (*repaire*) and to admonish those who shelter it.

"Your faithful Zouaves, Sire, long served in the Crimea by the side of the islanders, and by a strange chapter of accidents, lost so much faith in their French comrades as to get into the habit of declining to go into action unless the British were with them. They obtained and saw no reason to reject the name of Providers for the British Lion (*Chacals*), and they formed a military friendship for that animal which manifested itself in abundant interchange of kindnesses, and in the voluntary honours paid him by the Zouaves, when at the end of the war he departed for his insular caves.

"They therefore speak to your Majesty of matters within their knowledge, when they pray you to designate for the service in England, the soldiers who must be most desirous to establish in British eyes a character slightly soiled (*souillé*) by certain incidents of the Crimean campaign.

"Especially, Sire, they would suggest to your Majesty's generosity to give the post of honour upon this occasion to your respectable Marines, who, upon a certain 24th of February, being assailed by the Russians, did effect a masterly retreat, with extreme speed, and with their noble backs to the barbarians. And the honour, Sire, should be shared by a certain Regiment of your Line, which upon that same occasion did imitate your gallant Marines, but perhaps with an increase (*addition*) of speed. Your faithful Zouaves retrieved the day, and may therefore refer to it.

"We take the liberty of approaching you with this petition, Sire, in order that we may atone for our somewhat thoughtless and damaging conduct towards those Marines and that Regiment after the events of that February day. We are sorry to say, that we so far forgot ourselves as to howl and hoot at any of them who approached our quarters; and, but for the friendly stolidity of those impassible islanders, who were requested to interfere, we should upon certain occasions have finally demolished (*écrasé*) those unfortunate men, whose motives for running away we may unhappily have misunderstood.

"We pray you, Sire, therefore, to designate the Marines and the other Regiment for sweeping out the lair of the insular animal who protects assassination, a mode of warfare which his history and notorious character testify to be unchangeably dear to him.

"Signed, for the 2nd Zouaves, (*Chacals Anglais*),

"*February 2nd.*" "PHILIBERT, *Colonel.*"

Singular Disproportion.

IN the bill of one of the German princes, stopping at FENTON'S Hotel, there were these two disproportionate items:—

	£	s.	d.
Cigars, Tobacco, &c. &c.	2	19	6
Washing	0	13	7
Balance (*in favour of smoking*)	2	5	11

The Prince was in the Hotel exactly nine days.

A FRENCH CONSPIRACY.

THERE have been several fogs, recently, in Paris. We understand that PALMERSTON has written off to the French Government, demanding an explanation of these repeated attempts on the English Climate!

A WHOLESOME CONCLUSION.

Lady Crinoline. "YES, LOVE—A VERY PRETTY CHURCH, BUT THE DOOR IS CERTAINLY VERY NARROW!"

PHIPPS'S DIARY.

January, 1858.—Up betimes to Breakfast to read the News, and be in the Presence by ten of the Clock, much too early, and they do work me from Morning to Night, which is severe, but I hope I shall be rewarded for it in the End. To my Breakfast I did have a Bloater, cost me 1½*d.*, and also an Egg, cost me 2*d.*, which is now dear. At Breakfast read the Newspapers, and did cram the News and my Breakfast both together, which spoiled my Breakfast, and I fear my Digestion also, and an Article in the *Times* against Advancement by Interest did go still more against my Stomach and trouble me. Off at half-past nine to be in readiness for the Presence, where my LORD PAMM was in Audience, and had to wait a quarter of an hour in the Ante-room, where a new Footman with shining Shoes, and a Pair of pretty Brilliant Buckles in them, pleased me mightily. Comes in presently Goldstick and after him Black Rod, with whom Discourse about the Weather, mighty dull. Presently the Door of the Presence Chamber open, and out come my LORD PAMM looking mighty jolly, who bid us good Morning, and put his Finger to the Side of his Nose, and winked on me as much as to say All Right, which comforted me. So in, and before the Presence did rehearse the News, and all the Rogueries in the Papers, made them laugh heartily. Which ended, his Royal Highness did command me to attend him a Shooting, and so behind the PRINCE to the Palace Gardens, where little Sport, the Sparrows being mighty wild. His Royal Highness back to the Palace at two to Lunch, I after him, and stood in Waiting, where all the German Princes come to attend the Wedding of the Princess. After Lunch danced Attendance again in the Ante-room with the Lords in Waiting, but no Ladies, whom I had a great Deal rather have had to dance with, contrary to MR. SPURGEON. At last, Word come that the Royal Party were ready, and so after the Royal Carriage to STUDD AND FACET'S the Jewellers, where they go to examine the new Casket for the Wedding-Present, cost £1000. Then in the same Carriage to Hyde Park, with three of the Maids of Honour, and GIBBS; and GIBBS and I did make Jokes of one another, wherein GIBBS had the best of it, but all mighty merry, and laughed heartily. After a drive round about the Park, back to the Palace, when an Hour allowed me to get my Dinner, and collect the News. So away in a Cab, as fast as I was able and to the Clubs, gathering at each all the Talk I could hear, and lastly to the Civil and Military Service, where I dined off a Basin of Mulligatawney Soup, cost me 1*s.*, hastily, for Lack of Time, and in my Haste did scald my Mouth, which vexed me. My little Dinner concluded, back again to the Palace, to dress, and attend them all to the Opera House, behind in another Carriage mighty stately and stiff, old Dowager LADY BUCKRAM for my Companion, and the HON. MISS CRYNOLYN by the side of GIBBS, whom I would fain have changed Places with. The Play, *Macbeth*, a mighty foolish Piece, but the Music not so bad, and to see how all the Pit kept staring at the Court and the Foreign Princes, and paid no Attention at all to the Performance. At last the Play over, at which I was heartily glad, and so returned to the Palace, and by and by sent for again to the Presence a little before Supper to relate all the News of the Day, where I opened my Budget, and delivered the Contents the best Way I could to give them Satisfaction, but though I tried with all my Heart to acquit myself in good Style, they did yawn several Times in the Course of my Narrative; which put me out and troubled me. At last dismissed, with Leave to go about my Business, which was to get my own Supper and to Bed as soon as possible, and his Royal Highness did wish me a good Night's Rest, and say he hoped I should sleep well, which I took for a mighty great Honour, for he spoke as though he meant Something, though I could not well divine what. So to my Chamber, where off a Rump Steak, being mighty hungry, I did make a great Supper, with a Pot of Half-and-Half, for which I sent out, cost me 8*d.* Whilst I was at Supper, and thinking over the Day, and considering in my Mind whether I had made any Mistake or no, comes a Messenger with a Letter from my Lord PAMM, telling me I was to be made a Knight Commander of the Civil Division of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath for my distinguished Services, which caused me to leap out of my Chair for Joy, and to dance several Times about the Table. Good lack, to consider what Sort of Service I have done in kicking my Heels in the Ante-Room, and rehearsing the News in the Presence, and riding with the Maids of Honour after the Royal Carriage, and now to think of the State and Dignity I am in. I am advanced to almost as much Honour as HAVELOCK was, and live to

PH—PPS THE FORTUNATE.

(As he Appeared when made a Knight of the Shower Bath.)

enjoy it, so that I am the better off, and the other Indian Generals, almost every one, are in a lower Degree, and now I shall hold my Head above them all, and crow over GIBBS. Good lack, to think what it is to have a MARQUIS for a near Relation, and Friends at Court, and to have seen the Service I have seen, and to be made a Knight Commander of the Bath with all my Limbs and Bones entire in a whole Skin. So having finished my Steak and Half-and-Half with a good Appetite, to Bed with great Content, and mighty pleasant Dreams of Stars and Ribbons, and my Name in the Gazette the next Morning.

NO MORE PASSPORTS.

WE are in a position to state, that an ample if not humble apology has been made by the QUEEN'S Government to that of France for the fact, now no longer doubtful, that numerous conspiracies against the life of the EMPEROR have been planned in this country. The excuse alleged by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers for not having taken measures to prevent the formation of those atrocious plots, consists in the entire disbelief which they have hitherto entertained that any such schemes were, even if actually meditated, at all calculated to excite the least apprehension. They were persuaded that an enterprise of that kind would be concerted in England to as little purpose as it could be in the moon. If they had been assured that a set of fellows in Soho had made bombs to pitch at NAPOLEON THE THIRD, they would have regarded them as lunatics, who probably proposed to construct mortars also, big enough to bombard Paris from Cranbourne Alley.

They took it for granted that the wise precautions involved in the custom-house regulations and the passport system of France, would have certainly kept, if not all suspicious persons, at least all notorious revolutionists, out of the country. They never dreamt, or could have imagined, that, in spite of all these safeguards, a band of desperadoes, stealing through the outworks and the interior defences also, of the French Empire, could possibly contrive to reach Paris with a quantity of grenades and infernal machines in their pockets, trunks, and carpet-bags. They will instantly propose an Act of Parliament to prevent the future preparation, on this side of the water, of any so atrocious an attempt as that of the Rue Lepelletier. In return, they venture to express no doubt that the French Government, on the other hand, will abolish the passport system, which obstructs and incommodes the harmless traveller, and offers no impediment whatever to the incendiary and assassin. One good turn deserves another; and the Imperial Government, seeing the force of that maxim, will, of course, lose no time in doing away with passports, and thus abating a great and unnecessary nuisance.

AN ASTONISHING MAYOR.

THERE is a certain Mayor that may be described as a *lusus naturæ*. The Mayor in question is alluded to in the following extract from the columns of a very loyal contemporary, relative to the provincial rejoicings of Monday last:—

"Not a single preparation of the slightest character was made to commemorate the event, which was suffered to possess no more interest here than if Oxford had not been part and parcel of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. . . . But the fault does not rest with the citizens, who as a body will not yield in loyalty and attachment to their Sovereign, and all that is near and dear to her, to any of her loving subjects; but Oxford, unfortunately, has at the present moment, at the head of affairs, one who, though a good and benevolent man in himself, is exceedingly crotchety on all matters relating to the dignity of office and public observances. In proof of this, he refuses to wear the robes of office, to go to Church with the corporation, as has been the case here from time immemorial, to allow the mace to be carried in procession there, or to recognise the Judges of the land by presenting them at the assizes with the customary gloves. With such a wet blanket thrown upon it, Oxford could not be expected to do much."

What an extraordinary Mayor! This Mayor of Oxford really seems to have a perception of the ludicrous; an idea of mock solemnity and burlesque. He actually thinks that a municipal person, strutting in robes behind a beadle, who also struts shouldering a gilt club, cuts a ridiculous figure. He entertains a heterodox contempt for absurd pomp, and, there is every reason to believe, would look, with appalling irreverence, on the greatness and glory of the opening scene of the sublimest of Christmas pantomimes.

A RAILWAY TREASURE.

A NEW *Railway Guide* is announced for publication. If made as *Intelligible* as it professes to be, it will be a great boon to all railway travellers. We should like to see some new features introduced into this new *Guide*. For instance, we should like to be informed beforehand how long each train will be detained behind its time on the journey? and if it could also give us a previous intimation of those trains on which a collision was likely to take place, and describe the exact spot, and the precise minute, at which the accident would probably occur, the treasure would be largely appreciated by all those travellers who have an acute horror of losing their lives, even on a Pleasure Excursion. Amongst other "intelligible" points of information that would carry the charm of novelty with them, would be a little light thrown upon the darkness of the second and third class carriages; and, likewise, a Railway Pronouncing Dictionary that should give us the names of the places bordering on the railway as they are spelt in the usual gazetteers, and drawing particular attention to the manner in which they are generally pronounced by the guards and porters. The latter information is indispensable to the traveller who wishes to get out at the right station.

THE NEWEST NOUVEAUTÉ DE PARIS.

WE have just seen a new Crinoline petticoat, which is called *La Crinoline de Leviathan*. It is so denominated from the extraordinary number of the slips, some silk, some satin, others flannel, and the remainder horse-hair. The most curious part of the structure is, that the more slips it numbers, the greater the difficulty the Crinoline has in making way. So large are its proportions that there is a great doubt, now that it is finished, and that not a pin's point is wanting to complete its massive beauty, how the Crinoline can be launched. It is said that there is not a drawing-room in Europe extensive enough to hold it. This was a difficulty never contemplated by its fair builders. Another difficulty, not less perplexing, is how the daring belle, who takes the command of this enormous *Leviathan*, is to be lifted in and out of the Crinolinear vessel without damaging the surrounding rigging. Nothing but a crane, such as is used for shipping horses, will be able to triumph over this dilemma.

These are questions which are racking the brains of the most enterprising *modistes* in Paris. In the meantime crowds of elegantly dressed ladies stop daily in the Rue de la Paix outside the extensive *magasin*, where this gigantic specimen of the millinery art is moored, and give audible expression to their feelings of wonder and delight. The calculation has been made by an *employé* in the Bureau des Longitudes that as much steel has been used in the construction of this monster Crinoline as would suffice to go 549 times round the waist of RONCONI! A rumour has reached us, to which we are only too glad, owing to the graceful compliment involved, to give the full benefit of our illimitable publicity, that SIGNOR MARIO will be waited upon by a deputation of *directrices* of some of the largest Jupon-houses in Paris, and implored in the sweetest of terms to undertake the management of the launch of this female *Leviathan*, as it is said that he has had the greatest practice of any man of the day in moving the largest mass of ladies!

"Wet Packing."

THE hydropathic process of packing patients in wet sheets is proved to have been no discovery of PRIESTNITZ or his followers, but to have been long practised on patient travellers in hotels. *Punch* has a great respect for the cold water cure in its own professional places, but when he travels he carries dry sheets, even for his dog.

THE DECLINE OF PANTOMIME.

A LAMENT BY A CRITIC WHO HAS WORN HIS HAIR POWDERED.

E hear of the decline of the legitimate drama, but in our opinion that is not by any means so marked and so deplorable as is the decline of the legitimate pantomime. We recollect when we were used to swelter in the pit on boxing-nights, in our uncommonly hot youth when GEORGE THE THIRD was king, the harlequinade was something more than a mere series of tricks and tumbles. There was a something then approaching to a plot in it; although we own that to our undeveloped intellect the red-hot poker proved of greater interest than the plot. The "transformation" we remember was always the joint work of the good and evil fairies; the former sending forth the lovers as Harlequin and Columbine, to enjoy themselves in dancing towards the "Bowers of Bliss," and the latter changing into Clown and Pantaloon, the "stern parient or guardian" and his protégé (of course) the rejected suitor, for the purpose of annoying the fond couple on the road, and of showing, as we fancied, that not even among fairies can the course of true love be expected to run smooth. To frustrate their designs, and give protection to her favourites, the good fairy then gave Harlequin his magic wand and cap: the latter of which bestowed complete invisibility, while with the former he performed his tricks—not merely to surprise and please the audience, but to astonish and amuse the weak minds of his pursuers, and so gain time for a dance of delight upon escaping from them.

But now, we grieve to see, all this is the exception rather than the rule. The change is now no longer of necessity the work of the good and evil genii. Nay, we shudder to reflect, that in some cases the fairies are dispensed with altogether: and the Transformation is effected solely by the scene-shifters. Spontaneous Harlequins now come before the footlights, and giddify themselves with self-created Columbines; while Clown or Pantaloon, alike unbidden, jumps forth from the suit of the *Unnatural Uncle*. It horrifies us also to see to what base uses the fairy gifts of Harlequin are often now perverted. Degraded by the advertising spirit of the age, his magic wand is used to puff some Magic Strop, or to show what transformations are effected by cheap tailors in the personal appearance of the customers who deal with them. He cuts a caper to remind us of some Cutlery establishment, and takes his leaps to show off the superior elasticity of some gutta percha leggings or new patent spring-heeled boots. In short, his tricks degenerate to merely tricks of trade, and all the "comic business" of the good old harlequinade becomes a paid-for and a serious commercial matter.

Moreover now the "Unities" are often wholly disregarded: the parts, like forms of contract, being filled in duplicate. On the principle that quantity will serve instead of quality, two Columbines are now engaged to do the work of one; and in their persons, as well as by their tricks, we find the Harlequins now "come the double" with us; having a couple of Clowns and a pair of Pantaloons for the sake of keeping watch upon their duplex movements. Besides too, a suspicious-looking nondescript, called Harlequina, whom if we were Columbine we should certainly insist on Harlequin's disowning, there are generally now a brace or more of Sprites, who appear to jump to the conclusion of the piece for no apparent purpose but to get their legs broken.

To a mind that recollects and admires the "legitimate" all this is painful proof of the decline of the proper Pantomime, and justifies our fear that it is surely dying out. It is true we hear of theatres still crowded upon boxing-nights, and of their managers being crowned and half-crowned with success. But these triumphs are achieved by the gasmen and the scene-painters, and in no way can be looked on as "legitimate" results. Moreover the infusion of the acrobatic element is clearly tending to destroy the purely pantomimic, and fully half the cause of the decline we are deploring may be traced to the bad influence of doubling the parts. It may be that a Pantomime may run a little longer for having all the strength of what is called a "double company" to help it; but this doubling of the bipeds who sustain the parts, appears to us to have a quadrupedal tendency, and almost makes us fear that we shall live to see the night when half the Pantomimes in London will be "mounted" as at Astley's.

"JOHN BULL LOVES A LORD."

YES! "JOHN BULL loves a Lord!"
There's no more certain fact!
Truth, not proclaimed in word,
But stamped in solemn Act!

For proof, it lies around;
Plain as WREN'S tomb in Paul's;
Trips us up on the ground,
Stares at us from the walls.

In Cradle and in Hearse,
Parades the Public way;
Rings in the Public-purse
On every Quarter-day.

Hangs out in Downing Street;
In Parliament holds rule;
At dinners takes its seat,
Under the eye of TOOLE.

Stands printed in each line
Of Army—Navy—List;
Insidiously doth twine,
Even with our cotton-twist.

Yes, "JOHN BULL loves a Lord,"
And PAM he loves JOHN BULL;
So, doth, of Lords afford,
To JOHN his belly-full.

To please all he aspired,
The saints and sinners too:
Vice HARROWBY retired,
CLANRICARDE forth he drew.

CLANRICARDE'S dexterous hand,
Shall hold the Privy Seal,
And MULGRAVE'S wise command
Shall Nova Scotia feel.

That hand might cleaner be,
That head be better stored,
But what is that to thee,
Oh, JOHN,—is 't not a Lord?

CARDIGAN—that grand Turk,
At home our Horse inspects;
A PAGET, for like work,
In India PAM selects.

Both heroes they! Both blundered
Through Balaklava's fray;
Up to the guns both thundered,
From them both rode away.

"What less did any private
Who with them drew his sword,
Less honour to arrive at?"
What private was a Lord?

You and your troopers blended,
Shall shine in Glory's tome;
But with this note appended,
"They stayed, and you came home."

Your going and your glory,
Have one root, *Punch* he swears:
That root, to future story,
Stands writ "Private Affairs."

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—Go to any cheap advertising Grocers, and you will soon learn (to your cost) how Tea is made!

THE AMERICAN HORSE-TAMER.

THE American, JOHN S. RAREY, has been exhibiting before British Royalty his power over untrained and vicious horses. He was left alone with each animal for a short time, and then the creature was found to be perfectly docile. His secret was communicated, in confidence, to SIR RICHARD AIREY, who in similar confidence has communicated it to *Mr. Punch*. MR. RAREY, it seems, whispers to the horse, and what he says is: "If you don't obey, old hoss, I guess I'll read you something out of the *Morning Star*." And the horse obeys, partly in terror, partly to show that he has not the tastes of a donkey.

UNCHARITABLE GRINDERS.

DEALERS with the firm of *Dombey and Son*, will recollect, if we just give their memories a nudge, the existence of the school of Charitable Grinders; an establishment where pupils, however else untaught, were pretty certain to receive a bad moral education. Our remembrance of this school has been recently brushed up by the report of some proceedings in the Worship Street Police Court, where the existence of a set of most Uncharitable Grinders has been disclosed, and has excited the just wrath of MR. D'EYNCOURT. That we may not be accused of garbling our account, we quote the case verbatim from the columns of the *Times*:—

"WORSHIP STREET.—EMILY DRUCE, a wretched-looking young woman, was charged with having pledged a pair of trousers intrusted to her to make up by ELIAS MEARS.

"From the evidence it was adduced that a wholesale dealer in clothes named MOSES, at 36, Minories, gave materials for trousers to a man named BARNETT HARRIS, who undertook to return them finished for 1*s*. per pair. HARRIS has a machine which effectually performs the stitching portion of the labour, and for that he reserved one half of the 1*s*., giving MEARS the remainder to complete the work. MEARS in turn engaged the prisoner, and furnished her with twist, thread, &c., on the understanding that she was to receive 3½*d*. for finishing the job, but she, as alleged, having a child to support and a husband who had deserted her, found the pittance accruing from her labour at this price insufficient to purchase necessaries, yielded to temptation, and pledged the trousers, after finishing them, for 7*s*.

"MR. D'EYNCOURT expressing astonishment at the price given by the dealer for the 'making,' put several inquiries as to the value of the article as it now appeared, produced by the pawnbroker, and a tailor in court observed that the material cost probably from 8*s*. to 9*s*., and would as probably be sold for 18*s*. Some difference of opinion was expressed on this point by the persons connected with the case, but the most general one was in favour of the tradesman who volunteered it. MEARS, whose cadaverous features and ill-clad body indicated an equal state of poverty with the prisoner's, said he only got about three-halfpence for his share after purchasing the small materials, and he had not any money to redeem the trousers.

"MR. D'EYNCOURT observed that it was clear this was a system which gradually ground to the dust the workpeople. He wished to see MR. MOSES in regard to the case before him, but that person had sent a letter, indicating that he was too busy to attend. Whatever might be the selling price of the article in question, it was manifest that it was made for 1*s*., and that three persons shared that amount. Most sincerely did he wish that dealers would, by being content with smaller profits, enable their workpeople to receive something like a remuneration.

"The prisoner was then ordered to pay the redeeming value, or in default be imprisoned for three days, and was fined 5*s*. for the illegal pawning, or further imprisonment."

In his remarks upon this system of Uncharitable Grinding, MR. D'EYNCOURT has our heartiest and most approving sympathy. But we own we cannot share the worthy Magistrate's "astonishment" at the price which MR. MOSES pays his workpeople for slaving for him. Remembering the evidence collected some time since upon the condition of the workers for cheap tailoring establishments, we are quite prepared for statements such as the above, and should be surprised at nothing in the way of cut-down-to-starvation-and-temptation prices. So far from feeling any wonder that trousers should be made for threepence halfpenny a pair, it would scarcely move our eyelids to see that in some districts they were made up for three halfpence. Had worthy MR. MOSES enjoyed sufficient leisure to appear in the Police Court, he would doubtless have affirmed that the shilling he was paying was the current market price; or if anything perhaps, in his exuberance of charity, he had allowed himself to pay a trifle in excess of it. He might have added that the terms had been mutually agreed upon; that the shilling and the sixpence and the threepence halfpenny had each alike been offered openly, and not forcedly accepted; and that the whole transaction had been, in short, a perfect model of fair dealing. As for any grinding being caused by the low price which was originally given, MR. M. might have declared—if need be, on his honour—that he had had no hand in it. For the halving and the quartering of the shilling he had paid, it was clear, at least, that he could not be held responsible. It was not his business, and he might have said, it was enough for him to do to mind his business. Indeed, even in the case of his *employé*, MR. HARRIS, MR. M. might have averred that his machine was not a grinding, but a simply stitching one, which of course he had to make a profitable use of; and in giving sixpence of his shilling to the sub-contractor MEARS, he clearly showed he was not of a grasping disposition. As for the small matter of the sub-sub-servant DRUCE, the "wretched-looking woman" who did most of the work and received least of the shilling in proportion to her labour,—as for the slight matter of her starving on her pay, and being tempted to commit what was tantamount to theft, with that mishap of course not one of the three overlings had anything to do, and in noway could their consciences be troubled by the thought of it.

Of course, it might be argued that her crime was the result of their co-operation, and that, therefore, though not legally, the MESSIEURS M.'s and H. were logically guilty. Indeed, it is just possible that even MR. D'EYNCOURT might have wished he could have turned such logic into law, and have sentenced as abettors those who really caused the theft. But this would have been wishing for Utopian futurities, which we are never likely to see realised in England. And as for judgments passed in *foro conscientiæ*, what wholesale-dealing Jew would be deterred from doing business by them? If he be possessed of such an article at all, the conscience of a Hebrew is of rather a tough texture, and in business matters will bear a deal of stretching. In fact, the instincts of Jewmanity prompt total disregard to aught of prejudice to profit; and assuming the existence of a conscientious clothesman, we believe he would feel bound to take count of his conscience as of any other article, and that he would give up keeping it in stock immediately he found it didn't pay to do so.

These remarks, of course, are not intended to be personal; and we trust that MR. MOSES, MR. MEARS, and MR. HARRIS will each of them distinctly and completely understand that, although perhaps the cap may chance to be a fit, we by no means wish them to monopolise the privilege of wearing it. In dealing with these gentlemen, we deal with longinasal slopsellers in general, and we would not wound their feelings by leaving it to be in any way inferred that our comments on the case lately judged by MR. D'EYNCOURT, are intended to apply to those concerned in it alone. What we say of them we mean to say of all Uncharitable Grinders. If it was their work that led ELIZA DRUCE to crime, the same result might come of cheap Mosaic work in general. In fact, the grinding system MR. D'EYNCOURT so complains of is simply the effect of what's called "wholesome competition." When Jew meets Jew, then comes the tug of trade. The cheaper a man buys the cheaper he can sell, and the better chance he has of competing with shops opposite. In the hurry of business there is no time for sentiment; and charity is much too dead a stock to be found room for. With the morals of their workpeople dealers of course think they have not anything to do. How to undersell? That's the only question in the mind of any cheap and not overnice competitor. Of course, then, wages are regarded merely "from a business point of view," and the more they are cut down the better for the cutters.

Economists would tell us, that the system MR. D'EYNCOURT would wish to see abolished is settled by the laws of supply and demand. With a glutted labour-market workers fall in value, and may be had at next-door-to-starvation prices. Threepence halfpenny is offered as the current wages for trousers-making, and not infrequently turns out to be a tempting offer. ELIZA DRUCE agrees to do them at the price, and the doing proves to be the cause of her undoing. Her flesh and blood gets worn out and her morals with it. An empty stomach is a powerful logician, and virtue on short diet soon gets weak enough to yield to it. But for this result of the Mosaic dispensation, the MOSHESHES themselves are—at least in law—most clearly not accountable; and should any thinner-skinned one than his fellows be occasionally troubled with a passing qualm of conscience, a glance at his trade profits is sufficient to remove it.

Of course this is a far too blessedly free country for Government to poke its nose into the matter, and prevent the practice of uncharitable grinding, in a land where slavery is said to be forbidden. It is therefore not to Acts of Parliament, but to the acts of the community that we must look for any helping power to abolish it. So long as gents and gentesses patronise cheap clothiers, so long will cheap, and not nice, clothing continue to be made, and so long will workwomen be ground to devil's dust in making it. For ourselves, we shall in future look upon cheap trousers as being made at the expense of the virtue of a DRUCE, and the sooner they're worn out, the more they'll symbolise the worn out morals of their maker. In fact, any one who wears them may be literally viewed as being clothed in her iniquity.

Most sincerely do we wish, with worthy MR. D'EYNCOURT, that our slopsellers would be "content with smaller profits," if that would only put an end to the grinding which is frequently a prelude to the treadmill.

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE! JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUESTION TO JENNY JONES, HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"

ODE TO PHIPPS.

WHO through life so gaily trips
As a man whose name is PHIPPS?
Lightly through the world he slips,
All its choicest honey sips.
Him no trouble ever grips;
Him no winter ever nips;
He burns wax while we burn dips:
Let him err, yet no one whips,
As we 'd serve out rogues and rips.
If a wit, we hail his quips;
If a captain, he gets ships;
If a schoolboy, each one tips;
Cards for him have heaviest pips,
He's a god to snobs and snips:
Toadies hang upon his lips:
Luckier than POPE'S MR. CRIPPS,
Or than prosperous SAMUEL PEPYS,
Honour's fountain o'er him drips,
Nought his fortune's pinions clips.
Let us with hurrahs and hips
Cheer each man whose name is PHIPPS.

CONCESSION TO THE PEACE SOCIETY.

FROM some statements published by a contemporary on the subject of ordnance, it appears that the cost of a 13-inch shell, as it flies through the air, is two pounds ten shillings. At each explosion there go two guineas, bang! The estimated cost of firing a 36-inch bomb is nearly thirty pounds. These figures afford some idea of the shelling out which is necessitated by warfare. We hear a good deal of the bore of monster mortars; but it is a still more monstrous bore that we should be obliged to blow away, in making other people miserable, the enormous sums that would suffice to make ourselves jolly.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON IN A NEW SHAPE.

THE Bank is a sort of Chevalier D'Eon. No one knows to what gender it belongs. Indeed, as the Chevalier was a gentleman to appearance, and a lady in reality, and consequently might have been spoken of by the doubtful as a plurality of personages, and called "they;" so the Bank of England from the ambiguity of its character, is as often designated by a plural pronoun as a matter of multitude, as by the neuter "it." When anything extraordinary is done about the Bank, a sort of round robin is used, and it is always "they" who do it. When any ordinary function is performed, the Bank subsides into the neuter gender. It was reserved for MR. MACCULLOCH to discover that banks were females. He speaks uniformly of the Bank of Ireland as "she." We are quite aware that captious people insinuate that this use of the female gender of the personal pronoun, implies nothing personal, but arises from the fact of MR. MACCULLOCH being a Highlander, as the Gaelic has only one gender, namely, the female—a circumstance to which is attributed the habit of Highlanders wearing petticoats. But this is not exactly the case. A Highlander applies the terms "she" and "her" to everybody and everything except his wife, and that personage figures as "he" and "him." So, even if the influences suggested by the prefix to MR. MACCULLOCH'S patronymic had actuated that gentleman, his well-known precision would have freed the subject of all obscurity. We are therefore disposed to accept his discovery as a contribution to the physiology of finance. There is much reason to think that, however reserved the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street may be, a great many of the younger ladies of her family have been shockingly unguarded in the advances which they have been in the habit of making to men of no character; and it is supposed that it is to conceal the impropriety of their conduct in this respect that they have hitherto imitated the notorious MADEMOISELLE DE BEAUMONT so sedulously.

A Good Strong Tie.

To celebrate the late Royal Marriage, it took no less than one Archbishop, three Bishops, one Dean, and one Rev. Doctor. We may confidently hope for the permanence of the knot that must have been drawn so tight by such a number of clergymen pulling all together.

THE POLICEMAN'S LADY-LOVE.—AR(e)A-BELLA.

SAINT GEORGE AND SAINT JOE.

WHEN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, the other day, was made a Knight of the Garter, the Chancellor of the Order, SAMUEL, BISHOP OF OXFORD, addressed his Royal Highness with the admonition following:—

"Wear this riband about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, ST. GEORGE, by whose imitation provoked, thou may'st so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures that, having stoutly vanquished thy enemies both of body and soul, thou may'st not only receive the praise of this transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory."

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM will one day most likely become KING OF PRUSSIA. He doubtless will be provoked, and that highly, by the imitation of ST. GEORGE, if any officer in the commissariat of his army should cheat in bacon, and then save his own by flight. This appears to have been the example set by ST. GEORGE before he entered the Church, if he can be said to have done that by turning Arian; and, by the only authentic account we have of him, he was ultimately Lynched by the mob of Alexandria, for the tyranny and oppression which he had practised whilst he was bogus Archbishop of that see. His latter end was like that of JOE SMITH, and so was much of his previous career; and perhaps some future King of the United States will institute an Order of the Halter, in which a position corresponding to that of our ST. GEORGE will be occupied by ST. JOE.

A RIBBON OUTRAGE.

(*Not* IN IRELAND.)

A YOUNG lady, pulled into a shop in the Regent Circus by a beautiful ribbon in the window, is seized hold of by the Haberdasher, and "shaved" most shamefully in the presence of all his customers. She is fortunate enough to escape with a whole skin, having been bled only to a small amount—that is to say, not having had to pay for the Ribbon more than three times the amount it would have cost her at a respectable shop. The Haberdasher's, where this "Ribbon Outrage" occurred, can easily be distinguished, as it generally has the stigma of "AWFUL SACRIFICE" branded all over it—the "Sacrifice," it is almost needless to state, being invariably on the part of the person who is thoughtless enough to make any purchase there.

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FORTUNATE FELLOWS!

Stalwart Briton. "I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! WE OUGHT TO BE VERY THANKFUL WE 'RE ENGLISHMEN—FOR WHETHER IT 'S THE CLIMATE, OR WHETHER IT 'S THEIR 'ABITS, JUST SEE HOW THOSE AMERICANS ARE DEGENERATING!"

OUR ARMY OF MARTYRS.

For what have all the martyrs died
On India's crimson plains,
Now streaming with the generous tide,
Outpoured from heroes' veins,
Where gallant NICHOLSON and NEILL
Have found a soldier's grave,
And though unscathed by shot or steel,
Fell HAVELOCK good and brave?

Were they whom hosts of orphans weep,
Whom crowds of widows mourn,
In peace that we may eat and sleep
From friends and kinsfolk torn?
Their toils, their pains, did they endure,
And were their lives but sold,
That we might life enjoy secure,
Whilst they in death are cold.

That we might safely count our gains,
Increasing day by day,
Only for that, are their remains
Now mouldering into clay?
That wealth, with unabated flood,
To England's shores might flow,
Shed they alone their noble blood,
And are they lying low?

Laid they their lives down but for this,
That Commerce might pursue
Her thriving course, and rich men miss
No doit of revenue?
Of pompous wealth, of mere purse-pride
The champions, did they fall?
If so, they martyrs only died
To Mammon after all.

Not so; those martyrs' blood, we trust,
To better purpose sown,
Will not have sunk in Indian dust,
To bear such fruit alone:
The blood of martyrs is a seed
Whence springs another crop,
Our heroes were designed to bleed
For something more than Shop.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAWNBROKERS.

QUAINT custom at Berlin is thus noticed in the *Daily News* of Saturday the 30th, a correspondent vouching for the truth of the relation:—

"The lower classes are flocking to the Pawnbrokers, in order to pledge articles of less value than five thalers; as they well know, that on the occasion of the marriage of any Prince of the Royal Family, the pledges for that amount will be restored to them gratis."

We have heard of what are often called "pledges of affection," as resulting in due time from the occasion of a marriage; but the notion of redeeming pledges at the pawnbrokers is quite a new idea to be associated by us with the recent Royal nuptials. It is not stated if the restoration of the articles be made on such occasions publicly or not; but as everything connected with the marriage of a Prince, appears always to be done as much as possible in state, we think we may infer that this transaction with the pawnbrokers has been notified at full length in the state official programme, and has by no means been a private and mere hole-and-corner business. Very possibly the Prince had to restore the things himself, and perhaps to make a grand procession round the city, for the purpose of attending at each pawnshop in rotation, and there handing back the articles which had been placed in pledge. If this were so, we doubt not that his task would be no light one; for hundreds would "flock" merely to confront His Royal Highness, and not at all because they wanted the five thalers. Supposing that the custom had obtained in England, we can fancy what a rush there would have been to all the popshops; not only by poor folks to whom a shilling was an object, but by richer snobs and snobesses who 'd almost pawn their heads to get a sight of a live Prince, and be ushered to his Presence! what work there would have been cut out for COLONEL PHIPPS, or whoever else held office as the Master of the Ceremony! How "Our Artists" would have sketched and "Our Special" penny-a-liners would have paragraphed the scene; and what minutely full particulars would our *Court Circular* have given of the titles and costumes of the chief pawners who attended, and the value and description of their respective duplicates!

Well, it 's too late now, of course. What 's passed can't be helped. We 've missed a glorious chance of showing off our Flunkeydom. Nevertheless, let us take heart, for there are other good times coming. By the time our next Princess is ready to be married, we may introduce the Prussian custom into England, and then vote a good round sum to pay the cost of following it. There need be no doubt upon the question of expense. Hundreds, we are sure, would consent for all their lives to pay a double Income-Tax, to form a guarantee fund for defrayment of the costs. The articles redeemed would rise to twenty fold their value, from their having been "restored" in person by a Prince. We really think we do the state of Flunkeydom some service by assisting to make known so desirable a practice. Petitions should at once be got up for adopting it, and a Bill to make it law be forced upon the Government. Members of our Snobdom must sincerely hope to see the custom introduced; and we quite as strongly wish that those who hope for it may get it.

Another "Exclusive" Bit.

OUR readers will have observed among the French news that the EMPEROR has designated MGR. (Monseigneur) MABILLE as BISHOP OF VERSAILLES. We have long been aware of His Majesty's intention, and that its execution has been delayed by the reluctance of MGR. MABILLE to part with the celebrated Jardin bearing his name, and which he has made so popular. This, however, has been effected, the *Bal Mabille* will take a new name (which we know, but are not at liberty to state) and the reverend proprietor, abandoning polkas, will now take to paternosters.—*Morning Advertiser, Feb.* 6.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 4. *Thursday.* The Senate re-assembled for the regular Session. In old Rome, when a report was brought that an ox had spoken, (a thing, according to PLINY, frequent in ancient times,) the Senate met in the open air. No such prodigy having occurred within the last few days, and the fact that a good many asses have been speaking at public meetings being held to be irrelevant, the Barons did not congregate in Palace Yard, but in their own Barryonial Hall.

LORD CAMPBELL went to work at once, and introduced a Bill to amend the Libel Law, by giving immunity to the Press in cases of faithful accounts of lawful public meetings, including, as his Lordship was careful to mention, the Meetings of Parliament. As there is but one faithful account of these, namely, that in the hands of the reader of these lines, and as *Mr. Punch* wants no immunities which he cannot earn with his own good *bâton*, this allusion of CAMPBELL'S was one of those little bits of redundant claptrap for which the shrewd old boy is celebrated. However, he meant well, and we pardon his garrulity.

After a few notices had been given, GRANVILLE was going to walk the House off bodily, when up sprang LORD DERBY, and expressed himself "much surprised" at GRANNY'S coolness. All things considered, LORD DERBY thought that Government ought at once to explain its intentions. Monetary tightness was over, but the humbler classes had suffered, the Indian Rebels had been wopped, but India was not reduced, Canton was very likely smashed, but the China question would not be settled, PALMERSTON had indulged in "not very dignified bluster" (*sic*) against France, and this and the imputations connected with the attempt on the EMPEROR had incensed the French mind against us. The Government ought really to come out with its sentiments. LORD DERBY, moreover, while denouncing in the most eloquent language the Patriots of the Dagger, declared, in the name of the people of England, that we would never assent to punish persons for designs and intentions only, without proof of action, and that not for the security of all the Sovereigns of Europe would he violate the sacred right of asylum on our shores. (*Cheers from Mr. Punch.*) GRANVILLE grumbled at being stirred up, and after some dull generalities, intimated that Government intended to introduce some kind of an Alien Act. MALMESBURY thought more ought to have been said, and in reference to India, declared himself to be able to prove that the atrocities laid to the charge of the Sepoys, and now sought to be softened down by writers in the interest of LORD CANNING, had actually been perpetrated. PANMURE tried to show that Government had done its best as to sending horses to India, and said that a stream of 1000 recruits a month was flowing into that country. GREY was crotchety against the Chinese war, and BROUGHAM was for punishing conspirators, but thought the existing law sufficient, CAMPBELL, for once, agreeing with his noble and learned friend. HARDWICKE protested against this country being left unprotected, and the Senate rose.

In the House of Commons a great number of notices were given, but *Punch* is not like PITT, and declines to give rewards for services "intended to be done the country." When, from time to time, promises are redeemed, he will notice the operation in such terms as may seem good unto him. There was a smart little debate on SIR DE LACY EVANS'S revived motion to ascertain, *viâ* a Committee, whether the Government had sent reinforcements to India in a proper way, and SIR DE LACY having toned down his original phrases so as to exclude a censure on the Administration, various persons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL included, endeavoured to restore the incivility, but were defeated by 147 to 78, and the Committee was agreed to. We hope that before this tribunal MR. VERNON SMYTHE will offer explanations in reference to a very distressing rumour that is going about, to the effect that he all but resigned office because he could not persuade his colleagues to accede to his proposition for sending the cavalry round by the North Pole and Madagascar, and the artillery across Siberia and through China. We *have* heard that LORD PALMERSTON went so far as to give MR. SMYTHE a PINNOCK'S *Geography*, but we want to hear no scandals, but only what affects his public acts.

SIR GEORGE GREY once more introduced a meek Bill for Reforming the Corporation of London. Now *Mr. Punch* has something to say. He frequently whacks, and pokes, and stirs up those foolish fat fellows in the City, rebukes their vulgarities, and tries to improve their diction. But he is never savage with them, and upon occasion does them a kindness. He will do one now. Here is a Reform Bill for them of the mildest class, which continues nearly all their exactions and ridiculous privileges, and permits them to go on prigging the coal duties—

And, by the way, is not the rotten old Corporation ashamed of itself, and ought it not to be soundly kicked. Notwithstanding the hundreds of thousands of pounds which it has taken out of our coal-scuttles on account of the noble Cathedral of Saint Paul's, for the benefit whereof the impost was laid on, the mean snobs have actually stuck up a board, offering to let the piece of ground near Cannon Street (the only place whence the edifice can be seen) for building purposes. *Mr. Punch's* malison on the whole proceeding—may the houses fall down or catch fire (occupiers having withdrawn), may the traders become bankrupt, may the Corporation be cheated out of its rents, and—

This brings *Mr. Punch* back to his theme, but in a different spirit; the above considerations having incited him to a malevolence foreign to his habit. He will add, therefore, that he hopes the Civic blockheads will oppose and delay this Bill, and will leave the City to be dealt with by a Reformed Parliament.

Friday. LORD CLARENDON explained the alteration in the Passport-Nuisance System. The Foreign Office will now give any English subject a passport, if he knows a Mayor, Magistrate, or Justice of Peace. This seems a dodge for getting rid of our criminal population. His Lordship also explained his belief, that the *Cives Romani*, our engineers in KING BOMBA'S hands, must be acquitted, "if" their trial is fairly conducted, as there is no case against them. We trust that in this Château d'*If* there lurks good store of powder and shot in the event of a hostile verdict.

Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY moved and seconded a congratulatory address to the QUEEN on a recent marriage in her family, and in the Commons the same thing was done by LORD PALMERSTON and MR. DISRAELI. On Saturday the addresses were presented to the SOVEREIGN, who, though *Mr. Punch's* approbation of the match had caused Her such transcendant satisfaction that congratulations from anybody else necessarily fell flat, was pleased to display her usual indulgence and kindness in the notice she took of the parties.

LORD BROUGHAM introduced a Bill for Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, and giving creditors power to punish fraudulent debtors. Again did CAMPBELL agree with BROUGHAM. We don't like this. Is JOHN going to write HENRY'S life?

In the Commons, the Sheriffs of London appeared, and presented a petition from the LORD MAYOR, Aldermen, and their accomplices in the great small-coal robbery, in favour of a Bill of their own, for reforming the Corporation; that is, themselves. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with a copy of the Bill, but has not had time to do more than glance over its clauses. It provides an educational test for the Livery, into which no one is to be admitted unless he understands green fat, and its merits. The oppressive and tyrannic letter H is finally abolished, as becomes the enlightened character of the century, and any person who shall ridicule an Alderman or Common Councilman is to be transported for life. We shall lend the measure every assistance.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who has, according to his own ideas, a vested right in the Jews, declines to let MR. TOM DUNCOMBE or anybody else interfere with them, and warned that gentleman that he, LORD JOHN, would move the previous question, should THOMAS press his intended motion to seat the BARON by resolution. LORD J. comes in like the Saint in the Ingoldsby ballad,

"I 'll trouble you just to hand over that 'Jew.'"

MR. ROEBUCK then delivered a slashing speech touching the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, whose history he raked up with the most uncompromising candour, intimating that it was an insult to England for a personage with such antecedents to talk to us about murder, treason, conspiracy, or any other offence. Treating the recent addresses of certain French officers as the sentiments of the EMPEROR, and casually, but very cordially, abusing LORD PALMERSTON, MR. ROEBUCK demanded whether the Alien Act which Government promised was founded upon French dictation? LORD PALMERSTON said that the French Government had recommended us to do something, but had not presumed to say what; and he then scolded MR. ROEBUCK, and, in a novel Latin line, professed that MR. ROEBUCK'S objections to verbal intemperance reminded his Lordship of a GRACCHUS complaining of sedition. He did not mention whether he meant that ROEBUCK was like TIBERIUS or CAIUS; but probably the latter, because he took refuge in the Temple of Diana, to whom the roebuck was sacred. MR. HORSMAN defended MR. ROEBUCK, who, he said, was abusive but honest; but MR. ROEBUCK would accept no such defence, and declared that, though he had made strong speeches, he

never used "violent" language. Finally, he intimated his utter defiance of the EMPEROR, and said that, if we had encountered and crushed NAPOLEON LE GRAND, we might treat with contempt the threats of NAPOLEON LE PETIT. *Mr. Punch* is curious to see a literal French translation of this speech, which will of course appear in the *Moniteur*.

LORD PALMERSTON not thinking the subject worthy of his rank and connections, the HAVELOCK pension business was left to LEWIS, who asked for £1000 a-year for life for LADY HAVELOCK, and the same for her son, the *first* baronet (thanks to aristocratic neglect of the Indian hero), and the House of Commons approved this. MR. W. WILLIAMS was the exception, who could not see why, when a hero is beyond your reward, you should do something for those who were nearest his heart. But the Lambeth Y Count, simply aroused the contempt of the House, not for his sentiments, but for his constituents, and the grant was agreed to.

MR. VERNON SMYTHE (*Mr. Punch* was pleased to see that he had got over his hunting accident) then asked the House to allow the East India Company to borrow Ten Millions of golden Sovereigns in order to defray the expenses of the rebellion. A sombre, but not dull debate followed, for the House was struck by the anomaly of proclaiming, as Government has done, that the Company is to be put to death, and at the same time offering to lend it a load of money. The classical case of the lady who promised a party certain gold for a service, and then poured it in a melted state down his throat, by way of keeping her word, probably occurred to SIR G. C. LEWIS, but he did not mention it. However, leave was given to SMYTHE to bring in the Bill, and leave will be given to the nation to pay it.

A WARNING FROM AN OBSERVATORY.

REALLY our esteemed ally, the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, having modestly compared himself to JULIUS CÆSAR—we say modestly, for His Majesty has a very much finer head of hair than the Roman autocrat possessed—and the French soldiery having intimated that they would like to invade England, it seems a desirable thing to keep a look out. *Mr. Punch* observes that the Astronomer Royal, MR. AIRY, has not been so busy among the stars, or down in coal-pits ascertaining the heat of the Earth, but that he has been able, with the versatility of Genius, to give an eye to other topography. The A. R. has published a learned pamphlet with much Latin in it, and a map which will be more easily understood by some folks, and the result of the disquisition is, that CÆSAR did not come to Dover to be fleeced at the hotels, or to Deal to be driven to falling on his own falchion by the horrible dulness of the place, or to Walmer to inspect the abode of a much greater General than himself. It is less certain that he did not come to Folkestone, (though we submit to MR. AIRY, that JULIUS's own entry, "*Papilione vermiculum habui*," reads very like having "had his grub at the Pavilion,") or to Romney Marsh, from which MARSHAM, LORD ROMNEY, takes his title, though MR. DOD denies the fact. But JULIUS CÆSAR in all probability came to Pevensey, which is, as his eagles would have flown, about four miles from Eastbourne. Here then is the point at which we may reasonably expect the CÆSAR of the Tuileries, when his legions come to sweep out the den of assassins; and if His Majesty likes still further to imitate his classic model, and come over the sea as CÆSAR came over the Alps, namely, on the top of a Diligence, or as he says, "*summâ diligentiâ*," we dare say he can engage one on reasonable terms at the *Messageries Royales*.

Temperance Anecdote.

"*Tadet me vitæ*," remarked a port-wine drinking friend of ours, as he came lazily to the breakfast-table, at which sat his wife, looking as pretty and fresh as becomes a nice young woman who reads her *Punch*. "Ah, *tea det me vitam*," she replied, affectionately proffering a good strong cup of the article. The ungrateful wretch grumbled that her grammar was bad, but he drank the tea.

THE SEA-SERPENT AGAIN.

THERE are more things, indeed, in Heaven and Earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,
And *Hamlet*, when he made that speech of worth,
Might well have added: Likewise in the sea,
Which to unthought-of monsters may give birth.
There, with a tail long as the pedigree
Of a Welsh squire, lashing the billows green,
The Great Sea Serpent has again been seen.

That is, if we may credit an account
Related by a British navigator,
At any rate which renders the amount
Of previous testimony rather greater.
If of Truth's well his story is a fount,
That seaman was an ocular spectator
And did a formal observation take,
Off Saint Helena, of that famous snake.

Where, if there is a serpent of the deep,
As many a hardy mariner avouches,
Can that extraordinary reptile keep?
Where are the rocks and reefs midst which he crouches?
Upon what shoal or sand-bank does he creep?
One wonders much where his terrestrial couch is:
For an amphibious creature he must be,
And can't be always swimming in the sea.

Say, is he, not a Serpent of the main,
But of the mind alone, a false creation,
Proceeding from the grog-oppressed brain,
The phantom of a drunk imagination?
Yet those who saw him say they saw him plain,
Without the customary duplication,
Which a great porpoise, for a snake mistaken,
Would have displayed to eyes by spirits shaken.

If there is a Sea Serpent, one thing 's clear,
Namely, that he 's a long way out at sea;
For nowhere else that monster doth appear;
And so, as far as he 's concerned, are we,
Without the slightest notion how to steer.
And, in a state of such uncertainty,
We can but entertain conjecture dim,
If a Sea Serpent does or does not swim.

THE DOOMED SHIP.

To persons who are biassed by the preachments of the *Record*, there can now be no mistake about the doom of the *Leviathan*. Her fate, it is quite clear, is now irrevocably fixed. The work of her destruction may be looked at as complete. Soon or late, we grieve to think, she must be lost, or broken up, or other way swept off from the face of the waters. Long as she is, there will be an end of her; and the ancientest of mariners will be unable to remember if there was ever built any such a vessel.

For not content with making her a namesake of the Evil One, her Directors have still further compassed her destruction by allowing MR. BRUNEL—that misguided gentleman!—to complete the operations of her launch upon a Sunday. After this, pray where can they expect her to go to? We grieve over her fate, but we confess we see no help for it. Soon or late, we repeat (and rather late, perhaps, than soon) there will be no square inch left of the *Leviathan!* Monster as she is, not an atom of the ill-starred ship will be distinguishable. We are not alone in our gloomy apprehension. One of the most credible of eavesdroppers assures us, that a writer for the *Record* has already penned a "leader" on the foundering of the ship; and that no less than seven constant readers of that print have been so horrified at hearing of a launch upon the Sabbath, that, three of them have had above a dozen hairs turned grey, and the other four have taken in the *Saturday Review*, by way of doing penance for their erring fellow creatures!

Female Employment.

WE see that there is an agitation to employ women in the business of watchmaking, which is said to be beautifully adapted for the delicacy of their pretty little fingers. We highly approve of this employment of female hands, for there is probably not even a surly old bachelor who, having recovered from a long illness, would not be too happy to admit that women (Heaven bless them!) are at all times, but more especially in moments of sickness and danger, the very best *watchers* in the world!—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

VERY ATTENTIVE.

Hard-riding Cornet (to Old Party, who is rather bothered by a Brook). "DON'T MOVE, SIR! PRAY DON'T MOVE! AND I'LL TAKE YOU OVER WITH ME!"

KING STORK AND HIS FROGS.

I DREAMED—(you know, respected *Punch*,
What dreadful nonsense people dream)
That quaint old ÆSOP, with his hunch,
Took me to walk beside a stream.

It was that brook where MONSIEUR FROG,
So foolishly desired a King,
More foolishly expelled KING LOG,
And got KING STORK, all beak and wing.

But STORK, I thought, was mild as wren,
He stood beside a guarded nest,
And ate a subject now and then,
But spoke quite kindly to the rest.

He told them, "his paternal sway
Was as beneficent as strong,
They might, if they would but obey,
Be happy as the day was long.

"That though he would not have them croak
About church, state, war, peace, or crown,
He'd not suppress a harmless joke,
Or gulp a loyal froggy down.

"Nay, Jove forbid; that he should try
Enthusiastic zeal to cork,
Or check emotion's earnest cry
While it discreetly cried '*Vive* STORK!'

"Or if a martial heart were full,
Mid those he saw around him swim,
In yonder field there grazed a Bull,
Each frog was free to croak at him."

I thought, at this, his people dived,
With looks I fancied rather sad,
Only a few Blue frogs contrived
To stand on end and croak like mad.

The stolid Bull went grazing on,
Calmly as he was wont to do,
When some one flung a well-aimed stone—
I turned—respected *Punch*, 'twas you.

KING STORK looked wrath, the Blue frogs sank,
Scared, to the river's deepest pools—
Quoth ÆSOP: "Yes, when folly's rank,
A Laugh's the thing to launch at Fools."

"Hung be the Heavens with"—White.

COMMON writers tell us that the Royal happy couple quitted England in a snow-storm. But this is a by far too prosaic way of stating it. Combining fact with sentiment, we should say that Nature mourned with us the loss of our Princess, and rained a shower of tears at the time of her departure: and as the thermometer was under 32 degrees, the drops fell down congealed as snow-white bridal favours.

*** *We expect a pair of slippers, Ladies, for this sweetly pretty notion.*

REMOVAL.—"JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.," formerly of "300, *Cheapside*," has removed, we notice from the last instructions issued by the Postmaster General, to "500, *Piccadilly*." All fools, and country correspondents, who were in the habit of directing their letters to "JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.," or "*to his care*," at the first address, will be pleased, therefore, to pay particular attention to his change of residence, in order that there may be no delay in their missives being instantly forwarded to the Dead Letter Office. For the future, in consequence of the enormous increase of the Thompsonian correspondence and the time and trouble expended in reading it, all letters, addressed to "JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ., 500, *Piccadilly*," or "*to his care*," will be charged double.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

"Let the miserable assassins, the subaltern agents of such crimes, receive the chastisement due to their abominable attempts; but also let the infamous haunt where machinations so infernal are planned be destroyed for ever. . . . Give us the order, Sire, and we shall pursue them even to their places of security."—*Moniteur.*

A BRIGHT PROSPECT OF REFORM.

JOHN BRIGHT, in his Reform manifesto, insists that Extension of the Suffrage is nothing without a redistribution of seats. On this he tells his Constituents, will turn the contest of the Reform question.

"Any Reform Bill, which is worth a moment's thought, or the least effort to carry it, must at least double, and ought to do much more than double, the representation of the Metropolitan Boroughs, and of all the great cities of the United Kingdom."

There you have it. This is the Bright side of the prospect with a vengeance. We know what we are to strive for. That 's an immense comfort. Think of a Bill which will give us a House of Commons with at least a double allowance of the COXES, AYRTONS, TOM DUNCOMBES, SHELLEYS, and TOWNSHENDS! A house with even more than a double allowance of the disinterestedness, elevation, and comprehensiveness of view, eloquence, purity, thoughtfulness, and probity represented by these illustrious names! Nay—if we can but get the Reform Bill MR. BRIGHT believes in—a house built up, three parts, of such bricks as the Metropolitan Boroughs now contribute to the edifice in Palace Yard! MR. BARRY has been complained of for over-richness in his architecture, but what is BARRY to BRIGHT?

Think of a house all BRIGHTS or all COXES! That *would* be rich indeed! How swimmingly we should go on! What a magnificent unanimity in our counsels! No pulling this way and that—no stupid clapping on of drags down hill—no nonsense of breaks—no concessions to ridiculous prejudices of national honour, or untradesmanlike qualms of conscience or scruples of principle!

Mr. Punch is particularly obliged to MR. BRIGHT for thus informing him of what he *really* does want. But MR. BRIGHT goes further.

"The United States of America, and Belgium, and Sardinia," says JOHN BRIGHT, "comprehend this simple question." And he goes on to show how, of course, England ought to bow to the authority of the United States, Belgium, and Sardinia. Of course, the democracy of the first secures for her the services of her worthiest citizens as Statesmen—of course, political corruption is unknown within those happy borders. Whoever heard of "stuffing" ballot-boxes, of creating bogus-voters, of sowing offices broad-cast in return for *most sweet* voices in that A. P., or "Airthly Paradise?" What a field of pure patriotism is the Lobby at Washington! Think of MR. HAYTER'S office compared with *that!* And then *in* the House—Where are *our* chivalrous BROOKSES to break their walking-sticks over the skulls of reckless maintainers of their own opinions in the teeth of the popular will? Take this test of MR. BRIGHT'S beau ideal of a Bill along with the other. Do not let us forget that we want a Bill which shall assimilate our elections and our House of Commons to those of the United States. Thank you, MR. BRIGHT.

There 's Belgium, again, which, "for all its comprehension of this simple question," has had to struggle, for life or death, with Jesuitism and Priestcraft, commanding a majority in its chamber, and bringing the country to the verge of Civil War—and Sardinia, with that very Genoa, which MR. BRIGHT refers to, returning six of the reactionary, Clerical or Austrian party, out of its seven members! Surely these are encouraging results!

To resume—

MR. BRIGHT has told us what we want.

Imprimis. A House of Commons with double, or more than double, the present number of Metropolitan members.

Secondly. A House of Commons as like as may be to the American House of Representatives.

Or reducing the operation to an arithmetical formula:—Multiply your Metropolitan Members by two, and subtract all your birth, breeding, manners, and independence, and you have JOHN BRIGHT'S House of Commons as it ought to be. What a very exhilarating prospect!

A Small Note for "Notes and Queries."

"SIR,—I do not wish to be troublesome, or to appear ignorant, or to take up your valuable space or time, much less to put absurd questions; but I am anxious to know, as there is a new edition announced of *Life in the Sick Room*, whether it is written by the 'HABITANS IN SICCO?'

"Yours, Sir, ever admiringly,

"WAT TYLER COX, M.P., (*Clown to the Finsbury Circus.*)"

CIVIC GREATNESS IN DANGER.

To one of the provisions of the Corporation of London Reform Bill—an experiment on a small scale preliminary to the larger and more general measure forthcoming—MR. ALDERMAN CUBITT, in the House of Commons, made a serious objection, which deserves to be weighed:—

"He did not think it expedient to throw open the office of LORD MAYOR to all persons. It was very desirable that that functionary should be chosen from among those persons who had had considerable experience in the business of the City, and according to the present practice, the LORD MAYOR had generally served ten years as an Alderman before his election."

The Bill proposes to render any Common Councilman eligible for the office of LORD MAYOR; and MR. CUBITT must not be supposed to have meant to say that it would constitute the Civic Crown a prize for all candidates whatever. As an object of competition to the whole Common Council, however, that diadem is sufficiently in danger of losing some of its lustre. An active young man may, by that new arrangement, chance to be exalted to the throne of the Mansion House. How will he fill that seat? Why, perhaps he will not half fill it: and activity and youth are by no means those qualities which have earned for the Lord Mayoralty its old and present renown. The LORD MAYOR, as MR. CUBITT says, had generally served ten years as an Alderman before his exaltation to the liege lordship and sovereignty over Aldermen. During all that time he had been acquiring a weight, to which a future LORD MAYOR chosen from the Court of Common Council may not have attained by several stone.

It might be going too far to say, that leanness ought to be an absolute disqualification for the Lord Mayoralty, but at any rate proper security should be taken that the Lord Mayor of London shall, in the nature of things, be probably fat. A course of ten years' training on turtle, and the other elements of civic diet, is necessary to keep up the appearance proper to London's Chief Magistrate, and to enable him to play his part properly, not only in playing his knife and fork, but also his spoon. He should achieve greatness, a greatness that cannot be thrust upon him. Lord Mayors and Aldermen serve ornamental as well as useful purposes in our constitutional system. Foreigners may not understand why the principal Magistrates of the City of London, and their chief, should be remarkable for their corpulence; but then they would be equally at a loss to conjecture the principle which requires that the Beef-Eaters should be from six to seven feet high, and selects, for Horse Guards, men too big for any horse to carry them.

BERKELEY AND HIS BED.

"SIR, "*Saturday, February* 6, 1858.

"YOUR effrontery in daring to insult me is beyond all belief, and you may thank yourself (if your ungracious disposition will allow you ever to thank anybody) for the consequences.

"In your speech about the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, last night, you have the unblushing insolence to say—

"No King of England ever died by the hand of the assassin."

"You presumed to say this, man, in the teeth of the fact that I have just published a letter in the newspapers, announcing that I have bought from SIR MAURICE and LADY BERKELEY, for the sum of seventeen and sixpence, the identical bed in which KING EDWARD THE SECOND WAS murdered in Berkeley Castle. I know that this is the identical bed, for the reason stated in my letter, namely, that I have seen it in the Castle ever since I was a child.

"Whether I shall punch your head, Sir, or whether I shall bring an action against you for slander of title, and impairing the value of my bed, remains to be seen. Anyhow, look out, and believe me,

"Yours, vengefully,

"To J. A. ROEBUCK, ESQ." "GRANTLEY BERKELEY."

OUR ENORMOUS WEALTH.

A CONTEMPORARY, describing the preparations made to celebrate the embarkation of the PRINCESS ROYAL, after having remarked that Gravesend is not an opulent town, proceeded to state that—

"The applications for places on the Pier have been numerous almost beyond belief, and many persons are now offering five guineas for a seat.'

If a foreigner is informed that, at Gravesend, which is not an opulent town, many people were willing to give five guineas for a seat on the Pier, to see a spectacle which they could easily have imagined, what multitudes of millionnaires he must suppose to be contained in any town in England that is a place of any opulence.

"ARTICLES DE PARIS."—They are mostly manufactured by GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, and others of the same mechanical stamp. Other leading *Articles de Paris* are exported from Paris, and appear occasionally in the columns of the *Morning Post*. They all have the *cachet* of the Tuileries strongly marked upon them.

WEDDING FAVOURS.

IT will be no news to the intelligent reader (and whoever reads *Punch* becomes intelligent of course by the mere fact of his doing so) to hear that on the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL the favours which were worn were omni-nationally numerous. We are no policeman, nor is our office a police-office; but "from information we received" some weeks before the ceremony, we guessed it would take upwards of six billion balls of cotton to make the bridal favours which had even then been ordered; and we hazarded a bet with a young lady we were flirting with, that the needles which would be made use of in the sewing would, if forged into a column of the thickness of the Nelson one, quite overtop St. Paul's with the Monument above it. To those who know how knowingly we always make a book, it is needless to relate that we have won our wager, which it is as needless to remark has not been paid us. From statistics we have gathered, we have amply verified the guesses we had made, and are enabled too to state, without much fear of contradiction, that the number of button-holes adorned upon the wedding-day was more than the fastest of steam-calculating machines could have reckoned in a week, although working night and day at it; and that the white ribbon which was thus consumed would have reached in double fold from London to Berlin, and left enough to spare to be festooned in lover's knots around three-fourths of the *Leviathan*.

But besides the countless favours which were worn upon the wedding-day, there were myriads of favours done, or if not done, intended, which in some degree, it strikes us, were owing to its influence. People all were in such splendidly good spirits, and the bumps of their benevolence so jollily developed, that to ask a friend a favour seemed that day to be conferring one. Of the thousand and one millions which have come within our knowledge, our space will only suffer a selection of the following:—

PLAIN MR. WILLIAMS, the M.P. for Lambeth, received the favour of a call from three of his Constituents, to congratulate the undishonourable gentleman on his fortunate escape from sitting in the Cabinet with Lord Privy Seal CLANRICARDE, to which the title he rejected might have possibly exposed him.

A "Happy Man," who had been writing to the *Times* of the ease with which he'd married and existed some three months upon three hundred pounds a-year, received the favour of a visit from nine hungry country cousins, who had "run up," as they all told him, "to see the grand folks, and thought they'd just look in and take a bit of dinner with him." [*N.B. By way of caution to intending frugal marriers.*—The cousins having all of them come up with country appetites of more than two horse power, the "Happy Man" is forced to give up puddings for a fortnight, in order to make up for the beefsteaks they demolished.]

COUNT DE MORNY did the Editors of Seven of the threatened but not yet extinct French Papers the favour of explaining, that their life had been spared on condition of their only publishing stale news, and not alluding to events of more political importance than a speech by MR. SPOONER on a Currency debate, or the gathering at Christmas of a Gigantic Early Gooseberry.

MR. MOSHESH, as a favour, let a gent of his acquaintance have a box at the Opera for the night of the State visits. In the hurry of business, MR. MOSHESH mistook somehow the right side for the left, and the favoured individual discovered he was placed, at five and twenty guineas, just above the Royal Party, in a box which had unluckily turned out to be the wrong box.

Invalided COLONEL STRAW, the Bold Outlaw of Basinghall Street, was kind enough to favour some few dozen of his creditors with a photograph, to show them how jolly well he's looking, thanks to change of air and Continental diet.

An extremely bilious writer for the *Saturday Review* had some idea of favouring an unenlightened universe with an exposition of his views upon things and men in general, and our national progression towards the dogs in particular; and had primed himself with several fine old classical quotations, with a view of showing off his College education; when a sudden determination of wisdom to the head induced him to do the greater favour to the universe of giving himself a holiday in honour of the wedding, and not writing a line of the article he thought of.

MR. SPURGEON called together a choice flock of his believers, and was good enough to do them the favour to explain, that his objection to promiscuous or male-cum-female dancing, applied only to its practice in the lower social circles; and would not deter him from saltation at the next Princess's wedding, in case he be invited to the nuptial State festivities.

The amateur dramatic writer, MR. SNOOZELEY, having been invited to a party on the wedding night, had intended to favour the assembled company with a reading from his melodrama, *The Doomed One of Damascus:* a clumsy pickpocket however did them much the greater favour, by abstracting the M.S. from MR. SNOOZELEY'S paletot, as he was walking to the house by way of the illuminations.

MR. COX favoured some of the most staunch of his supporters with a statement of his late attendances in Parliament, as contrasted with those of LORD WAT TYLER PALMERSTON; proving most completely, to his own satisfaction, that in virtue of his being much more often at his post, he clearly is the better man to be entrusted with the Premiership.

Old MR. MONEYBAGS, the millionnaire of Chink Street, had the favour of a call from a score of poor relations, who thought that the occasion of the PRINCESS ROYAL'S marriage was a chance for an appeal for something to get jolly on.

MR. HOOKER having notified that on the 25th he would favour his creditors with a statement of his prospects, became so nervous as the time for meeting them approached, that he was forced to try the favour of adjournment for a day or two, and has since, it is believed, quitted England for the diggings.

LORD SPOONINGTON, the ex-*attaché* to LORD MUDDEL, was favoured by a visit from sixteen of his relations, in congratulation of his chance of being K.C.B.'d, now that its concession to the gallant COLONEL PHIPPS has shown, the title will be granted to only those who merit it.

The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had some idea of asking if LORD PALMERSTON would be so good as just to favour him by sending every foreigner in England packing out of it; and by allowing the Parisian police to keep up branch establishments in all parts of Great Britain, with power to use their search warrants and send their spies on secret service into any public house or private they suspected. On second thoughts, however, the EMPEROR determined to consult *Mr. Punch* before asking for this favour, and *Mr. Punch* politely stating that he wished most sincerely that his Majesty might get it, his Majesty allowed his better sense to get the better of him.

MR. MOUTHER, having leave to give the health of the young couple, kindly favoured his hearers with a speech of twenty minutes, which stopped no less than nine of the nicest of flirtations, and made eleven hungry gentlemen, who were waiting for their supper, declare that they would write to the *Times* the next morning.

The favour MR. SMUDGEON asked a bosom friend to do for him was to make himself a model for a picture of CARACTACUS. But the bosom friend, on finding he'd to sit in semi-nudity and handcuffs, put in a plea of rheumatism as being a sufficient ground for his refusal of the favour.

MR. HARDUP took advantage of the day, being a holiday, to pen a very eloquent appeal to his wife's cousin, only nineteen times removed, to beg that "in remembrance of their intimate relationship, he would do them both the favour to accept the enclosed." (The enclosed being a draught upon a ten shilling bill stamp, MR. H. having borrowed the half sovereign on purpose.)

FRANK EASYGO, the briefless but expectant Chancellor, received the favour of a call from the Mamma of his intended, to inquire what his intentions were to his wife's mother, supposing that she gave her consent to the match; and to further ascertain if, in making out his estimate of housekeeping expenses, he had left sufficient margin for the possible event of her billeting herself and lap-dog on his larder.

The greatest favour *Mr. Punch* did the world upon the wedding-day, was to go to press as usual with the Number of good things wherewith every week Merry England is made merry. As spokesman for the nation, *Mr. Punch* had been most happy in expressing its well-wishes for the Royal happy couple; and his opinion on the favour thus conferred upon his country, he modestly confesses, cannot but be favourable.

NEW POLICE DIVISIONS.

AN imperial decree has just appeared in Paris for the creation of five great military commands, whose duties are to extend over the preservation of order, and the annihilation of liberty, in the British Empire. One division will be the entire area of Leicester Square, and the surrounding neighbourhood of disaffection. A moral sanitary cordon is to be established round MR. WYLD'S Globe. All the cafés, where patriotic songs are poured out at so much a *tasse*, are to be closed, and any one wearing a long beard will instantly fall under *La Loi des Suspects*, and be *rasé* to the ground accordingly. The other military divisions will be, it is said, the *quartiers de* Soho, of Birmingham, Guernsey, and Jersey. There is, also, a short supplementary decree reserving to the Imperial Government the privilege of appointing the different officers of the House of Commons, and of naming the servants to the Reform Club, and other places, where seditious opinions may be uttered. These officers and servants will be *mouchards* and *espions* who have distinguished themselves under the NAPOLEON *régime*. Telegraphs are to communicate between the five districts and the Ministry of Police in Paris. Each commander selected will be a most determined Buonapartist Marshal of strong Anglophobian sentiments. French police-courts, with French magistrates, will also be amongst the new order of things, so that cases brought under their notice may be tried on the spot, and punishment inflicted without any irritating loss of time. These arrangements, we are informed, are only waiting for the ratification of LORD PALMERSTON. We fancy they are likely to wait.

RED-HOT BIGOTRY AND COOL IMPUDENCE.

OUR Ultramontane contemporary, the *Tablet*, has for some time drawn in its horns, and kept its tail between its legs. Last week, however, in an article mildly deprecating the impolicy which NANA SAHIB'S journal, the *Nation*, has evinced by howling its hatred for England and sympathy with the Sepoys too loudly, the organ of priestly tyranny in Ireland made a considerable exhibition of the cloven foot. For the following is an extract from the article in question; and has not the *Tablet* put its foot into it?—

"If, indeed, the English could be drowned in the sea for twenty-four hours, or if a strong delusion could be made to seize upon them like that which has so lately seized the Caffres, so that they would first destroy their own property and food, and then die of hunger, we could understand the feelings that would make men rejoice, even as the Israelites rejoiced when PHARAOH and the Egyptians perished in the waters."

Subsequently, in the same article, occurs the following passage. It really does, it is the *Tablet's* own text, and not the comment thereon of *Mr. Punch*:—

"But at any rate we have the pleasure of knowing that we have written nothing which has served the enemies of Ireland and Catholicity."

Has the *Tablet* on its staff some Jesuit whose sense of humour has got the better of his hypocrisy, and compelled him to grin, manifestly, at the thought of his own villany? The sentiment of the above quotation is perhaps unparalleled, unless by the devout thankfulness for his humility expressed by *Richard the Third*.

We, to be sure, ought to be devoutly thankful that there exist such admonitory organs as the *Tablet* and the *Univers*. Rattle-snakes are great evils, but they would be greater were it not for their rattles.

Biters Bit.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Give us a corner in your walleable colums will yer, to say a word of warnin to them as it may consarn. I won't say wy—but I've reason to believe that some gents is in the abbit of keeping hall the bad silver they takes to pay cabbies wot overcharges 'em the difference between what they asks and the legle fare. Nothin' more shabby I can't conceive; and there ain't no other remedy as I nose of than for coves as tries it on upon a fare to look sharp and take care they don't, as the sayin is, get a 'roland for a holliver.'

"Sir, your most obedient,

"*Spotted Dog, Feb.* 1858." "HERE YOU ARE."

EXTRAORDINARY OVERSIGHT.—We are sorry to say, that our Scotch contemporaries have not paid PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM the compliment which we expected for him at their hands. Not one of them, that we know, has published the assertion that the Prince numbers a Scotchman amongst his ancestors.

I WOULD NOT USE SO HARSH A WORD.

(MR COMMISSIONER FANE'S *suggestion to* SIR CHARLES RUSHOUT. *In re* HENRY *and* CRESLYN HALL.)

I WOULD not use so harsh a word,
I would not say, He stole;
Let not such language here be heard;
Display more self-control.
An urchin may be said to steal
A pocket-handkerchief;
No hesitation need we feel
In calling him a thief.

A man may steal a horse, a sheep,
An ox, an ass, a pig;
We hold so base a fellow cheap—
We call a prig a prig.
Of stealing gold-dust we may talk,
Or such an one, may say,
Stole Port St. Peters, who did walk
With certain trunks away.

The servant you may felon call
Who bolted with your plate;
Your lawyer, when he sunk your all,
Did but appropriate.
He stole!—keep phrases so severe
For rogues of lower range,
Such as the boy you sent for beer,
Who pocketed your change.

Conveyancers, if they the trust
Of your estate betray,
By no means steal it—only just
What the wise call convey.
Solicitors, your cash who use,
Ye clients, though bereft
Of all your substance, don't accuse
Of shameful common theft.

As Conquerors who operate
Upon a mighty scale,
So lawyers, when they speculate
With clients' funds and fail,
Widows and orphans dispossess;
But say not that they rob;
You could affirm no more nor less
Of any vulgar snob.

Respect the daring magnitude,
The vastness of their crime;
Defame not, with expressions rude,
Those spoilers so sublime.
High as the eagle, Rapine's bird,
Aspired that lofty soul;
I would not use so harsh a word,
I would not say, He stole.

BRITISH AND GERMAN BEAUTY.

THE Berlin *Charivari* contains the following humorous remarks on English beauty:—

"Each nation thinks itself the handsomest in the world. We paint the devil black; the blacks will have him white. MISS PASTRANO delights in her beard, and every Englishman thinks his red-haired, crooked-nosed, rabbit-toothed, goggle-eyed, loose-legged calfless *Dulcinea*, the very perfection of human beauty."

Not quite that. Not so perfect as the raven-haired, Grecian-nosed, white-and-sound-toothed, sloe-eyed, neat-legged young Teutonic lady, with such pretty little feet and ankles at the ends of her legs. Of course the Prussian *Charivari's* notion of an English girl is a bit of fun; complimentary irony: and we are sure our fair countrywomen will feel highly honoured by the mock-depreciation of our cousin German.

WISEMAN'S GREAT BOAST.—After all, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S great boast is:—"*Civis Romanus sum*," which, translated literally, means, "I am a Roman citizen;" or, in other words, "a Subject of the POPE."

HEAVY OR LIGHT WEIGHT—WHICH IS BEST?

Heavy. "I'LL GIVE IT YOU, YOU MISCREANT—WHEN (!) I CATCH YOU!"

A DISRAELITE DUNCIAD.

OUR Disraelitish friend, the *Press*, is very clever, but we are all careless at times. What shall we say of a writer who can elaborately predict the advent of Toryism in terms which force upon our recollection the predicted advent of Dulness?

"But there are signs of a change in public opinion. *As one by one* Conservative predictions have been realised—*as one by one* Conservative statesmen have appropriated the leading social questions of the day—*as one by one* the boasted qualifications of their opponents have appeared in their true light, and blunder after blunder astonished and incensed the public—there has gradually grown up a feeling, &c. &c."

The result being that Toryism is again to assume absolute power. Eh, MR. POPE—

> "She comes, she comes; the sable throne behold,
> Of night primæval and of chaos old,
> As one by one at dread MEDEA'S strain,
> The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
> AS ARGUS' eyes by HERMES' wand oppressed,
> Closed, one by one, to everlasting rest.
> * * *
> Lo, thy dread Empire, Chaos, is restored,
> Light dies before thy uncreating word,
> Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall.
> And universal darkness buries all."

And such is the consummation to which, the Conservatives flatter themselves, England is coming, simply because she has found out a few liberal quacks, and ceased to pelt Tories! *Credat Judæus, Disraeli?*

The Matrimonial Representation.

OUR beloved friend, MRS. MATERFAMILIAS, before she would allow any man to become a candidate for the hand of one of her daughters, insists strongly upon the possession of two points, which she declares to be indispensable, *viz.*:—the "Right of Voting," and the "Property Qualification;"—the latter to consist of, at least, £500 a-year, and a three months' residence out of every twelvemonth in some fashionable district. These points proven, the dear soul does not care how soon the election comes off.

FIDDLE-FADDLE FOR FEBRUARY.

IN recounting the Fashions for February, *Le Follet* makes mention of a species of dress which, under the name of a demi-toilette, it commends highly, but which, we should think, must be very unbecoming. Our frivolous contemporary thus describes a portion of this costume:—

"The body gathered *à la vierge*, and ornamented with only a velvet sash."

From the statement that the body of this dress is gathered *à la vierge*, we gather that the wearer is not supposed to be a maiden lady; for if she were, in being dressed in any respect *à la vierge*, she would be dressed *au naturel*, to apply the phraseology of the *cuisine* to matters of the *boudoir*; and the former phrase would be superfluous and absurd. Of course, the person intended to be decorated *à la vierge* is a married lady, probably a matron, so that her attire would be that of an ewe dressed lamb-fashion, which is ridiculous.

A TOOTH THAT'S CUT.

THE following extract has been flying round the papers:—

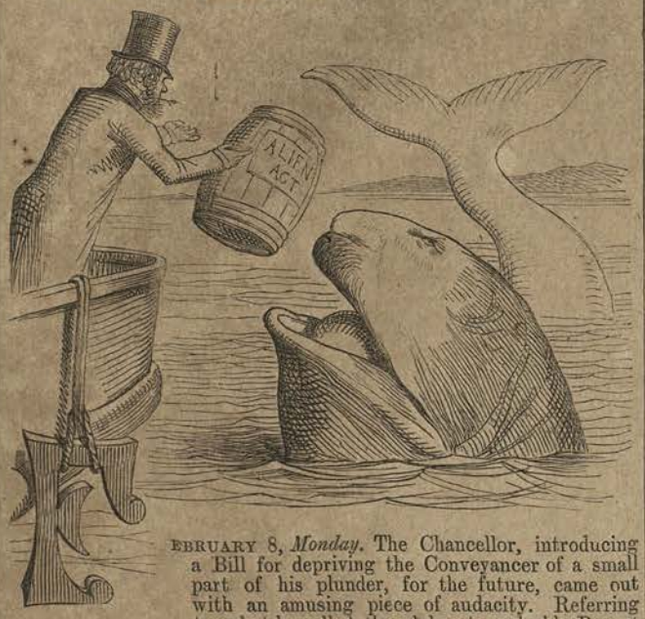
"The TOOTH OF ST. MATTHEW THE BISHOP, one of the precious relics of the Church, has been stolen from the Chapel of Salerno. It disappeared during the irritation consequent on the late earthquake. The Bishop has ordered the excommunication of the sinner, but to no effect: processions with torches have been made; all equally useless; the precious relic, which has saved the town from so many calamities, is not to be found."

It might be as well, perhaps, to engage some dentist to stop this tooth; or, better still, why do not the authorities of Salerno (is Salerno in Tuscany? for if not, it ought to be, for the full completion of the Tusk-an joke) get DR. CUMMING to hunt out this "precious relic" for them? We say DR. CUMMING, as it is well known that the memory of that popular Exeter Hall-ite enthusiast is never at a loss in pointing out any elegant Extract that is wanted from "DEN'S *Theology*."

THE PARENTAGE OF JOKING.—It's a wise joke indeed that knows its own father.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EBRUARY 8, *Monday*. The Chancellor, introducing a Bill for depriving the Conveyancer of a small part of his plunder, for the future, came out with an amusing piece of audacity. Referring to what he called the elaborate and able Report of the Property-Law Commission, he paid it a tolerable compliment, but was bound to say he "could not approve of all its recommendations." This is the way in which, and this is about the position from which, the small boys to whom in editorial wisdom hebdomadal criticism is a good deal confided, that they may learn English composition by sitting in judgment on grown-up people, would speak of an article by MR. GLADSTONE on *Homer*, or by MR. GROTE on Greece. The idea of CRANNY having an opinion is perhaps the Joke of the Week.

EARL GRANVILLE stated that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH had stated to COUNT WALEWSKI that he was to state to M. DE PERSIGNY that he was to state to LORD CLARENDON, who had stated it to EARL GRANVILLE, that S. M., the Elected of the Millions, was very sorry for the cackle of the French Colonels.

LORD EBURY (this was LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR) gave notice that he should make a move for the reform of the Prayer-Book. During the week the Bishops in Convocation declared they would not have it meddled with, as the elasticity of our Liturgy, which means to every man exactly what he believes and likes, is, according to their Lordships, its great feature and merit. We recommend that instead of the velvet, gilt corners, clasps, and monogram which make the Prayer-Book "the prettiest present in the world" (as a certain advertiser's devotional taste says of a still more sacred book) a bookseller should bring it out bound in India-rubber, to be called the Bishops' Binding; and Warranted to Stretch.

In both Houses of Parliament votes of thanks were proposed to the Authorities of India and to the Army and Navy there. The business was sadly bungled, owing to the unhappy necessity of including LORD CANNING'S name, as matter of etiquette, in the list. Everybody was eager to express gratitude to the Indian heroes, and to such men as SIR JOHN LAWRENCE; but as LORD CANNING has yet to show that his *lâches* in the early part of the rebellion did not produce terrible mischief, the thanking him was felt to be either a ridiculous farce, or a grave blunder. After strong protests in both Houses, Ministers accepted the former alternative, and upon the distinct understanding that the thanks to LORD CANNING were to mean nothing, and to preclude no future impeachment of his whole policy, the votes passed. *Mr. Punch* was pleased to see that a slight castigation which he deemed it necessary to administer to his cousin GEORGE about Horse Guards appreciation of plebeian heroism had produced the desired effect, and that H.R.H. the Duke spoke out, worthily, in honour of the Indian leaders.

The two dozen Bishops having concurred in approving a Bill on the subject of Special Services, (like those prohibited at Exeter Hall,) LORD SHAFTESBURY was obliged to withdraw his measure, though he calmly intimated that he preferred it to that of the united hierarchy. Under the new Bill, if Special Services are wanted, the Bishop is to be applied to for his sanction, and he is to apprise the incumbent that they are to be allowed, and if the latter objects, appeal lies to the Archbishop. As DOCTORS SUMNER and TAIT are both for these Services, the REV. MR. EDOUARD may haul down his colours. The EARL OF DERBY was very pathetic on the subject, and hoped that the Clergy would strive to convert the guilty and the ignorant. If they do this entirely, the Betting Ring will be thinned, my dear Lord.

In the Commons the Knight of the Lion and the Sun, better known as SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, took the oaths and his seat for Reigate. An able public servant and a learned scholar. At the Reigate election an amusing experiment was made, by a sort of partial adoption of the ballot, and MR. WILKINSON, who was the popular favourite, darkly hints that the friends of another liberal candidate (not SIR HENRY) contrived to "manipulate" the voting papers.

GENERAL PEEL explained for GENERAL ASHBURNHAM that the latter would have remained in India if the authorities would have given him the sort of service he liked, but as they could not, he came home, the Governor General having no objection. *Mr. Punch* can have none, and has written out to his friend, ENSIGN BROWN, to imitate the General, if he does not happen to like the work he is told to do, as of course the Horse Guards are too just to make that in a General a slight offence which in an Ensign were rank mutiny.

LORD PALMERSTON then asked leave to bring in his Conspiracy Bill. It might, but for something to be mentioned, be regarded as a sort of English Tub thrown to the French Whale. To conspire to murder is a capital offence in Ireland, and a misdemeanour in England, so LORD PAM proposes to take the middle course—*medio tutissimus* IBIS—as a compliment to His Majesty KING STORK—and make it felony. To this there is no particular objection. But there are some words in the Bill which had better be looked to, for should they become law, and a strong Government should desire to please a foreign despot, there might be some awkward work. "Persuading or instructing to commit murder," may mean anything, if a jury is compliant. *Mr. Punch* himself might observe that KING BOMBA is a Nuisance, and thereupon some Attorney General, premising that nuisances ought to be abated, might charge *Mr. Punch* with persuading somebody to abate BOMBA with a poniard, whereas *Mr. P.* and England, which he represents, utterly detest and abhor assassination.

The Debate occupied two nights, and was spirited enough. MR. KINGLAKE opposed the Bill because it seemed to be dictated by France. MR. BOWYER was of course for anything pleasing to a Catholic despot. LORD ELCHO saw no reason for the Bill, and much against introducing it now. MR. ROEBUCK abused LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Tuesday. MR. TOM DUNCOMBE stated that at the Boulogne landing the EMPEROR did not shoot a man, but it is clear from the trial that His Majesty shot at him, and hit him in the mouth, being even then skilful in imposing silence on his enemies. MR. SAMUEL WARREN thought the measure needless and humiliating. SIR GEORGE GREY defended it, and read the EMPEROR'S apology for the Cock-a-doodle-doo colonels. MR. M. MILNES opposed it, as useless and impolitic. LORD JOHN RUSSELL delivered an animated speech (very good political capital) against it. MR. DISRAELI abused the Bill and the Government, and of course voted for its introduction. MR. SIDNEY HERBERT was for letting it come in, and LORD PALMERSTON, whose admiration for the measure increased with the opposition to it, eulogised it as a most noble piece of legislation. MR. COX tried to speak, but was immediately squashed, and the House divided. To refuse the Prime Minister of England permission to introduce a Bill would be a very strong measure, and tantamount to giving him immediate notice to quit. It was not surprising therefore that the numbers were 299 to 99 on the preliminary stage.

The Lords sat half-an-hour only, but did some work, and demanded to know something about the purification of the Thames. When is SIR B. HALL going to abolish the chattering and obstructive Central Board, and ask Parliament for leave to do the work in earnest? This spouting vestry has wasted more than half the five years allotted for the task. And the Minister has permitted it. We must remind him, in the kindest spirit, that there is both an axe and a block in the Tower, as he may see for sixpence.

Wednesday. The Jew Oath Bill passed its second reading, but is to be opposed in Committee. There were three or four hours of the usual irritating nonsense, which nobody heeds outside the House, and, for that matter, not many heed it inside.

Thursday. LORD GRANVILLE loftily informed the Peers and the world, that the Government, having promised a Reform Bill, would of course keep its word like a gentleman, but should certainly choose its own time for doing so.

EARL GREY presented the East India Company's protest against being abolished, and supported it. ARGYLL pooh-pooh'd it, and ELLENBOROUGH, though as an Indian statesman he necessarily expressed contempt for the Company, as a Tory chieftain felt it his duty to condemn a Government Bill.

In the Commons MR. HEADLAM introduced a Bill for introducing Limited Liability into Joint Stock Banks, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, always zealous for Education, obtained an address for a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. The Dissenters, as usual, denounced any general educational scheme, on the ground that they have Sunday Schools, where children are fortified against all the temptations of the

world by learning who NEBUCHADNEZZAR was, and the number of SOLOMON'S wives.

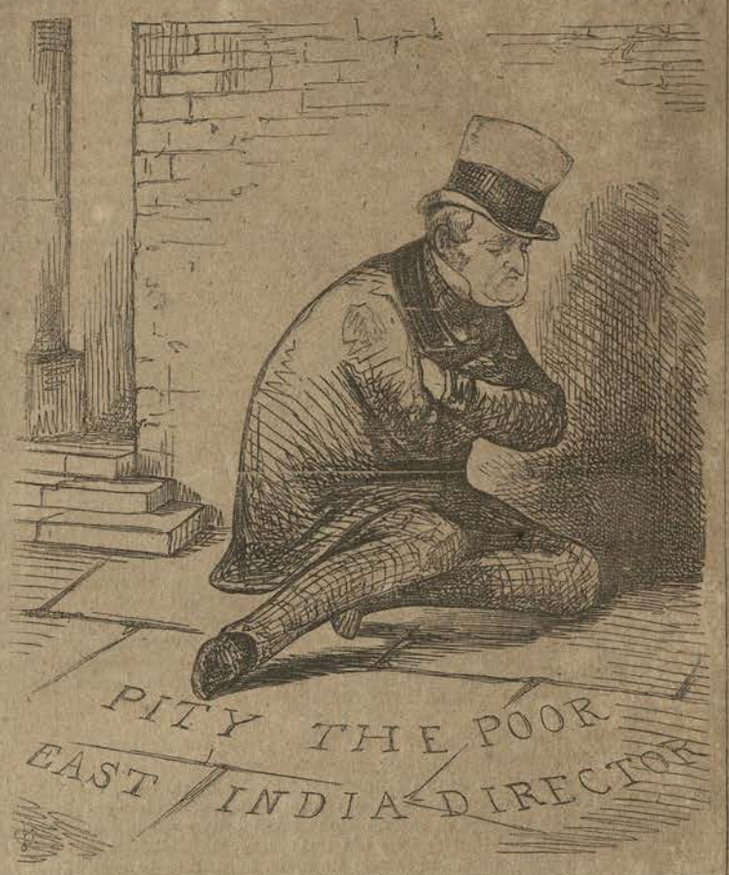
Friday. When, after a long career of wicked usurpations, violence, and injustice, the first NAPOLEON, rendered nearly harmless by captivity, grew irritable and malignant, he bequeathed a legacy to a man named CANTILLON, who had been accused of trying to murder the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. In the words of bequest was included a justification of the assassin. Portions of this legacy were paid, but when the third NAPOLEON ordered the unfulfilled trusts of his uncle's will to be carried out, and the balance of this gift was demanded, it was withheld by the executors, on the ground that a man who could make such a bequest must, at the moment, have been insane. This fact, explained by LORD PALMERSTON this evening, is much to the credit of all who had the sense and courage to condemn a crime applauded by a conqueror.

GOG and MAGOG were sent to a Select Committee.

LORD PALMERSTON then came forward, as Doomster, to pronounce the fall of the East India Company, and delivered the following recitative:—

"Arrangements now in force in India, stand.
Court of Directors, you must all disband;
Court of Proprietors, come, vanish too;
For we propose this substitute for you:—
A President, and Council, numbering Eight,
He a QUEEN'S Minister; his word is fate,
And his decision final; but if in its
Semblance unjust, they may protest, in Minutes.
The Crown's to name the Council (but from men
Who've been Directors, or with sword, or pen,
Have served in India, or gained information
By living there in non-official station),
Appointed for eight years, but, every two,
Exeunt two members at rotation's cue.
One thousand pounds a-year each member draws,
Five thousand grab the Presidential claws.
All local Indian patronage retains
Its present place. The Writership remains
Open to competition, and those pets
Of fortune, whom Directors call Cadets,
The President and Board divide: but One
Hath special claim—an Indian Soldier's son.
Henceforth the Indian Army serves the QUEEN;
But if a single soldier is so mean
As to object, he 's free to go at large—
Welcome, in fact, to ask for his discharge.
As for the fiction neither wise nor witty
That gives the Secret name to a Committee,
That 's wiped away; the Minister instead
Must keep the secrets in his single head.
But if he bids the battle trumpet blow,
Within a month the Parliament must know
That is, if sitting; so a Statesman arch
In August might make war, nor tell till March.
The rest 's detail—no more needs now be said—
Off instantly with Ross D. MANGLES' head!"

The words of MERCURY are harsh after the songs of APOLLO, and the Debate which followed his Lordship's stage direction to the Company, "You this way—We that way," presented no feature of interest, beyond MR. THOMAS BARING's moving a resolution, that it was inexpedient to legislate, at present, for India.



VINDICATION OF GENIUS.

THOSE who attempt to criticize a great poet ought to approach their author with some reverence for him. *Cuique in suâ arte credendum est*, and the critics might consider that, in writing what looks queer to them, the literary artist may have known very well what he was about. Some of our contemporaries have evinced great inconsideration in too hastily censuring the verses additional to *God Save the Queen*, composed the other day by MR. TENNYSON. As if CATNACH himself would want to be told that such rhymes as those in the two following lines—

"Clothe them with righteous*ness*,
Crown them with happi*ness*."

were improper in English verse. Those precipitate censors did not consider that the lines in question were superadded to a composition containing such a verse as this:—

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign *over us*."

Here you have "over us" rhyming with "glorious;" or, if you suppose the rhyme to lie in the last syllable only of each line, you have "ous" rhyming with "ous," and also with "us," the pronunciation of "ous" and "us" being exactly the same. Now, then, are the critics able, or are they too purblind, to see that MR. TENNYSON, in making "ness" rhyme with "ness," did just the right thing, by carrying out the versification of the song to which he had to add. Here you see the touch of the true artist. A small poet would have used a technically normal rhyme, and, instead of a "ness," would perhaps have made a "mess" of it. Would any discerning tailor, who had a pair of corduroy breeches to let out, perform that job by inserting in their waistband a piece of best super-Saxony? Very well, then; don't be in such a hurry to conclude that a poet does not understand his own business.

AN ANECDOTE FROM LAMBETH.

WISCOUNT VILLIAMS had occasion to answer the letter of one of his constituents, who had been applying to him on a very delicate subject. The delicacy of the application will be best understood, when we state (may the parties implicated generously forgive us for violating the confidence that, in a moment of excitement, they reposed in us!) that a Title was at the bottom of it. The applicant (a wealthy cheesemonger in the most respectable part of the bone-boiling districts) had written to his pet Member, begging of him to use his influence with the Palmerstonian Government to procure, for himself and wife, a baronetcy, or something of that sort. The Wiscount, nothing daunted, sent back an answer, full of sweet promises—and, by the same post, he despatched a complimentary *billet* to the wife, in which everything was *couleur de rose*. He had no doubt, as titles had been freely given away recently, that he should be able to procure for them the solicited *bagatelle*. Now comes the curious part of the story, for all the preceding facts are probable and intelligible enough to those who know the parties. The first letter was directed correctly—but the second one, written directly after the first, bore the following superscription:—"*To* MRS. DALE, *who lives at the same address.*" The cheesemonger received his letter all right, but the wife's has never reached its destination to the present day. The intelligent Member for Lambeth cannot understand how the one letter arrived safe, and not the other, and he has sent a fulminating despatch to MR. ROWLAND HILL, threatening to impeach him for high treason, on account of this act of gross neglect on the part of the Post Office authorities!

THE BLACK BUOYS AT MARGATE.

MR. PUNCH, the High Court of Appeal in all cases whatsoever, has received various communications from a locality whose application he was at first inclined to hear with some disfavour. There are times and places for everything, and there are also times when places should be mentioned. It is perhaps a little audacious of the town of Margate to intrude itself upon his notice, with the thermometer at freezing point. The thought of what the temperature on the Fort or on the new Jetty must be while *Mr. Punch* writes, is not a thought that ought to be driven like an icicle into a middle-aged gentleman's brains. But he has always been a good friend to Margate, and has always maintained it as a sturdy, honest-spirited sort of place, and infinitely superior to stuck-up Ramsgate, with its pretentious gentility, and its gigantic job, the harbour. Finding, too, that Margate distinguished itself as it was bound to do on occasion of the PRINCESS'S marriage, by firing guns, waving flags, playing music, eating a loyal dinner, giving the children a ball, and best of all, collecting £75, which sum was laid out in bread, flour, grocery, and coal, among five hundred poor people, *Mr. Punch* is the more inclined to attend to anything Margate has to say. Wretched Ramsgate, on the contrary, did nothing, and the contemptuous comment of the *Thanet News* is:—

"It may be a matter of doubt in some minds when it is seen with what tenacity the inhabitants of Ramsgate cling to their coppers, and fear the cost of going free from the yoke of Sandwich—when it is seen with what narrow, jealous feelings they regard the sister town of Margate, it is a matter of doubt whether they are in a condition to take place among a free and enlightened people. . . All that could be done for the celebration of the Princess Royal's marriage was to *recommend* a general holiday. No feasting of the poor, no entertainment of the young—no balls, no concerts, no routs, no fireworks,—no anything except a holiday without the means of enjoying it. So we suppose many were like the servant-maid that had a holiday, went home and *slept* it out."

We trust that the new Reform Bill will disfranchise these unworthy Englishmen.

But enough of Ramsgate. It is with the sister town that we have to do. It must not be supposed that Margate is Eden. *Mr. Punch* can state of his own knowledge that many lodging-house keepers therein are extortionate and thievish, and that the occupants of their beds are not all bipeds. Some of the donkey-boys are very cruel, and all the cigars are very British. Bad wine may be procured in Margate without much trouble—yet there is good wine in certain caves thereof. And *Mr. Punch* now learns, to his regret, that some of the Parsons in Margate are Pumps.

It appears that at the little *fête* given by the Mayor and Corporation to the children of Margate, to enable them to associate pleasant recollections with the marriage day of their QUEEN'S daughter, there were magic lanterns, Christmas trees, dissolving views, a distribution of medals, and a dance. What more harmless and proper amusements could be provided *Mr. Punch* does not know, and he is glad to hear that the little people were delighted. He presents his compliments to the Mayor and Corporation, and will do himself the pleasure of patting their heads, personally, in the course of the summer. But it seems that some of the Clergy took distorted views of the dissolving views, saw black magic in the lantern, meddled with the medals, barked at the tree, and tried to trip up the dancers. They could not be content to let the little folks of Margate be no better than the little folks in the palace of the Head of the Church. The amusements the QUEEN provides for her children are not good enough in the eyes of these parsons for the little maids of Kent. The proceedings, which as a whole and in detail, did the utmost credit to the kind hearts and open hands of the Margatians, have been condemned by some of the Clergy. And one of the reverend gentlemen has gone further than his brethren, if the paper we have cited be correctly informed. It says:—

"We have heard that the REV. MR. BIRD has dismissed from taking part in the Sunday School, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, who participated in the preparations for the ball."

We hope that this is a mistake. Because, if MR. BIRD, whom in the absence of much evidence to the contrary we may suppose to be a Christian, thought that this girl was in error, his common sense would have told him that instruction was what she needed. Schools, and especially Sunday Schools, are for the improvement of the ignorant. This is really not a probable story. MR. BIRD may have said to her, "My dear child, as magic lanterns may light folks on the broad road to destruction, and a Christmas tree may make them greedy of what the world calls luck, and we should think of our own dissolution, not that of silly pictures, and a medal seldom bears the image and superscription of Christian humility, and dancing is very sad when we remember that the daughter of HERODIAS danced off the head of the Baptist, I am sorry that you aided in arranging such things, and I hope to teach you better." A priest might have said all this, and while we reserved our opinion of his head we should think indulgently of his heart; but that he was foolish enough to believe it, and at the same time unkind enough to drive away a child whom he should have taught better—*Mr. Punch* declines to credit.

By the way, the construction of the above paragraph admits the meaning that the child had nothing to do with the ball, but that her parent aided in it. But we have preferred to wrench the sentence a little, rather than believe that a Clergyman could be guilty of wicked injustice as well as unkindness. We are open to receive explanation, but we fear it will turn out that the air which blew upon certain fishermen from the Sea of Galilee produced other effects than the air which blows upon some of their apostolic successors from the Margate Downs.

MR. PUNCH TO MISS GODDARD.

A Valentine.

My dear MISS GODDARD;
A creature foddered
On LISZTS and THALBERGS, extolled by ELLA,
Perceives creation
Of new sensation
When you strike ivory, ARABELLA.

Who said MISS GODDARD
Had been "soft sawdered?"
Credat Judæus, our friend APELLA.
Punch reads no praises
Which reach the basis
That he begins at, dear ARABELLA.

You've known, MISS GODDARD,
What 'tis to plod hard,
The bee must toil ere he hives the *mella*,
Now, music gushes
Or leaps, or rushes
To your white fingers, MISS ARABELLA.

The folks, MISS GODDARD,
Who yawn, or nod hard
At tricksters, whack with the umberella,
When for grand BEETHOVEN
The way is cloven
To English hearts, by my ARABELLA.

My dear MISS GODDARD
Punch "plies the rod hard
On brass Impostors" (*see* SWIFT to STELLA)
And for that reason,
Hath praise, in season,
For golden Artists, like ARABELLA.

February 14, 1858.

THE UNCIVIL SERVICE.

BLACK Crossing-Sweeper, that used to frighten the ladies in St. Paul's churchyard, has retired into private life, having accumulated with his broom (so it is said) a very tidy fortune.—The clerk at Somerset House, who kept the lady waiting an hour and a half, whilst he was endeavouring to understand an article in the *Morning Star* has been "strongly recommended never to attempt to do so again," under the pain of a strong headache and the penalty of an instant dismissal.—The rival grocers in Bishopsgate Street have made it up, and now abuse each other worse than ever.—The savage Valentines exceeded the complimentary ones that were sent out on the 14th instant by a proportion (it has been calculated) of at least 13 to 1.—The red-coated box-keeper at Drury Lane Theatre, who refused to officiate as a pew-opener at the Alhambra Palace on the Sundays, has been peremptorily dismissed from his situation.—A stage-door keeper was observed to smile one evening last month; but on what evening, or at what theatre, or during what month, or who caused the stage-door keeper thoroughly to forget himself, or what good-humoured circumstance induced the Cerberus to break through his customary rigidity of feature, are at present matters of the profoundest mystery.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S name was mentioned twice at a serious tea-party given in the most serious portion of Clapham Park, and DR. CUMMING, who was present, did not say a single word!

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH (*of an Absolute Monarch*). "*Les Absents ont toujours tort*,"—but more especially such absentees as Exiles and Refugees.

A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES.

WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILE. HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER.

OUR DOUBLE AT NOTTINGHAM.

WE have now before us a dramatic sketch, in blank verse for the most part, entitled "*The Siege of London! or Constantine's Dream*, by SHERIDAN WARDLEY, L.R.C.S." We have also before us a dramatic sketch entitled simply "*Constantine's Dream*," which appeared in *Punch*, November 24, 1855. The two compositions are identical, word for word. We are in a position to make an affidavit that the *Dream* which appeared in *Punch* was the original production of its writer. Two great minds have occasionally hit on the same fine idea. But this is the first instance that we know of in which two distinct minds have hit on precisely the same series of ideas, expressed in exactly the same words.

MR. SHERIDAN WARDLEY, L.R.C.S., — whatever that means — describes himself as Author of "*The Adventures of a Medical Student*." —"*A Voice from a Young Surgeon*."—"*Wardley on Infant Management*." *Poems*: "*Alexis! Poor Monk, Farewell*"—"*Hark! Is that the Abbey Bell*."—"*In Heaven, most holy men, we shall meet again*."—"*Oh! Italy, I long to breathe thy air*."—"*Slavery.—The Sisters of Charity*."—"*The Crisis*," &c., &c. We should like to know of how many of these works of science and genius produced by MR. WARDLEY, duplicates exist also composed originally by somebody else? Perhaps when that gentleman is inspired with a song, the ditty is generally rather to be called a ditto.

MR. WARDLEY's case of curious coincidence with *Punch* has been forwarded to us from Nottingham, of which town we are informed that he is an ornament. Nottingham may not long be able to boast of a townsman capable of writing articles precisely equal to papers in *Punch*. If he could write any, the equality of which consisted simply in their merit, and not likewise in the number and arrangement of their words and syllables, he might be wanted some day at 85, Fleet Street. Should he be in the habit of incautiously sporting other articles for which some other owner may be found, or should such articles be discovered in his possession, he may be wanted, one of these days, by a man of letters, who is lettered principally as to the collar. We have adopted the more charitable, if not the more obvious, of two suppositions, on either of which the exact resemblance of his lines to those of *Punch* can be accounted for. One is, that the same Muse inspired *Punch* and MR. WARDLEY with the same verses. The other is that MR. WARDLEY is an impudent impostor.

PATRONS OF LOW POT-HOUSES.

A PETITION was presented the other evening to the House of Commons by MR. BUTLER, from the inhabitants of Mile End and places adjacent, praying that no law may be passed which will remove from the Magistrates the discretionary power of granting or refusing licenses to sell spirits. There is no wonder that such a petition should come from such a neighbourhood. It would be hard lines for the slums if the power of licensing pot-houses and gin-shops were taken out of the hands of the unpaid Magistrates, and placed in those of public servants interested only in exercising it to the satisfaction of their employers, and not merely to that of big brewers, house-proprietors, and other private connections. How is it, since the very being of liquor-shops depends on the will of the justices, that there exists one single public house which is the notorious resort of thieves and ruffians?

DIGNIFIED POSITION.

PAM (WHO HAS JUST BEEN KNOCKED OVER BY THE FOREIGN GENT). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE! I DIDN'T HURT YOU, I TRUST!"

NAPOLEONIC LOGIC.

WHEREAS three Italians, on two different occasions, have attempted the life of the EMPEROR, therefore he revenges himself on the French and English—by crippling still more Draconically the few liberties left to the former, and by attempting to suppress the constitutional privileges that are dear to the latter. Now, it strikes us that, if any country was deserving of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S vengeance or interference, it should have been not England, nor France, who have had nothing to do with the dastardly act; but rather Italy, inasmuch as the blow came from the hands of the Italians. Why doesn't he attack the POPE? or go against BOMBA?—instead of besieging Leicester Square, and threatening the Quartier St. Antoine.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW AT SEA.

UNDER the title of "*Love in a Cottage*," one of the sages of the *Saturday Review* lately favoured the readers of that sixpenny periodical with his views on the subject of frugal marriage. That this philosopher evinces an entire ignorance of his subject, it would be too much to say, but he seems to be somewhat deficient in the apprehension of a rather important part of it. He shows very satisfactorily, that to marry on three hundred a-year would be grossly imprudent of anybody whose matrimonial requirements could only be met by three or four times that sum; a not very needful demonstration. Even the logic, however, of the Saturday Reviewer, is not exactly of that first water that might be expected to issue from a pump of such profound wisdom as that which is affected by our arrogant contemporary. In the following passage he makes a remarkable mistake:—

"The solid benefits of wealth may perhaps be reduced to three heads. You can buy health for your family, you can buy education for your children, and you can buy for yourself the power of pursuing a profession or occupation in life on independent terms. A man who possesses the power of purchasing these three things we should call a substantially rich man; and we should feel the gravest doubts as to the prudence of any marriage which obliged him to give them up."

If a man possesses the wherewithal to buy health for his family and education for his children, one would think that he must already have determined for himself the question of matrimony, and it is difficult to conceive how any marriage, except a second marriage, can oblige him to give those things up. Is the moral sage putting the case of a widower—or what?

It is certainly possible that, suppose the lady whom a man of moderate means has married to have been peculiarly unfortunate in her health,—

"Either he must have consented to see the health and strength of his wife and child permanently diminished, or he must have involved himself in a long series of expenses for wet-nurses, for sea-air, wine, carriage exercise, and a variety of other things, which would have laid upon him a load of debt to which the strength of his purse is very ill adapted."

How very true! But if ill-health requiring constant sea air and carriage exercise is the rule and not the exception with married ladies, those gentlemen who are happy husbands must be a happy few indeed. As if a sickly wife would not be a serious misfortune to a millionnaire.

But it is in treating of the basis of marriage, or what is, vulgarly, and by the snobbish and sentimental middle classes, regarded as such, that the Reviewer betrays his particular deficiency. Take a few of his remarks on the subject of love:—

"The notion that a man cannot help loving a woman, and that if he does he ought to marry her, is sedulously maintained by all sorts of writers. . . . A man need not fall in love unless he likes, and if he does he need not marry."

Marriage, of course, is optional, but falling in love is as involuntary as falling into a blunder. Certain it is that some men cannot fall in love, and perhaps it is the consciousness of this inability that has made the Reviewer suppose love, when possible, to be a matter of volition. In the estimation of this severe ascetic:—

"Domestic life is not the only, and it is surely very questionable whether it is the highest object of human aspiration."

Is it not—for the great majority of mankind? Celibacy, endured for high ends, is another affair. "Holy virginity," however, may be that higher state which the Reviewer contemplates; and the foregoing quotation is perhaps to be regarded as enveloping a specimen of those clerical views to the insinuation of which the *Saturday Review* devotes so many serious and solemn observations, and so much elaborate ribaldry. The sober disguise of Belgravian principles is even less transparent than the language of the sprightly scoffer, assumed to conciliate the sympathies of fast young men. It is a wonder that the above profession of faith was not followed by some tremendous sarcasm at the expense of the *Saturday Review's* theological adversaries, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Record*, and by rancorous vituperation of LORD PALMERSTON for having appointed Low Church Bishops.

Our frigid moralist advances the further opinion that—

"It is difficult to sympathize with a man who has lived to be twenty-six years old without losing his control over his passions, and who then asserts that he must either marry or be profligate."

The moralist means to say, that there is one particular temptation which he cannot sympathize with a man for succumbing to after having resisted it for some years. Very likely he cannot. Of course, also, he cannot understand that love, sustained by hope, may be an element in the resistance to that temptation.

One more specimen of our *Reviewer's* remarks, on a passion which he cannot have experienced:—

"There is a common notion that the question of marrying a particular woman ought to depend solely upon the presence or absence of the specific passion of love; but surely this is a great mistake."

The common notion merely is, that the specific passion of love should be a requisite condition to marriage with a particular woman. Denial of this is evidently implied in the last cited twaddle. Such might have been the language of ABELARD after he had been untaught to love HELOISE.

This article is of course distinguished by customary sneers at "novelists"—arising, probably, from envious inability to write a novel. It is also remarkable for that affectation of immense scholarship for which the *Saturday Review* has earned a character. In a subsequent number, our classical critic has a facetious article, headed, "*Bless ye, my Children!*"—a scrap of stage slang, which, like some of our contemporary's Latin, has been quoted rather often before. Having expressed, in his wonted manner, his sublime contempt for "professionally funny men," he proceeds to appropriate the character of JENKINS, in order to make fun, not, of course, professionally, of some fine writing in a fashionable newspaper, about the recent Royal Marriage. The funny amateur concludes his gratuitous light article with an allusion to our old friend, the "heavy stage-father," and a repetition of the article's humorous title, rendered the more humorous by the expedient of comic spelling—"B-bl-ess ye, my children!" Professional jesters may feel more honoured by the abuse of the *Saturday Review* than by its condescension to wear their old motley.

SAFE SWEARING.

WHY should the denial of the POPE'S power in these dominions by the Parliamentary Protestant oath stick in the gizzard of MR. ROEBUCK? The POPE *has* no power here. He cannot enforce a single order that anybody chooses to disobey. CARDINAL WISEMAN could renounce the errors of Popery to-morrow, and acknowledge the primacy of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, or he might be converted to the Presbyterian faith by the preaching of DR. CUMMING. He might accompany DR. CUMMING to Exeter Hall, and second a resolution moved by that reverend gentleman declaring Rome to be Babylon. He might change his *soirées* into tea-meetings, and lecture on Romish corruptions at his own house. He might present a petition to the House of Commons against Maynooth by the hands of MR. SPOONER. For all these offences the POPE could only excommunicate him; but woe would betide anybody who dared to injure a hair of the Cardinal's head. The faithful might cut him, deny him liquor, and refuse to give him a light for his cigar, if they thought proper, but could not be compelled so to act towards him if they thought otherwise. Though he were to preach against the supremacy of the Roman see in St. George's Cathedral, Bedlam, he could not be turned out of the pulpit of that church by anybody but those parties to whom the building legally belongs. The POPE has no power to cause any one person in England to lift up his little finger upon any other. He may possess influence; but that is another thing. BRIGHAM YOUNG may possess that. Power, he has none; Protestants may safely swear that he neither has nor ought to have any, and so long as the practice of swearing is maintained, may they never be deprived of the privilege and the pleasure of making so delightful an affidavit.

PUNCH'S POLICE REPORT.

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMON LODGING HOUSE ACT.

MR. JOHN BULL, keeper of a Common Lodging House, much frequented by foreigners, was charged with various offences under the Common Lodging House Act, and generally with keeping a disorderly house, and harbouring notoriously bad characters.

The principal witness against him was a Frenchman, formerly a lodger in the house, who gave his name CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON. The witness stated that MR. BULL, the landlord of the House, systematically violated the provisions of the Act, which required him to open the windows of his rooms for a certain number of hours daily, to turn down the bed-clothes, and generally to keep up a close surveillance over the inmates of his House, and ventilate everything in the apartments occupied by his lodgers. He further stated, that whereas the Act bound the landlord to give notice to the Police of all dangerous cases of contagious or epidemic disorder, and of all attacks arising from such disorders, that might occur on the premises, with a view at once to the removal to safe custody of those in whom they might break out, and the preservation of those they might attack, MR. BULL had been in the habit of allowing such cases to get to a height without informing the Police, and of permitting his lodgers to associate indiscriminately with persons suffering from the most dangerous and contagious disorders, particularly what was called in France "*La Fièvre Rouge.*"

The Magistrate wished to know if this was the same as scarlet fever, and begged the witness to be a little more precise in his statements, and to express himself in English, as he seemed to know the language well.

The witness said he did, having long resided in England, in MR. BULL'S house. He had been a special constable here in 1848, shortly after which he left England, seeing an opening for an active young man in France, where he had since held various responsible situations, and was now earning very high wages. *La Fièvre Rouge* was an epidemic which had made great ravages in France, and was much worse than the worst kind of scarlet fever known in England. It was a highly inflammatory disease of the most contagious character, and attended with delirium.

The Magistrate inquired what part of the body it attacked?

The witness said it generally attacked the upper extremities, beginning at the crown.

The Magistrate inquired if the witness was a medical practitioner?

The witness said he had practised in France for the last nine years, five of them on his own account, and had particularly devoted himself to the treatment of this very disorder. He believed his treatment was considered highly successful. It consisted in letting blood freely, followed by lowering and suppressive treatment, and the strictest separation and close confinement of the sufferers. Change of air, too, he had found useful, particularly removal to hot climates like Algeria. He considered Cayenne almost a specific, and had administered it in large doses, especially during the very severe outbreak of the disorder in 1852. All movement was dangerous, and all mental exertion. He considered the worst cases were those which had originated among MR. BULL'S lodgers, who often brought the disease into France. Considered MR. BULL guilty under the Act, for not bringing these cases to the knowledge of the Police.

The witness was closely cross-examined by the defendant.

Admitted he had several times been a lodger in the defendant's house; declined to state what his means of subsistence were while in this country. Might have been charged with attempts at burglary at Boulogne and Strasbourg. Would not say he had not been tried for a murder arising out of the former charge. Would not swear he had not been imprisoned on that charge. Might have expressed strong opinions to MR. BULL on the subject of this Act during the time he lodged with him. Would not say he had not told him the Police had no business on his premises. The windows of his room were generally kept shut. Never complained then. Was not in good circumstances at that time. Might have borrowed money of MR. BULL. Would not swear he had not left in his debt. Might have had *La Fièvre Rouge* himself; had associated freely with persons suffering from it. Might have told MR. BULL it was not dangerous, knew better now. Did not see what that had to do with the present charge. Declined to state whether he had made any communication to the Police. Had friends in the Police now, and considered it an honour. Thought MR. BULL'S house ought to be shut up, and his licence as a Common Lodging House Keeper taken away for the safety of society at large. Was very much interested for society at large. Considered he had saved society at large. Was not aware if that opinion was general, but a day seldom passed without his being told so by persons in the highest positions in France.

MR. BULL called several witnesses to speak to the character of his house, including an old Austrian of the name of METTERNICH, (whose cautious and roundabout way of giving his evidence, much amused the Court), several members of a family of the name of BOURBON, whose father had lodged with MR. BULL under the name of SMITH, and a host of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Frenchmen, who proved that MR. BULL complied strictly with the terms of the Act, and that they had no complaint to make of the house. Several members of the Police Force also gave evidence. It appeared on cross-examination that the informer had for several years past been in the habit of making complaint against MR. BULL'S house, and had endeavoured to induce the Police to enter the premises in disguise. He had had the Act explained to him, and had always been told that any charge of violation of any of its provisions, would be strictly looked into. There might be a grudge on the informer's part against MR. BULL.

The Magistrate, after careful consideration of the Act, said it did not appear to him that the charges were made out. There was no proof that the defendant knew of the existence of the alleged cases of the very serious disorder deposed to by the principal witness. MR. BULL was not bound to inform the Police of suspected cases. He had no power to detain his lodgers, or to prevent their leaving his house. All powers of an inquisitorial character required to be exercised cautiously in this country. He thought it ill became the witness who, by his own account, seemed to be under considerable obligations to MR. BULL, to bring such a charge as the present on such loose and unreliable foundation. MR. BULL would leave this Court without any stain on his character. The Magistrate saw no grounds whatever for taking away the licence of the house. On the contrary, it seemed to him to be very well conducted, and it was a great blessing to many distressed foreigners that they had such a place to resort to.

The decision of the worthy Magistrate was loudly cheered, and MR. BULL, on leaving the Court was warmly greeted by his numerous lodgers. The witness, NAPOLEON, was allowed to leave the Court by the private entrance in a cab, as there seemed a considerable disposition among the crowd assembled in the neighbourhood to handle him roughly.

CANZONET FOR THE CITY.

THE Ocean now runs mountains high;
Now sinks, a level plain:
The Money Market is, though dry,
Just like the watery main.

It fluctuates to the same extent;
In proof whereof we see
That interest has, from ten per cent.
Now tumbled down to three.

The Teutonic Fal-lal Association.

THE Old Court of France had its St. Germains. So has England at the present day, says PHIPPS. When alluding, in one of his moments of wild humour, to the growing influence of the "Teutonic mind" at Court, he will playfully, if the K. C. B. thinks there is no chance of being overheard, speak of Buckingham Palace as "our ST. GERMANS." It is lucky for PHIPPS, that this never reached the ear of the Prince before the Privy Purse got his order.

THE MARRIAGE AND THE MUSIC-SHOPS.

BITING of a late Auspicious Event, one of the reporting chroniclers observed, with a profundity of language suited to the purpose:—

"Viewed but in this light, and with all its halo of associations round it, the scene was indeed a most imposing and inspiring one."

Whatever we may think of the former of these adjectives, there can be no question of the fitness of the latter. Of the inspiration springing from the recent Royal nuptials, we have at our elbow quite a waggonload of proofs. The Laureat, it is true, was not inspired by the occasion; although it was reported of him, weeks before the wedding, that he was "known to be engaged upon an Epithalamium," of which indeed, nine-tenths of all the "London correspondents" had, with their usual modest truthfulness, assured their country readers that, in virtue of their intimate acquaintance with the bard, they had been favoured with a sight of part of the MS. In the teeth of this veracious evidence, however, we have to set the fact that no such Nuptial Ode has as yet been advertised; and so far as we have heard, the inspiration of the Laureat has been confined to putting two new stanzas to a tune which foreign artists try to give an air of newness to, by singing it in such a way that English ears can scarcely recognise it.

The brains, too, of our talented composers of dance-music appear to have still more been inspired by the state nuptials. In fact, to any hard-worked critic, their feats of prolificity are really quite appalling. At quite a moderate computation, the Wedding Waltzes only which have recently been published would be of bulk enough to freight the monster ship, *Leviathan:* and the number of Quadrilles and Polkas and Schottisches, which have been dedicated lately (with or without permission) to the Royal happy couple, would be more than what a calculating duplex boy could count up in a month, though he worked twelve hours a day at it, and never stopped on Sundays.

Of the Bridal Songs and Ball Music for which we have to thank our dear little Princess, the following may therefore be accepted as fair samples:—

BRIDAL BELLES. Valse. Composed by LOTZ MORÉ. Illustrated with the Portraits of the Princess and her Bridesmaids. Published, price 5*s.*, by FOOZLER AND DIDDLEM.

"We need make no critical remark upon this exquisitely got up Valse. Millions will buy it merely for the frontispiece; with the publishers' accustomed liberality, the music will in fact be given in gratis."

GOOD BYE, PRINCESS, GOOD BYE. Original Ballad. Words by PLAGIARY CRIBBE, ESQ. Music (*sans* permission) from the British Museum. STEEL AND SONS, Publishers, Cheek Street.

"Even if it had no other charm to recommend it, the success of this new Song would be ensured by its possession of the 'charm of novelty;' for which indeed the names of both the writer and the publishers are, it will be seen, a most sufficing guarantee."

ROYAL GALOP. THE BRIDAL BREAKFAST GALOP. Composed by FRANZ GÖIT, Hereditary Capelmeister to his Serenity, the DUKE OF CATZINPATTENZ-CLATTERSTATZ. Dedicated, by express permission, to his Highness the PRINCE CONSORT, and all the Royal Galopers. London: FUSTIWIG AND FRIIZ, Slummy Street, Soho.

"A regular rattling rollicking Galop; directed to be played in extra double quick time, to represent the haste with which a wedding breakfast is so often hurried over. A clattering accompaniment as of knives and forks and plates is kept up all throughout; at every tenth bar or so are taps upon the treble, and bangs upon the bass, to show the popping of champagne corks and the firing of salutes."

THE TEAR WAS IN HER EYE. Bridal Song. Founded on an incident at the Royal Wedding. Dedicated to Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, as a graceful tribute of a grateful Nation's love. Poetry and Music by CHARLES SNOBLEY, ESQ. Sold, price twopence halfpenny, (being Part 3 of the *Snobley Sentimental Songster*), by FIDDLE, FADDLE, AND CO., and at all cheap music shops.

"This truly touching and impressive Ballad will immeasurably enhance Mr. Snobley's reputation as a writer of pathetic poetry and music. In the shedding of the Tear which was visible to no less than eleven press reporters in the act of falling from the Royal Eye, he has found a fitting subject for his music and his muse; and the nation ought to thank him for his beautiful expression of their gratitude and feeling on so moving an event."

SOUVENIRS DE L'ADIEU. Rondo Brillant pour Piano. Par JANSEN SCHPLITTERSCKULL. Dédié à la Princesse Royale et son Noble Epoux. SHARP AND FLAT, Publishers, Greek Street. [N.B. Pianos Tuned.]

"One of the loudest and most piercing of the writer's choice *morceaux*. The railway journey to Gravesend forms a most inspiring *thema* for the bass, on which a rapid fugue with a rattling bit of counterpoint is ceaselessly sustained. The starting of the Squadron is handled with great skill (in which, by the way, there is departure from reality), and some softly falling cadences, descriptive of a snowstorm, are introduced with an effect which a Handel might have sighed for."

STILL SO GENTLY O'ER THE WATERS. Part Song, descriptive of the parting of the Princess Royal. By STEPHEN STUFFLEG. Author of the following:—1. "Yes, She is the Pride of us all!"—National Song. 2. "When the Fair Rose of England was torn from the Root."—Ballad. 3. "Hail to the Prince who in Triumph now Dances!"—Nuptial Song with Chorus; and of many other new and original pieces. TWADDLE AND STUFFER, Publishers. [N.B. A large discount allowed on taking a quantity.]

"The words of these new Songs speak for themselves. They will doubtless soon be in everybody's hands; and we may add, in everybody's eyes, and ears, and mouth. In short, no street-band or barrel-organ will be deemed complete without them. The delicious couplet:—

'Still so gently o'er the waters,
Glides the First of England's Daughters'—

is set to a delightful *rippling* accompaniment; and a few sparkling chords introduced in the treble are successful in producing quite a moonlight effect."

AND NOW 'TIS O'ER, AH, ALL SERENELY!—Farewell Bridal Song. Composed in honour of the Anglo-Prussian Alliance. The poetry by SMITH. The music by BROWN. With a coloured frontispiece by JONES. Published, price 5*s.* by ROBINSON AND TOMKINS.

"This joint work of genius, like good wine, needs no bush. To those who are acquainted with the name of Smith (and who of us is not?) it is enough to say the words have proceeded from his pen, and the air which Brown has set to them is one of the most happy of his happiest conceptions. The genius of Jones is apparent in each tint of the coloured illustration, and the manner in which the Great Work has been produced, adds lustre to the fame of even Robinson and Tomkins."

A WORD WITH THE FINSBURY PET.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE,
The Member for Bunkum,
Says, LOUIS NAPOLEON went to Boulogne
With no arms but a brace
Of pistols, in case,
Feux de joie might be asked, on his rise to the throne.

Now MR. TOM DUNCOMBE,
As Member for Bunkum,
And Finsbury fav'rite ought surely to know,
That NAPOLEON'S arm
Was one less apt to harm—
None other in fact, than the ancient long bow.

That weapon TOM DUNCOMBE,
As Member for Bunkum,
Ought to hold in respect; it saves more than it kills;
'Tis an arm, too, that from
Your experience, dear TOM,
You should know; for with "bows" we associate "bills."

A KNOWING DODGE.

SEVERAL philosophical postmen postpone, at such houses as are inhabited by a majority of unmarried ladies, asking for their Christmas Box until the morning of St. Valentine's Day. The result of the experiment has proved, that those who pay their annual imposition, command a much earlier delivery of their letters on that sacred day. Several old maids, who refused to contribute anything to the custom, never received their Valentines until three or four days after the poetical date. The contents of their anonymous communications were generally of such a satirical nature as forbade the poor victims from applying for redress to the POSTMASTER GENERAL.

What's Watt in 1858?

IT is a pity that poor WATT, the Engineer of the *Cagliari*, who seems to have been driven to madness by the tortures of his Neapolitan gaolers, could not have supported himself by LORD PALMERSTON'S celebrated "*Civis Romanus sum.*" Perhaps his conviction of the fact may be rather shaken by this time, or perhaps his crazy brain misreads it into "*Civis Neapolitanus sum.*" One thing seems clear. He is not a British Citizen, or he would never have been so treated, without the British Government knowing the reason why.

NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.

T THE play-ground of Europe, more rivals than brothers,
Two players have still led the game, high or low;
JOHN BULL is the name of the one, and the other's
We may give, as our tars give it, JOHNNY CRAPAUD.

It has still been our boast, unless History garbles
The facts till poor Truth's black and white is done brown,
That there never was time when JOHN BULL dropped his marbles,
Because JOHNNY CRAPAUD chose to cry "knuckle down."

But from recent events an impression one gathers,
That this law of the Game must have met with mischance,
And "St. George for old England"—war-cry of our fathers—
Seems changed to the peace-cry—"St. Stephens for France!"

Hark! the dry bones of CHATHAM in Westminster stirring,
And PITT'S stately skeleton rattling in pain;
NELSON'S ghost, in WREN'S crypt, all impatient conferring,
With the spirit of WELLINGTON, vital again!

Be still, angry shadows! Why strive to unchain us,
To lift our humiliate souls from the ground?
Know you not that each Englishman's "*Civis Romanus*,"
And "*Civis Britannicus*" is but a sound?

FRENCH SUPERFLUITIES AND FRENCH NECESSARIES.

THE Parisian Correspondent of the *Globe* informs us, that the utter want of water at Chambery having brought all the paper mills in the neighbourhood to a dead stop, the printing of the journals there has had to be suspended for a supply of paper from France. France may very well spare Piedmont all her blank broad-sheets. She *can* have no use for them under LOUIS NAPOLEON. The *Globe's* Correspondent, however, is wrong in stating that Chambery looks to France for foolscap. For that article there is an immense demand in France at this moment, where the head-dress in question has gradually superseded the "*Bonnet Phrygien*."

The Empire as One Man.

"PARIS is France."
But LOUIS NAPOLEON is Paris.
Consequently, LOUIS NAPOLEON is France.

Resumé. There is but one man in France; and LOUIS NAPOLEON is his name!

A Fast Discovery.

THE first *Jour Maigre* must have been *Robinson Crusoe's* man *Friday*; firstly, because he was exceedingly thin, if you recollect, when *Robinson Crusoe* first discovered him; and, secondly, because Friday, you know, is always observed amongst good Catholics, as a *Jour Maigre*.—Q. E. D.

A PRIESTLY POKE AT THE CROWN.

THERE is an art, or a faculty, peculiarly clerical, confined almost to the cloth, although there are no doubt plenty of reverend gentlemen who are as incapable of it as any other gentlemen. It is that of grinning in spirit behind a grave face. An example of this performance would probably have been afforded to the QUEEN, if, in Convocation, CANON WORDSWORTH had succeeded in carrying his motion for a certain addition to the address on the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL, which the House of Parsons voted to HER MAJESTY. Having premised, that "there had been since the last session a violent infraction of the most solemn rights and privileges of the church"—he meant the Divorce Bill, though he did not say so—CANON WORDSWORTH is reported to have proposed that the reverend House should improve their loyal manifesto by adding thereto the words following:—

"We thankfully believe that this Illustrious Alliance has brought in a solemn manner before the mind of the nation the sanctity and blessedness of Christian marriage, and we humbly hope it will have the beneficial effect of strengthening the endeavours of those who earnestly desire and labour that the laws of this realm on Holy Matrimony may be in harmony with those of the Christian Church."

How strong must be the command of countenance possessed by any man who could read the above words to his Sovereign without making involuntary faces! What astounding impudence that fellow must have who could gravely and coolly assure the QUEEN of his belief that the Royal nuptials had made any the slightest difference in the views previously entertained on the subject of Christian marriage by the British Public. How insolent as well as impudent a knave, too, must he be who could dare to insult HER MAJESTY with a sanctimonious innuendo, accusing her of having assented to a law at variance with Christianity! Was not MR. WORDSWORTH aware that the hypocritical whine, with which he wished to approach the Royal footstool, should, if uttered at all, have been addressed to PALMERSTON?

One almost wishes that WORDSWORTH'S proposition had been adopted, and that he had been deputed to deliver the address with his own improvement of it. It would have been interesting to ascertain whether he had sufficient control over the muscles of expression to preserve a smooth face, and keep his tongue out of his cheek; and whether VICTORIA was able to help doing what ELIZABETH would certainly have done in such a case. The latter Sovereign would have boxed his ears; the former perhaps would have simply ordered him to hold his tongue, and her Royal Consort would have desired PHIPPS to turn him out.

It is needless to say that CANON WORDSWORTH'S motion for offering a ridiculous impertinence to the QUEEN was seconded by that quiet unobtrusive minister, ARCHDEACON DENISON. That modest retiring divine has just got out of hot water; but doubtless will soon find himself again in his element.

It Runs in the Family.

A PAMPHLET, we are told, is about to be published, proving the descent of LOUIS NAPOLEON from the Man in the Iron Mask. It would seem that that celebrated vizor is still in the family, and that the descendant wears from choice what his ancestor wore on compulsion.

THE GUARD DIES.

JUDGING by the report of the Commissioners for inquiry into the Sanitary State of the Army, our Guard might safely appropriate the first half of the assertion made of the Imperial Guard by CAMBRONNE, at Waterloo, "*La Garde meurt*."

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, the excellent and exemplary new Judge in Divorce, and ULICK JOHN, the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, were both sworn into the Privy Council together, on the third instant. *Mr. Punch* has made constant inquiries at SIR C. CRESSWELL'S, and is happy to report that he is quite as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

OUT of consideration for the nature of the functions the new Marshal General will have to fulfil in France, it has been suggested he ought to change his name from "*Pelissier*" to "*Policier*."

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.—The love that every one has for his own joke.

Bankruptcy Superseded.

(*From the Gazette, Friday, February* 12.)

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to ordain that for the future the EAST INDIA COMPANY shall be known by the name and title of the CEASED INDIA COMPANY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown. "SO, YOU 'RE GOING TO MARRY OLD MRS. YELLOWBOYCE. WELL, I THINK YOU 'RE A DOOGED LUCKY FELLAH!"

Jones. "BY JOVE, I DON'T THINK THE LUCK IS ALL ON MY SIDE! IF SHE FINDS MONEY, HANG IT, I FIND BLOOD AND—HAW—BEAUTY!"

TOUGH BOILED BEEF; OR, THE FAMISHED SOLDIER.

A Domestic Romance.

A SOLDIER came to my area gate,
Whom my wife would have sent away,
For our larder had suffered much of late;
But I said, Let the Warrior stay.
Let him go to his Cook for something to eat,
For his hunger craves relief;
He 'll enjoy a bit of good cold meat,
After living on tough boiled beef.

Beyond all trades, to the trade of war,
Do victims the fastest fall;
But consumption thins the ranks by far
More quickly than steel or ball.
They give them worse than paupers' food,
Much worse than they give a thief;
How the deuce are our foes to be subdued
On a diet of tough boiled beef?

How the fuel can keep pluck's fire alight
Is what doth exceed my ken.
I wonder how our regiments fight
On such a regimen.
'Twere no marvel at all if the bravest host
Should in action come to grief,
Being victualled, not on the best of roast,
But the worst of tough boiled beef.

Let my kitchen's plenty, then, repair
The soldier's wasted frame,
Supplying his country's lack of care
For the sustenance of the same.
Let the sausage, too, hiss in the frying-pan,
With all my heart, right lief.
I will not grudge it that valiant man,
Who is sick of the tough boiled beef.

Hungry soldier, thou'rt welcome here,
Thou shalt have a good blow-out,
Go some of ye, fetch him a pot of beer,
Ale, or half-and-half, or stout.
There 's a cold leg of mutton, I think, below;
Wrap it up in a handkerchief;
Thou may 'st bear it away—for 'twill be, I trow,
A change from thy tough boiled beef.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE DEMI-LUNE.

(*From the West of London Penny Patriot.*)

AMONG the grander of the recent metropolitan improvements, and one which in its degree the topographer will be inclined to rank with the laying out of Battersea and Victoria Parks, and the establishment of the Crystal Palace, is the newly completed enclosure at Knightsbridge. To this we abstain from giving the name of park or plantation, because as yet neither turf nor tree has been placed there, but its capabilities are of a character which may entitle it hereafter to either of those names, or both. The area in question is on the road to the theatrical but Puseyistic suburb of Brompton, and bursts upon the eye at the moment that the traveller from London, passing the aggregation of wheeled conveyances at Knightsbridge, strikes to the left, and looks to the right. For some years this has been a picturesquely wild district, in which by day the youthful gambler hurled the copper disc or rolled the ceramic sphere, while by night the feline custodians of the adjacent dwellings neglected their duties to hunt there for the abandoned fragment, or to indulge in the inharmonious serenade. All this is now a thing of the past. The labours of an intelligent workman, aided by the volunteer suggestions of the youth of the district, have railed off the principal portion of the area into a Demi-lune or half-moon, of the most regular and exact nature. The first rail was raised in the course of the winter, but those who had charge of that task acted upon the principle, adopted by SIR CHARLES BARRY in the Victoria Tower, of allowing the work to settle gradually, instead of proceeding with it too hastily, and as there were several yards of railing to erect, the delay has been commensurate.

We are now enabled to announce to the public that the Knightsbridge Demi-lune is complete. It is confronted on its straight side by several of the elegant shops of the vicinity, from the repertory of MR. RADFORD, the distinguished tobacconist, to the emporium of MR. RAYMENT, the eminent corn-dealer. Around its bow are various objects of much interest, among them being the veterinary establishment of MR. ROGERS, and its adjacent mansion (erected that it might command the Surrey Hills, a view which it does not at present enjoy), the National Schools, where the infant mind of Brompton is trained, let us hope, to a firmness which will enable it to defy both theatrical and Puseyite temptations, the hundred revolving chimney cowls of MR. DUBOSQ, the stern architecture of King's Row, (1785), and MR. PATMAN'S very Easy Shaving House which brings us round again to the road. Nor has the interior of the Demi-lune been neglected. The rake has rendered its surface level and clear from all inappropriate matter, and an elegantly painted board, erected in the centre, exhibits a menace of necessary severity against any person who shall illegally invade the guarded precinct.

It now becomes a question to what purpose the arena shall be devoted, and we miscalculate the spirit of Brompton if so admirable a site will be dealt with in a hasty or niggardly manner. It is well known that Brompton has been the residence of many distinguished characters, as CURRAN, the Irish patriot, COUNT RUMFORD, the hero of a hundred stoves, INCLEDON, the vocalist, COLMAN, the dramatist, JOHN REEVE, the actor, and others, and we should suggest that a series of statues of such individuals would evince the taste and energy of Bromptonia. We believe, however, that the authorities are about to invite competitive plans for laying out the Demi-lune, and that in the meantime all preliminary information may be obtained from the courteous and intelligent population of the vicinity. We may add that HER MAJESTY was pleased to pass the Demi-lune early on Monday week, in her way to the Brompton Boilers, and we gravely mistake if the QUEEN'S sentiments in regard to the locality and its appropriation are not precisely those which might be expected from our enlightened and excellent Sovereign.

PATHETIC RESIGNATION.—"We must all have our *Trials* in this World!"—*Sanctimonious Director of the British Bubble Bank.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

"He gazed upon him—and went surly by."

FEBRUARY 15*th*, *Monday*. The Growl of the Earthquake began to be heard, and there were grim signs and ghastly tokens in the political sky. The British Lion, in so far as that noble beast is represented by LORD PALMERSTON, was beheld strangely adorned with a Feather of extreme Whiteness. He was evidently awed by the influence of the coming catastrophe. MR. GRIFFITHS, jealous of English honour, addressed to him an intimation that he should demand the publication in the *Moniteur* of the EMPEROR'S apology. But like the lion in *Julius Cæsar*—

The India Bill was further discussed by the vindictive ROEBUCK, the violent WHITESIDE, the voluble LOWE, the vain LIDDELL, the vehement WALSH, the vigilant SLANEY, the versatile RAWLINSON, and various others, and a motion for adjournment was carried by 280 to 32.

There was nothing remarkable in the Lords, except that LORD ELLENBOROUGH, who never approves of anything, complained of certain wholesale executions of Sepoys, on the ground that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON had fancied that Orientals did not mind being hanged, and ELLENBOROUGH therefore wished orders to be sent out to flog them instead. And it may be mentioned that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE made a chivalrous but blundering sort of endeavour to set GENERAL WINDHAM right with the public, and next night had to come again and explain his explanation. The English of it all seems to be, that SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, who was at first naturally and hugely incensed with WINDHAM for his clumsiness at Cawnpore, good-naturedly determined to let down easily a brave but incapable man.

Tuesday. The Bill for preventing a dull parson from protecting his spiritual manor from preaching poachers went through Committee in the Lords. DR. OLLIVANT, Bishop of Llandaff, laudably endeavoured to improve the measure by extending its operation to mining and manufacturing districts, even though the population there might not amount to the 5000 required before the Act could come into play. DR. WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Oxford, on the other hand, sought to limit the effect of the Bill by doubling the number in want of religious assistance. SAMUEL, however, was floored, and the other bishop's proposition reserved for subsequent consideration.

Another Growl of the Earthquake. In the Commons MR. MILNER GIBSON gave notice of his intention to move, on the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill, or Alien Bill, a resolution "regretting" the conduct of LORD PALMERSTON in not answering COUNT WALEWSKI'S act of accusation against England. The gage of battle was therefore flung down, and MR. HAYTER immediately rushed to the nearest saddler's, and had a new lash put on his respected whip.

But the Lion continued blind to his peril, and to-night, answering MR. GRIFFITH, talked plaintively of the necessity of keeping on good terms with France, and utterly declined to demand of the French Government the publication of the EMPEROR'S apology to us. As there is no fear of such a thing slipping into the *Moniteur* "by accident," as the addresses of the cock-a-doodle-doo colonels so miraculously did, no Frenchman is aware that his master has eaten even that very small slice of the pie of humility.

MR. BOUVERIE intimated that Government had not the least idea of trying to improve the law of poor-rates. One may at least wish that the officials at workhouses could be instructed to abstain from their volunteer efforts in administering the "system" by Rating, and rating soundly, as they do, every poor person who asks for relief. It is quite right to discourage mendicancy, and indiscriminate almsgiving, but it is particularly disagreeable, when one withholds money from a supplicant, and advises application at the workhouse, to be told that one is only sending the needy party to be abused by a *Dogberry*.

In answer to MR. MONKTON MILNES (who deserves *Mr. Punch's* good word—and is hereby requested to accept it—for his persevering humanity in reference to this subject) the Lion gave the highly satisfactory information that KING-BOMBA and his brutal myrmidons, having driven engineer WATTS, the *Civis Romanus* of the *Cagliari*, into insanity by their cruelty, have handed over the man to the English hospital at Naples. MR. MILNES is not the sort of person whom LORD PALMERSTON would venture to insult by calling his inquiry "absurd," as his Lordship termed that of MR. GRIFFITH, but he expressed neither indignation nor regret that an innocent Englishman had been tortured into madness by Neapolitan ruffians.

MR. GROGAN made a long complaint that the Dublin police were too numerous, too expensive, too active, and too Popish, and demanded an investigation, which, on MR. HENRY HERBERT'S explanation that the charges were chiefly Bosh, and that the subject was in Government hands for investigation, was refused by 200 to 105.

A sort of interlocutory Indian debate then came on, MR. BAILLIE declining to go into the Indian Bill until he had discussed the causes of the revolt. He found these in our Annexation of Oude. VERNON SMITH defended the act, as did LORD JOHN RUSSELL, while LORD JOHN MANNERS assailed it. We regret to state that MR. MANGLES, though he knew that his last hours of chairmanly life were fast waning, remained impenitent, and justified the deeds for which he was to suffer.

We deplore to have to interpolate an incident not to be lightly treated. After some further debate, poor old GENERAL THOMPSON showed that at seventy-five the veteran does not preserve the clear judgment which he manifested at fifty, for he condemned the execution of the miscreants of Delhi, and declared his disbelief that the Sepoys had done "anything worse" than murder our countrywomen. MR. PALK expressed manly and English indignation at GENERAL THOMPSON'S remarks, and the House felt with MR. PALK. Has THOMPSON forgotten the terrible words written on the door of the chamber of massacre by the maddened woman who had seen the most hideous outrages perpetrated on women and children, and who, before her own agonies were ended by her being butchered, scrawled her appeal to GOD and man for vengeance?

The night was chiefly occupied by the Indian disquisition, but the recent disclosures regarding the mortality among the Guards came on for discussion, and it seems that the authorities have been shamed into dealing with the system. This is most creditable to them, considering that nothing of more consequence is involved than the lives of private soldiers. We really think, however, that though it is, no doubt, desirable that any reasonable complaint by members of the lower orders should be attended to, in proper time and place, Quixotism is to be deprecated, and that before the authorities busy themselves with the alleged poisoning and slaying of these soldiers, it should be seen that their officers have no cause of complaint. We have heard it whispered that, quite recently, an officer of good family, and bearing a title, was unable to procure even a bottle of *millefleurs*, and had to pass two whole days upon lavender water, and we know an instance in which the Guards' mess was left, until the *entrées* came in, with an insufficient supply of table napkins. We feel, and we know that the authorities at the Horse Guards will agree with us, that until such grievances as these are redressed (be the fault where it may) it is playing with the Service to be poking after the cases of the common soldiery.

Wednesday. A third Growl of the Earthquake. The Dictator's Government got a whacking. SIR JOHN TRELAWNY moved the second reading of a Bill for Abolishing Church Rates, and SIR GEORGE GREY proposed an elaborated compromise, for relieving Dissenters with consciences, and providing divers ways for raising money to uphold our churches. On division the second reading was carried by 213 to 160.

Thursday. *Macduff*, Thane of Fife, having been created BARON SKENE, in reward for his eminent services in slaying *Macbeth* in a personal encounter, and carrying away his head on the point of his umbrella, took the oaths and his seat to-night. Unaware who his Lordship's tailor may be, we cast no slur upon that respectable tradesman by expressing a hope that *Macduff's* own fear may not be realised,—

"And his old robes sit easier than his new."

LORD PANMURE stated that recruiting was going on capitally, that 8500 heroes had been enlisted since New Year's Day; but that more will be wanted, as he meant to send 1500 men per month to India. He required only 10,000 militia men (and *Punch*) to protect the country.

LORD BROUGHAM introduced his Bankruptcy Bill, which proposes to give the County Court Judges jurisdiction in bankruptcy in certain localities. If the complaints that are incessantly reaching *Mr. Punch* be well founded, his Lordship had better insert a clause making it incumbent on these judges sometimes to listen to a defendant before making an order against him, and forbidding them to insult and turn him out of court for any less offence than his looking dissatisfied with the sentence.

The Grand Indian debate was resumed in the Commons. COLONEL SYKES, opposing the Bill, called MR. FOX'S a gentle measure by comparison. *Mr. Punch*, who was in the House when that measure was brought in, was certainly a little drunk, as were most of the other members, in accordance with the custom of the period, November, 1783; but he fancies he heard CHARLEY FOX say that there was to be a Council of seven, to govern India, and that, after the first appointment, which was to be by Parliament, the Crown was to appoint, as now proposed. But he did not stop, having to go to Covent Garden Theatre to see that old reprobate Parson BATE'S adaptation from MASSINGER, the *Magic Picture*, and afterwards to sup at the

Bedford. SYKES may be right. SIR CHARLES WOOD defended the Bill; and again *Mr. Punch's* memory reminds him of a Parliamentary misery, he having, on the 3rd June, 1853, heard this very WOOD make three hours of apology for the Company, before coming to the provisions of LORD ABERDEEN'S India Bill. He was almost as dreary to-night. SIR BULWER LYTTON opposed the Bill, with so much vehemence that LORD PALMERSTON paid him a compliment on his "physical exertions, of which an exhibition had been made which could not be surpassed." LORD JOHN felt the necessity of legislation, and MR. DISRAELI felt the necessity of delivering a long speech. He dwelt upon the Great Expense which would be caused by our governing India, instead of leaving it to be mismanaged by the Company. LORD PALMERSTON utterly denied that we should suffer in the way suggested, and having demolished MR. DISRAELI with much vigour, the *coup de grace* was given to John Company. He was, like LORD RICHARD in the ballad,—

"Struck down in fray 'twixt the night and day."

for the Commons separated about one, having previously given Government leave to bring in the Bill by 318 to 173, majority for the sentence of death, 145.

Coming away from the House, *Mr. Punch* playfully put his arm through his friend DIZZY'S, and, pointing to the foot of the clock-tower, where the demolition of the cracked bell had that day taken place, *Mr. P.* said sweetly:—

"To-day two BENJAMINS, though callous,
In vain the blow of fate defied:
Big BEN 's been smashed outside the Palace,
And Little BEN 's been smashed inside."

Whereat MR. DISRAELI was so pleased that he gave *Mr. Punch* a lovely cigar.

Friday. The Lords read the HAVELOCK Bill a second time, LORD PANMURE very justly admitting that such a tribute was in no way equal to the merits of him whom it was proposed to honour. LORD PANMURE would seem to have adopted the habit of thought of certain people who imagine it to be some kind of excuse for a blunder to say, "Well, do you know, I thought it was wrong all the time."

MR. ROEBUCK gave notice of one of those attacks in which he excels, from long practice. He intimated that he meant to charge MR. ISAAC BUTT with breach of privilege. He did not explain its nature, but *Mr. Punch* knew perfectly well what was meant, and moreover regarded the onslaught as a curious one to be made by a gentleman who was for years the hired agent of the Lower Canadians.

And then came the Earthquake. The Lion rose, and moved the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill. MR. GIBSON moved his amendment.

Him answered BAINES,—The Bill itself was right
Therefore be heedless of those Colonels' spite.
"Yes," said grave WALPOLE, "of that mind am I;
But first WALEWSKI must have fit reply."
"We've told the French Ambassador," said GREY,
"We'll never take asylum-right away."
The Irish MC, whose MAHON'S sounded Marn,
Opposed the Bill in an elaborate yarn;
And the young hope of Whigdom, GEORGEY BYNG,
Thought it a mischievous and needless thing.
SPOONER supported it, as did H. VANE;
And BENTINCK cut his Tory friends again.
SIR ROBERT PEEL abused the Bill as sham,
And pitched into his former patron, PAM.
HENLEY agreed with WALPOLE, and MONCRIEFF,
Lord Advocate, did justice to his brief.
The gentle GLADSTONE strong objections saw:
We should uphold our good old English law.
BETHELL thought all was settled by one fact,
That *he* advised the passing of the Act.
Then on our DIZZY'S lips the audience hung
While bitter scoffs came sourer from his tongue.
Once more the Lion rose in ancient pride,
And roared his last—there came the cry, "Divide."
And BRIGHT and GIBSON, as the Tellers seen,
Announced that PAM was beaten by Nineteen.
(To future ages let the sum survive
The numbers Two-Three-Four to Two-One-Five.)
Mid shouts *Punch* thus translates for EMPEROR LOO,
"Old England to herself remains, Sire, true."

JUSTICE TO PHIPPS.

ITTY people ridicule the services of gallant COLONEL PHIPPS in a manner that, to say the least, is highly reprehensible. They ask, what has he done that he should have the title which has lately been conceded him? In what despatches are recorded the "distinguished services" for which he is gazetted equal to a HAVELOCK, and put side by side in honour with an INGLIS and a NEILL? Now, every schoolboy knows (for does not every small text copy-book contain the bigly worded phrase?) that "Inquisitiveness of temperament betrays Vulgarity." It is only vulgar minds that would pry into state secrets, and "want to know" the reasons for the knighting of a PHIPPS. Nevertheless, as vulgar men pay taxes and have votes, it is as well to condescend sometimes to their enlightenment; and as the acknowledged organ of the Government, this act of condescension of course devolves on *Punch*. It may be true the gallant Colonel has not shone much in the field, except indeed the hunting or the partridge shooting field. But in these few will doubt that he has seen much active service, and with the exception of a splash or two of mud, it will be owned that he has never brought a stain upon his cloth. Nor have his talents been confined to this mere out-door exercise. His services include distinguished dinner services, and in all his actions on the field of damask he has waged war *à l'outrance*, to the knife—and fork. In the Commissariat department his powers are undoubted, and, in fact, on all such matters he has a well-earned reputation of being a good judge. Moreover, his ability in cutting down a charge (when made by a rapacious and exacting artist) has won golden opinions of his knowledge of finance.

It is a trite saying, that "Comparisons are odious," and in the gallant PHIPPS'S case there certainly is no exception to the rule. It is hateful to hear people comparing him with other lately knighted K.C.B.'s, and not allowing him to stand on his own merits only, as being quite sufficient ground for his receipt of those initials. What need is there to talk in the same breath of Indian heroes, who, like him, have been gazetted for the duty they have done? As well indeed compare an eagle with a magpie, as put side by side a HAVELOCK with a PHIPPS! Their qualities are as distinct as chalk is different from cheese, and can only be compared with those of their own species. A hero on home-service and one in the East Indies can obviously have nothing but their name in common. Their functions are as wide apart as are their spheres of action, and a comparison between them must be odious to both.

There are vulgarians, however, who affect to doubt if PHIPPS be rightly called a hero, and "want to know" wherein his title to that substantive is taken to consist. For these low-minded people we really cannot stoop to that protracted explanation, by which the plainest evidence could reach their sluggish brains. Enough to say that if he has not shown himself heroic, it is want of opportunity alone that has prevented him. Had COLONEL PHIPPS been charged with the relief of Lucknow, there really is no saying what he might have done there. In his command of the noble army of state footmen, he has, so far as we're aware, never missed a chance of displaying his good generalship; and what cause is there to question whether the same quality would have been evinced with equal tact elsewhere? As clear-headed PITT could recognise the services "intended to be done," so PALMERSTON, by K.C.B.ing PHIPPS, has shown himself a statesman who can do the same.

But, we would fain ask, must a man be sent to India before he's thought a hero? Is there no heroism to be shown at home? Surely, if in no more visible particular, the brave self-denial which leaves to brother officers the glory incidental to a post on foreign service, should be regarded as heroic in the highest possible degree. The more dangerous the duty the more honour there attaches to the soldier who performs it; and he who staunchly stands aloof from competing for the prize, deserves the brightest blaze of glory for his noble act of abstinence.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION, PRESENTED GRATIS TO THE HORSE GUARDS BY MR. PUNCH.

CORPORATION REFORM.

A MEDICAL Gentleman advertises a book professing to describe a regimen by which fat people may reduce their bulk; which he calls the *Dietary, Self Cure of Corpulency.* We have not read this volume, because we can perfectly well imagine what its contents are, or at least what they ought to be. A diet consisting of biscuits and water persevered in for a sufficient length of time, would probably bring the most excessive of waists within some measure and some compass. If anybody, disgusted with his own obesity, would like to get slim, he would probably attain his object by living systematically on something which he particularly hated. It is quite conceivable that a man could macerate his frame on turtle-soup if he detested turtle; might get lean upon green fat, if green fat were an abomination to him.

What the illustrious author of *Pickwick*, and other famous works, has described as "a light and elegant breakfast off a cigar," is one sort of meal which, habitually taken instead of any other, and apart from brandy-and-water or malt liquor, would preserve, or restore, the graceful outline of the figure. These remarks may be concluded by the suggestion of a means of prolonging the elegant gracility of youth which may be worth the attention of the young swell who is anxious lest he should become swollen. Let him procure a leather strap; buckle it round his waist regularly every morning, and, as soon as it begins to feel rather tight, eat and drink a little less. How many who are now waddling about with cumbrous paunches, by allusions to which they are insulted wherever they go, might, by the observance of the foregoing easy rule, have preserved those figures which they can now only hope to regain by the sudden practice of an abstinence from eating and drinking by far more intolerable than any amount of ridicule.

Important Ladies and Gentlemen.

IF the Proprietors of East India Stock are to continue to elect the Board of Directors, why should not the holders of the Three per Cents have a similar share in the constitution of the Government of the United Kingdom.

A NEW "IDÉE NAPOLÉONIENNE."—LOUIS NAPOLEON, Emperor of France, and the DICTATOR of England!

THE IMPROVED PASSPORT.

THE French Government is not half strict enough in its regulations respecting passports. It does not take anything like the care which it might take to prevent conspirators and assassins from passing themselves off for peaceable and honest travellers. Why do not the advisers of NAPOLEON THE THIRD avail themselves of a security which modern science offers them for that purpose? Why do they not insist that every visitor to their hospitable shores shall come provided with a form of passport which shall include a photograph portrait of the holder, duly attested by an official signature? How much more trustworthy this would be than the clumsy description of the individual's personal appearance which is now all that there is to assure the French authorities that the document which he exhibits is not forged, or has not been obtained by fraud! The requisition of a photograph-passport would only add to the expense incurred by the party obliged to procure it, and as regards French interests it would create no greater inconvenience than that of the exclusion of a few more of the already vast numbers of Englishmen whom the trouble and cost of getting passports, deter, as it is, from visiting France. What signifies putting a stop to the influx of English people, with more money than sense, into Paris, to anybody on earth besides themselves, except to the Parisian shopkeepers with whom they have heretofore been accustomed to spend so much of the cash which burns in their pockets?

THE MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.—So called, because to every Maxim of Satire there is scarcely a Minim of Truth.

THE VALUE OF EARLY RISING IN PARLIAMENT.—It is your early M.P. that catches the Speaker's eye.

IF RICHARD COBDEN will return to his disconsolate friends at Manchester, all past errors will be forgiven, and no questions asked. More than this, in handsome commemoration of the happy reconciliation, the electors, to the number of some 8,000, pledge themselves to secure his return at the forthcoming election free of expense. This will be cheerfully accomplished under the strong conviction that MR. COBDEN, as Member for Manchester (the scene of his former triumphs) will be in every sense, THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A Free Trade Parliament, without the Great Champion of Free Trade, is a vulgar unconstitutional anomaly.—N.B. No time should be lost, as the Tories are already in a state of the most blundering despair at the prospect of R. C.'s return.

THE BRITISH CONSPIRATOR IN PARIS.

A Subject for an Historical Picture.

GOOD SERVICE PENSIONS.

WE hear from a busy-body, who has the *entrée* of the Horse Guards, that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE intends conferring the next good-service pension of £100 upon himself for the extreme care and devotion he has always shown to the Regiment of Guards, of which he is the distinguished Colonel.

The next good-service pension after the Duke's will be bestowed on H.R.H.F.M. PRINCE ALBERT, for the loving attention that he has, also, at all times, shown to the wants and personal comforts of the valiant men whom he has the honour of commanding.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 22nd, Monday. Parliament met only twice this week, to-day and Friday. The meetings were in the nature of the scenes called —in theatrical productions of the spectacle order—Carpenters' Scenes. The object of these is to gain time for the arrangement of some grand "effect," and so a pair of flats is shoved on in front, and the adroit author serves out to a pair of bores as much dull talk as will allow the glittering stars to be got right, the aërial nymphs to stick themselves to their brackets, and the coloured fires to be brought to the wings. Then, at a hint from the prompter, the bores suddenly recollect that they can just as well talk somewhere else, and they perform the feat whereby the American youth suggested that "the leopard *might* change his spots"—when he was tired of one spot he could go to another. All is then clear for the Effulgent Realms of Dazzling Light and the Sparkling Home of a Million Stars!

EARL GRANVILLE apprised the Lords, and VISCOUNT PALMERSTON informed the Commons, that, in consequence of the victory of MR. MILNER GIBSON on the preceding Friday, the Government had resigned,—that HER MAJESTY had not insisted on their retaining office—that the EARL OF DERBY had been sent for—that his latter Lordship was making a Ministry, and would be obliged by an adjournment until Friday.

There is a class of persons who are ready to get up twopenny squabbles at the moment when thousands are watching an eruption of Vesuvius, a ship going over Niagara, an eclipse of the Sun, *Mr. Punch* publishing a new number, or during any other of those grand and gigantic incidents which thrill the soul. LORD CAMPBELL in one House, and MR. ROEBUCK in the other, got up some personal questions; the Lord assailing SIR RICHARD BETHELL for something he had been reported to say about the Alien Law, and the Commoner bringing up a story against MR. ISAAC BUTT, whom he charged, at the instance of one COFFEY, with having received money to advocate in Parliament the claims of a forging Ameer of Scinde. There was some discussion on the first subject, and the second was referred to a Committee.

LORD MALMESBURY'S first official act was not an ungracious one. He signified the assent of the Government to the immediate passing of the HAVELOCK Annuity Bill, which operation was thereupon performed.

It is marvellous what luck sometimes attends the greatest criminals when all hope is supposed to have fled. History presents heaps of instances (which *Mr. Punch* would cite, but that he does not recollect any of them, and the thermometer is much too low for him to be crossing his enormous library and handling cold books) of ropes breaking, reprieves coming, amnesties issuing, revolutions exploding, executioners fainting, and other interpositions which have saved the wicked from their just doom. But never was there a more signal case of this kind of succour than in the luck of John Company. The scaffold is in black, the sawdust is strewn, the spectators hold their breath, RUSSELL leans upon the axe that was to avenge Oude, and GLADSTONE is reading the prayer for the departing, when a white handkerchief waves a signal—no, by ST. GEORGE, it is a White Feather, in the hand of PALMERSTON—and execution is stayed! ROSS D. MANGLES flings himself in an ecstacy into the arms of THOMAS BARING, and this very night has sufficiently recovered to insist upon that trifle of Eight Millions that was to be lent to the Company. More, he will get it, for MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, signified, through MR. HAMILTON, that he should not seek to delay the Loan Bill.

On the Friday the Ministerial explanations were expected, but LORD DERBY, not having quite made up his mind what reasons he could give for taking office, told LORD SALISBURY to get the house adjourned until the Monday. GRANVILLE complained that DERBY had grudged similar grace to ABERDEEN, but as this was only said for the sake of saying something, SALISBURY merely made the novel and ingenious remark that the Lords never sat on Saturdays or Sundays, which shows that JAMES BROWNLOW WILLIAM GASCOIGNE CECIL has paid some attention to Parliamentary proceedings.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL came down to the Commons, so absorbed in his intention to flagellate the Lords who had been rude to him, that he utterly forgot the change of Ministry, went to his old place, and sat down by MR. WHITESIDE. The latter was so taken by surprise that he actually had not time to interpret this into an insult, and to put himself in a rage; and he went so far as to shake hands with SIR RICHARD, a liberty which aroused him to a sense of his situation, and he darted over from WHITESIDE to his right side. New writs were ordered for the Ministerial constituencies—(SIR BULWER LYTTON, it seems, does not take office, because the return to the Herts writ would, in all probability, contain some less distinguished name than his own),—and BILLY JOLLIFFE moved the desired adjournment. And then, *Mr. Punch* is bound to aver that SIR RICHARD BETHELL, whose services, *Mr. P.* will remark, the country can ill afford to lose at the present or any other crisis, did lay the lash into the pachydermatous law-lords with a delicate calmness but a merciless vigour which, as an artistic operation, was worthy of all plaudit. It precisely resembled the welting which, in *Ask Mamma*, the Jew's groom administers to the dishonest MASTER ANTHONY THOM, holding him by one ear so that he can't bite, and when he has whipped him enough from one point of view, taking his other ear, and repeating the dose, and finally kicking him down-stairs. *Mr. Punch* can do a little in that line himself, and therefore his compliments are valuable. SIR RICHARD amply deserves what POPE, addressing to him the immortal Second Satire, wrote of him :—

> "Thus BETHELL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
> And always thinks the very thing he ought."

So closed the week. *Mr. Punch* will not attempt to describe the sensations with which he transcribes his record of the last great Ministerial change. Of Friday, February 9, 1855, he wrote :—

"The House adjourned for a week, to re-assemble when Tiverton has re-elected PALMERSTON, the People's Premier."

> "Say, chief, is all thine ancient valour lost,
> Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
> That propped alone by PRIAM'S race should stand
> Troy's sacred walls, nor need a Foreign hand.
> Remote thou stand'st, while Alien troops ——

The appositeness of the quotation here is so sad that *Mr. Punch*, overcome, dissolves in tears, and refers his readers to the *Iliad*, V. 575.

Prattle from Paternoster Row.

THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE intends writing his Memoirs during the few weeks that he was in office. He is so pleased with the title of RA(I)KES' *Diary*, and thinks it so appropriate in his own particular case, that he intends continuing the same.

The EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON is attempting a new *History of England*. It is to be written in a good taking style, as it is his ambitious aim to have his name on a work that, in boldness of execution shall fully equal RAPIN'S *England*. The title is to be, *L'Angleterre, après* RAPINE.

PASSPORTS FOR HOME TRAVELLERS.

THE extreme length to which the Passport System has just been carried in France, has occasioned the adoption of a species of passports to be contemplated in this country. These passports, however, are intended to countervail the French, and they will not be introduced by any measure of the Government. They will be altogether of popular and commercial origin. Their form will be that of cheap railway tickets, enabling the holder to travel, without paying any additional fare, over the most picturesque, romantic, and interesting districts of the United Kingdom: as Devonshire, Derbyshire, the Lakes, and so forth. Their cheapness will be provided for by a general subscription of British hotel-keepers and tradesmen.

It is felt that the enormous and intolerable trouble, or rather the almost entire impossibility of procuring passports for France any longer, will practically oblige English travellers to abandon, for the present, any idea whatever of visiting that country. This circumstance, together with that of the miserable and wretched state of the enslaved and priest-ridden Continent generally, will compel our adventurous countrymen to fall back on their native land, and to gratify their love of travel by exploring its scenery, which, taken altogether, is as well worth seeing as any other in the world, and than which there is none that can be seen more comfortably. To create facilities in aid of the movements of the domestic tourists, will be well worth the while of those whom they will spend money among, instead of squandering it abroad. Hence our neighbours will derive a useful, if not a profitable lesson, and our British passports will further teach them on what principle a Passport System ought to be based; that of promoting intercommunication as much as possible, instead of endeavouring to impede progress.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

THE EARL OF D——Y. LORD ST——Y.

Lord D. You have been looking over my list of Ministers—my Correct Card—and I do not observe, EDWARD, that expression of lively satisfaction which good news should impart to the countenance of the philanthropist.

Lord S. My dear father, there is certainly a good deal to be said for these persons—for some of them at least. Yes, on looking again, I may observe, unhesitatingly, that there is nothing to be said against several of them.

Lord D. (*laughing*). Then don't look any more, please, if looking sets you on that sliding scale of praise. I am sure that I have made a very good Cabinet.

Lord S. The very best that can be made out of our materials.

Lord D. A much better than the one which you Gentlemen of the Commons have been pleased to kick over? To begin, there is a better PREMIER, eh?

Lord S. (*laughing*). Of course, my dear father, an English Earl is better than an Irish Viscount. But, filial admiration apart, there can be no doubt that in several of your appointments the country gets the services of better men than the last.

Lord D. My Chancellor, besides being one of the most popular men in London, is surely an improvement on LORD CRANMOTHER.

Lord S. He knows nothing of Chancery, and he hates the Jews.

Lord D. Both virtues, in their way. Well then, ELLENBOROUGH succeeds MR. VERNON SMITH.

Lord S. How good DR. JOHNSON is in the *Rejected Addresses*, about the "half-reasoning" Elephant, parent of combs.

Lord D. NELLY will do nothing by halves, you irreverent fellow. And is not PAKINGTON a better First Lord than SIR CHARLES WOOD?

Lord S. SIR JOHN is a first-rate man, and has given me two surprises; first, that he should take the Admiralty, and secondly, that he should take anything.

Lord D. *Entre nous*, I thought he would have made a waiting race of it, but that's his business. He disqualifies himself from some other running which people supposed he would have made. So be it. Now, instead of your namesake there's HENLEY.

Lord S. "HUMBLEBY GRUMBLEBY's grave as an owl:
All the day long he does nothing but growl."

A very good man of business, though he is not likely to be confounded in history with Orator HENLEY.

Lord D. I had a great mind to offer him BEN HALL's department, only folks would call him Henley-on-Thames.

Lord S. And so JOHN MANNERS is to cleanse the Thames. I know one way in which he'll never do it.

Lord D. By setting it on fire, eh? No. But if things go right, I mean to give him a good start into popularity. BEN HALL has made a Park for the people, and stuck up a bridge with a toll to keep them out of it. JOHNNY shall pitch the tolls over.

Lord S. Allow me to congratulate you on your Privy Seal.

Lord D. Well, he is a Rear-Admiral, and he is not CLANRICARDE. I don't know much else to be said for HARDWICKE.

Lord S. WALPOLE for GREY.

Lord D. *Cæteris paribus*—which we may say they are—WALPOLE is one of us. Great grandfather an Earl, mother an Earl's daughter.

Lord S. But SIR GEORGE is an Earl's nephew, and the family dates back to the twelfth century, if honours count at a round game.

Lord D. Oh, highly respectable of course. But everybody likes WALPOLE, and nobody likes t'other man. I mustn't make any jokes before WALPOLE though, or he'll be incorporating them into Acts of Parliament, as he did about my proposing to give votes to militia men.

Lord S. There was no choice for you, in the case of your Foreign Minister, but that's about the worst in the whole list. MALMESBURY is believed by the public to have the most abject veneration for Continental despots.

Lord D. And PALMERSTON was believed by the public to have the most fervid hatred for Continental despots.

Lord S. Perhaps you'll pardon my saying, my dear father, that the answer is one of those exceedingly neat ones which are far too clever to be convincing.

Lord D. Well, then, I'll tell you. MALMESBURY has not a quarter of CLARENDON's brains, and he is preternaturally proud of being patted on the head by his betters. But he is an honest fellow, and very humble to me. People shouldn't abuse him.

Lord S. I never heard anybody ascend to abuse him—but he is one of our necessities, let him pass. GENERAL PEEL for LORD PANMURE?

Lord D. Wall, I calculate Brother JONATHAN aint no green hand, and can fix things almighty smart when he likes tew. Yes, Sir-ee.

Lord S. You imitate the Americans excellently, my dear father, and it is lucky, for one of these days you will have to imitate them a little more.

Lord D. Church rates and so on, eh? Well, when the time comes I hope I shall be up to my work. Who bowled over ten Irish bishops at a go, my boy? That was bowling worthy the American Alley, I flatter myself.

Lord S. FITZROY KELLY instead of BETHELL is heavy against us—apple-pips for pearls.

Lord D. Yes, almost, but then the pearls used to come 'as if the giver felt he was casting them before swine. Now, our man's very civil and agreeable, and nearly persuades people that his pips come out of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Lord S. And CAIRNS is worth a good many of KEATING—I don't know whether the latter makes the cough lozenges that bear his name, but he certainly makes his audience want them.

Lord D. Well, EGLINTON will be liked in Ireland—he's a bit of a sham, but he goes to do sham work—tilting, as he did at his Astley-Circus business, with lances half sawn through. Isn't he better than CARLISLE?

Lord S. Better-looking, anyhow. COLCHESTER for the DUKE OF ARGYLE at the Post-Office.

Lord D. Yes. I said that India was the place for COLCHESTER, as he would feel paternally towards the Natives; but he would neither laugh nor go. He's another Rear-Admiral—I put 'em everywhere but at the Admiralty.

Lord S. As I said, there are several changes for the better, and if that had anything to do with the stability of the Cabinet, it would, as you said, be matter for philanthropic exultation.

Lord D. Why, my dear EDWARD, if the Cabinet stands, *stet*. If it don't, the leader of the Conservatives has tried to feed his hungry and clamorous friends, and the fault is not his if he fails. I daresay that an ousting division will neither lame *Toxophilite* for May nor spoil the partridges for September. But I notice one thing, and that is that you have made no reference to one very important, or at least self-important person. Do you put *him* down as loss or gain to the country? Eh, ma tear?

Lord S. I shall ask you to let me take a hint from *Master Slender*, for once—and to keep Mum when he cries Budget.

Lord D. Use your discretion, but people like a steady light after fireworks. And what do you say for our new Secretary for the Colonies?

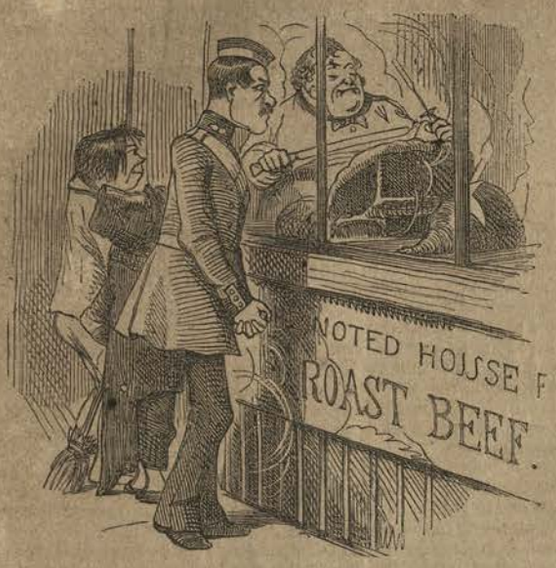
Lord S. He only hopes that LORD DERBY may have half as good a one as LORD GREY had in 1833—4.

Lord D. Ha! ha! Thanks, my dear boy, but I'm afraid you'll get no such chance as I had. That was the time of the Great Fall of Blacks, when the people paid twenty millions to wash their hands of them, and I managed the business. But nobody knows. And so, on the whole, you think I have handicapped the animals pretty fairly? Very good, then we'll start 'em, and what is it—*occupat extremum scabies*—or as we say more elegantly in English, the devil take the hindmost.

BALLADS FOR THE BARRACK-ROOM.

No. 2.

AIR—"*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England.*"



THAT mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
And spoon-meat the Frenchman's was once understood,
And mess-bugles at dinner-time still stir the blood,
With "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England,
And Oh, for Old English Roast Beef."

Yes "Oh, for Roast Beef" well our soldiers may sigh,
They may sniff it down areas, in cook-shops may eye;
But save in that music, bid life-long good bye,
To the famous Roast Beef of Old England,
The mighty Old English Roast Beef.

For as if we 'd ta'en lesson from soup-stewing France,
In our barracks Roast Beef is a dream of romance,
And the man who enlists is condemned in advance,
To sing, "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Blow that Old English Boiled Beef!"

If against civil broils barrack-rules still must preach,
And our troops rule the roast, but in figure of speech,
Then surely we 're bound our mess-bugles to teach
To play "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Blow the Old English Boiled Beef!"

What's the odds if at *Bouilli* the soldier looks blue?
'Tis the rule of the service, and can't be broke through.
Against roast, fry, or bake COLONEL NORTH in a stew
Would cry, "Where 's the Boiled Beef of Old England,
Oh, where 's the Old English Boiled Beef?"

What with those leather collars, their throttles that lock,
And those weary camp-kettles, their hunger that mock,
Our poor British soldiers must surely hate *stock*,
And *sing*, "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,
Oh, blow the Old English Boiled Beef!"

With the shako that lets the rain into his neck,
And the pack, pouch, and cross-belts, his breathing that check,
And the barrack-room reeking like any slave-deck,
Keep up the Boiled Beef of Old England,
Keep up the Old English Boiled Beef.

At huge cost let recruits still be drilled, dressed, and taught,
To have them die off twice as fast as they ought,
Let General Routine still set reason at nought,
And sing, "Oh, the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Oh, the Old English Boiled Beef!"

By all means let our soldiers be served, in the way,
That famed DR. KITCH'NER said cucumbers may,
First dress 'em with care, and then throw them away,
And sing, "Oh, the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Oh, the Old English Boiled Beef!"

THE GREAT FRUGAL MARRIAGE QUESTION.

AS VIEWED BY A MAMMA-IN-LAW.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*Hyacinth Cottage, Tuesday*, 1858.

"As you are always the Champion of the *outraged* and *oppressed*, I make no apologies for troubling you with this, for I am sure you will allow it is a case of *real* distress, and one that has the *strongest* claims upon your sympathy. The appeal I wish to make, through your *widely influential* and *delightful* columns, is in behalf of a most suffering and most *deserving* class; who, although you have occasionally ridiculed their *weaknesses*, yet feel they can rely on your known *gallantry* to help them. The *martyrs* I allude to are those poor injured creatures, the MOTHERS-IN-LAW of this our otherwise 'happy land;' and as I am *not ashamed* to own I am one of them myself, you must excuse me if my *feelings* prove too strong for my *propriety*.

"Now, goodness knows, I'm not of a *complaining* disposition, and I'm sure as for *that* matter there 's no more uncomplaining creature living than a Mother-in-law. But there are *some* things, *Mr. Punch*, that would aggravate an *angel:* and the way these horrid men who have been writing to the *Times*, and divulging half the secrets of their 'frugal' married life, and for *my* part I'm *astonished* at their making such disclosures, and putting down their *Washing* and their Doctors' bills, and even *nursery* expenses, it 's really quite *indelicate*, and they ought to be *ashamed* of it—the way, I say these *wretches* have been treating us poor Mothers-in-law is really quite past *bearing*, and I must say I've *no patience* with them. *I*, Sir, *have* perused their precious rigmaroles. Yes—as a *woman* and a *mother*, I've considered it my *duty* to read every word of them. And when I tell you, *Mr. Punch*, that of all these 'Happy Men' there's not so much as ONE who makes the most *distant of allusions*, even, to the fact of there being such a person in existence as his *Mother-in-law*, I 'm sure you will allow, Sir, we have *some* grounds for complaint, and that I have *some* excuse perhaps for troubling you to say so. Why, one would have thought, in *common decency*, no married man would ever have alluded to his happiness, without *just mentioning*, at all events, to whom he was indebted for it. But, really, from the way these odious creatures pass over their wives' mothers, and indeed seem to affect to *ignore their existence*, one might almost think the monsters meant to have the fact inferred that their felicity is caused by the *absence* of those relatives. It is clear, at least, not one of them has ever let his Mother-in-law so much as pop her nose withinside of his door-step! I 'm quite sure I 'm right in saying that not so much as *one* of these *unnatural sons* (in law) has ever even had the common courtesy to tell his poor dear martyr of a wife, that she may write and ask Mamma to come and spend a week with her. The *wretches*, almost all of them, appear to give the most *disgustingly* minute particulars of their butcher's meat and beer-money, and their cheesemongering and tallow-chandling; and, for my part, I *can't think* how they could ever dream of publishing such statements, and letting everybody know what *tea and sugar* they consume, and, as MR. SHAKESPEARE says, 'chronicling their small beer,' for all the world to laugh at—it 's really quite *disgraceful*, and I 'm certain sure no wife of any *spirit* would have *suffered* it. *Mr. Punch*, the creatures positively do all this, and put down what they spend, even to the *sixpences*, and in not one of their accounts is there the faintest evidence, as far as *I* can see, of their wives' mothers having ever even had a *bit of lunch* with them, much less having sat down to a *hospitable meal*. No, Sir, the selfish brutes have spent their precious incomes entirely on themselves. The whole of their three hundred sterling sovereigns per annum has been annually *squandered* on their own *pampered* tastes and appetites. Not so much, Sir, as a *sweetbread* or a slice of *pickled salmon* can these eyes of mine discover has been given their poor Mothers-in-law. What with all their 'Charity' (which means, I *know*, CIGARS!), and their dozens of old port, and I've no doubt hock and claret—(one monster has confessed that he spends *two pounds and fourpence* yearly with his wine-merchant!),—these *gourmands* seem to live like fighting-cocks themselves, and enjoy their 'Library Subscriptions,' and all sorts of *creature comforts*. Call themselves *frugal* men, indeed! Why, the most *economic* of them spends a *mint of money* every year upon his coal-merchant, and there 's hardly one but pays as much as six or seven pounds in paving rates and taxes! And yet, living, as they *all* do, in the very *lap of luxury*, and having *no* encumbrances worth mentioning, for not one of them, it seems, has more than five *small* children, it 's plain they never spend a *sixpence* on their Mother-in-law, and don't so much as ever give a *crust of bread* to her!

"Pray don't fancy, *Mr. Punch*, from what I may have happened to say, that I mean *at all* to sneer at any frugal happy couples. But I do say it 's a *shame* for young people to think solely and entirely of themselves and their own comforts, and not to give a *thought* to the wants of their dear parents. To my mind, Sir, a man has no right to *dream* of marrying, until he 's quite in a position to maintain his Mother-in-law. Of course, in cases like my own, where she is left an *independence*, there is scarcely *any* likelihood that she

will *ever* need support from him: still, in all their calculations of their probable expenses, *prudent* folks should always leave a margin for *contingencies*. Besides, it's anything but *filial* to live entirely to oneself, and leave off seeing one's relations, as though one were a *hermit*.

"With this hint, *Mr. Punch*, to all intending frugal marriers, I beg to subscribe myself,

"Yours *humbly* but *sincerely*,

"MARTHA TOMKINS, *née* CADGER."

"P.S. Pray don't think I'm writing from an *interested* motive. *My* son-in-law is 'happy' upon something *more substantial* than £300 a-year, and, thank goodness! it's not likely I shall ever be a burthen to him.

"P.S. I date this from my dear daughter's residence, where I may perhaps remain another day or two."

MR. JONES'S MOTHER-IN-LAW COMES TO "SPEND A WEEK" WITH HIM.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF A VOICE.

THE extinction of the PALMERSTON cabinet was followed by one great advantage. No sooner were the Pammites turned out than MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who had been dumb for the last three years, recovered all of a sudden the use of his voice. It is discovered that, not only can he speak, but he can discourse for at least five minutes consecutively, and that his speechifying, thus miraculously restored, has lost none of its old fire or stinging personality. It is said that MR. BERNAL OSBORNE intends making a free use of his newly-acquired powers as soon as Parliament meets. We are sure that, if he does make the attempt, the greatest curiosity will be excited to discover if his voice in Parliament is still able to exercise any of its former influence.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(*Latest.*)

THE DERBY.

8	to 1	agst.	Lord Derby's Continuance.
9	to 1	—	Mr. Disraeli's Sincerity (taken).
20	to 1	—	Sir F. Kelly's Applepips.
30	to 1	—	Lord J. Manners's Poetry (taken).
40	to 1	—	Lord C. Hamilton's Gesticulation.
50	to 1	—	Lord Stanley's Co-operation.
100	to 1	—	Mr. Disraeli's Budget.
200	to 1	—	Lord Ellenborough's Docility (taken).
300	to 1	—	Lord Malmesbury's Humble Pie (tkn.)
400	to 1	—	General Peel's Carpet Soldier.
500	to 1	—	Lord Eglinton's Flummery.
225	to 50	—	Lord Ellenborough's Docility and Lord Derby's Dictation, coupled (taken).

A Joke in Chancery.

OUR Gentlemanly friend, THESIGER, has been so long and so patiently waiting for his elevation to the woolsack, that a mild joker of our acquaintance suggests that the title he should have selected ought to have been BARON LUCK-NOW.

A LEARNED PIG PROTESTS AGAINST THE CHARGE OF GREEDINESS THUS:—"What I choose to eat, is snout to nobody."

THE LORD AND THE LION.

ALL Lords who play with Lions, be warned by the fate of PALMERSTON,
The most dexterous Lion-tamer, p'raps, that was ever heard or read of;
Yet a time came when the Lion wouldn't listen to the charmer's tone,
And, his Lordship's head being in his mouth, wagged his tail, and bit the head off.

Yet his Lordship had drugged the animal with diplomatic chloroform,
Till he crouched at a Downing Street door,—"*omne ignotum pro magnifico*:"
Would perform the musket drill, or sit on his haunches and roar "Reform,"
Or fetch and carry, when bid, for a snob, even, like PACIFICO.

His Lordship stroked him down and flattered him up, till vain as
A dowager's pug, he took to *papillottes*, and hair, and nail-brushes;
And while he wore round his neck a placard with "*Civis Romanus*,"
He let Neapolitan organ-boys grin within an inch of his tushes.

His Lordship seems to have flattered himself he could play on the animal's feelings,
But the melancholy event proves his Lordship was mistaken;—
That the British Lion was good for more than to frighten He-rats into squealings,
Or to bully COMMISSIONER YEH into saving his Chinese bacon.

His Lordship committed the error of believing that fable in PLINY,
That the Lion fears a Cock's crowing—however PLINY received it—
Whereas he has shown he regards the sound no more than a donkey's whinney,
And resents the insulting belief, by flooring the man who believed it.

So from his Lordship's fate, Lion-tamers, take example:
And remember Lions for heads as well as humbug have their swallows:
And that the lesson may have an influence wide and ample,
Mr. Punch begs leave to record it in the epitaph which follows:—

Epitaph.

CI GIT PAM!

HE DIED OF ATTEMPTING TO TRY ON
TOO HARD WITH THE BRITISH LION.
AND HAVING PUT HIS HEAD RATHER—
OR, IN FACT, CONSIDERABLY, FARTHER
THAN HE COULD DRAW IT BACK,
HAD IT SNAPPED OFF IN A CRACK!
A PROOF THAT AN EMP'ROR'S ALLIANCE
ISN'T ALWAYS THE SAME AS A LION'S.

HE FELL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1858.

R. I. P.

A Hint to Louis.

NAPOLEON complimentarily declared that the French Police was the worst in Europe. Suppose that now, he makes trial of another kind? We should like to see the EMPEROR adopt the system of honesty, for he may be sure that after all, "Honesty is the best Polic(e)y."

THE RIGHT WORD.—A spade is very properly called a spade; but a soldier's dinner is with greater propriety styled a mess.

A PLAISTER FOR PAM.

Doctor Punch. "POOR OLD BOY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU QUITE SO HARD, BUT YOU MUST REALLY BE MORE CAREFUL—HERE'S A NICE PLAISTER FOR YOU."

THE PRESS ON ITS LAST LEGS.

FANCY this Paris (which it isn't) and we writing for the *Siècle* (which we cannot say that we regret we are not) and the sort of summary we might contrive to write would be the following:—

"In addition to the news which we last week recorded, and which the careful reader will most probably remember comprised the sad intelligence of the demise of Her Britannic Majesty, QUEEN ANNE, events of no small moment have come within our knowledge, and we hasten to direct to them the notice of the public.

"The first facts we may mention are both, it will be seen, of great political importance. The British Parliament resumed its sittings on the fourth, and on the same day, and at nearly the same hour, our lovely *élegante, la* COMTESSE DE LA CRINOLINE, resumed her sittings for her portrait at the studio of her artist, M. ST. TABLEAU. The sittings had in each case been suspended for some weeks, owing in the one case to the annual recurrence of the Christmas recess, and in the other to an at first somewhat alarming attack of influenza. It delights us to record that the health of the fair Comtesse has now completely been regained, and also that her portrait is progressing quite as favourably as can be expected. (For the terms and addresses of her painter and physician, see the second page of our advertising columns.)

"Substantial proofs of the prosperity which France continues to enjoy under the enlightened Empire of Peace, are afforded by the weekly returns of the *restaurants*. It appears that for the soup alone which is consumed at these establishments, the daily average requirement includes six billion pounds of butcher's meat, pretty nearly twice that weight of vermicelli, and above three hundred acres of fresh vegetables; while for omelettes alone, there are hourly broken upwards of eleven trilliads of eggs. We have computed that the loaves which are eaten in accompaniment would, if placed end to end, reach five times round the earth; and that the sugar and the water which are daily swallowed in conjunction at our *cafés*, would respectively suffice to freight and float the lately launched Britannic Ship, *Leviathan*. We should state that these figures refer to the consumption in Paris alone; and we think they may be taken as quite sufficient proofs that our good Citizens continue in good case and appetite.

"As a pendant to the article which the other day appeared in the *Constitutionnel* as to the *Position of Affairs in Cochin China*, it should be stated, that the natives are beginning to be agitated by the attitude of England on the Poultry breeding question. The fact cannot be blinked, that in the eyes of British fanciers the Cochin China fowls are not by any means in such high feather as they have been; and now their only charm of novelty has with time worn off, their clumsy and surpassing ugliness is growing daily more apparent. Moreover they have caused such disturbance of the peace, and their noisy crows have set so many neighbours by the ears, that the British Government is blamed for not having prohibited their importation. As such a step as this would necessarily be of vital damage to their trade, we cannot wonder at the Cochin Chinese getting nervous at the prospect of it.

"While upon the subject of foreign affairs we may state, for the benefit of those who take an interest in them, that the matters which disturbed the 'still vexed Boöthes' are currently believed to be approaching to a settlement. Intelligence has also reached us, from a quite exclusive source, that the lately reigning monarch of the Cannibal Islands has been dethroned in favour of his Vizier Wan Ki Fum; and that at the latter's Coronation Banquet the ex-king was present—not in person, but in soup.

"Were proofs wanting of the kind and thoughtful beneficence with which the Government attends to the wants of the public, they would be furnished by the fact that twenty-eight of our Police Vans have lately been fresh painted, and in one of them a cushion has been added for the driver.

"Of course our readers are aware that it is defended to smoke in the Gardens of the Tuileries. Nevertheless, there have been swept up in them during the past twelvemonth, upwards of four thousand bushels of cigar ends. Talking of tobacco, it is computed that as many as ten trillion loads of cabbages are consumed every week by the smokers in our *cafés*; and the calculation has been made by a first class statistician, that if the clouds which are blown yearly through the whole of *la belle France* could be compressed into one single canopy of smoke, it would not only totally eclipse the Sun, but would stretch for a mile thick completely over Paris.

"The deeply interesting disclosures which were made the other day in our leader on the Horse of *Il Commendatore*, as it appears in the Statue Scene in *Don Giovanni*, have attracted, as we prophesied they would, the widest spread, and most respirationless attention. We hope shortly to find space to recur to the subject; for in our enthusiasm we let the horse so run away with us, that we were forced to come to rather too sudden a pull up. We may add, that we have now two leaders ready in our desk upon equally instructive and entertaining topics: the one being on the *Ship in the Ballet of Le Corsaire*, with some nautical remarks upon the most approved system of Stage Navigation; and the other on the *Coach of the Chief Magistrate of London*, as viewed by our own eyes on the Ninth of last November, and comprising many highly interesting data on the properties of gingerbread as applied to coach-building. Were it not for our continual press of other more important matter, we should more frequently find room for articles on statuary, and the like exciting and suggestive subjects. But Home and Foreign News have such demands upon our space, and our pen is so much occupied with the free discussion of political events, that we are constrained to let these articles stand over for a time, however great a wish we may cherish to insert them.

"A rumour has just reached us from the Quartier Anglais, that among the latest acts of conjuring with which the Polish Wizard, HERR WILLJABBER TRICKWELL has been recently astonishing the weaker intellects of London, he has managed by some artful necromantic act to turn a dozen cabmen into strict tee-totallers! And that in addition to this wonderful performance he has promised to achieve the still more surprising feat, of making a regularly Constant Reader give up taking *Punch* for the *Saturday Review*, without having previously been weakened in his intellect.

"With the narration of these interesting facts, for the truth of which indeed we can personally vouch, we must for the present close our weekly gossip.

(Signed) "CANARD GOBEMOUCHE."

There! We scorn to be self-flatterers, but we really think that such an article as this would be just the thing to dash off for our "*Weekly Smallbeer Chronicle*." The sharpest nosed of censors could hardly smell out anything "offensive" in such matter, and if we published nothing more "original" than this, the Government could surely find no reason to suppress us. We doubt though, if our life would be a very long one. A newspaper can scarcely be expected to survive when it gets to be a paper without a bit of news in it; and although we might escape being cut off by the Scissorship, our readers would, we fear, soon cease to take us in, when they found out how completely we returned them the compliment.

Above and Below.

Familiarity. The liberty that an Inferior takes in noticing his Superior.

Condescension. The goodnature that a Superior displays in taking any notice of his Inferior.

CHOICE EXAMPLE. If SMITH (a shopkeeper, or a non-commissioned officer, or a militiaman of large property, but no military experience) asks the EARL OF CARDIGAN to take wine with him, SMITH is extremely familiar; but supposing CARDIGAN asks SMITH to take wine with him, then the Earl is prodigiously condescending.

Political Nursery Song.

By a Poet in a Pinafore.

RUSH and see DERBY at the tree-top!
But there goodness knows how he'll manage to stop:
For Reform soon the House and the country will call,
And then out must come DERBY, DIZZY, and all!

The Home of Conspiracy.

THE Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* maintains solemnly (and we need not state how solemn the cherished Editor can be, when he is in the humour) that it is his firm opinion the conspiracy against the French Emperor was hatched at the Reform Club. The Earthquake, too, that has lately visited the kingdom of Naples first originated, according to him, in the smoking-room of the same Club. An Irish firebrand, he says, was at the bottom of it all.

THE LAST CANARD.—THERE was a strong rumour on the Stock Exchange that SIR ROBERT PEEL had been sent for by the QUEEN to form a Ministry.

SOME FOREIGN PRODUCE THAT MR. BULL

A JOKE IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW!

OUR dear—that is our sixpenny—contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, labours regularly and diligently to express its utter abhorrence and excessive contempt of bad jokes. It sneers, with a systematic punctuality, which seems to be the soul of its business, at professionally funny men. Doggedly, steadily, constantly, directly and indirectly, it abuses and assails them in the language of prepense disparagement and studied scorn. It jeers at them and traduces them, by name if possible, with the same perseverance as that with which certain persons, some years ago, earnestly pooh-poohed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, passed in spite of their teeth, which they have not ceased to gnash ever since. It maligns the memory of one whom it ranks among them after his death, and says as much as it dares with a view to injure his surviving family. Evidently the *Saturday Review* objects to popular jokes and popular jokers very much. Some people may imagine that its animosity against them arises from the fact that they bring into contempt and ridicule peculiar ideas and principles which the *Saturday Review* would rather like the vulgar herd to venerate. For nearly the same animosity is displayed by that periodical against certain portions of the Exeter Hall press, whose influence is greater than its own. But it would be a mistake to suppose that theological hatred is the sole feeling which prompts its assiduous endeavours to depreciate jocular literature. A high sense of their own wit, equalled only by a corresponding opinion of their own wisdom, doubtless occasions the writers in the *Saturday Review* unaffectedly to despise all attempts at joking except their own. We will not say that they are not as fully justified in admiring their own sharpness as they are in revering their own profundity. The sincerity of their belief in their comic powers is evinced by their confident manifestation of them. Not content with denouncing bad jokes, they show how good jokes should be made. Much of the *Saturday Review* may be defined to be Buffoonery teaching by example. Subjoined, by way of specimen, is a magnificent pun lately published by our good-natured contemporary and generous rival. It occurs in a critique on a new book called *The Hasheesh Eater*, wherein the critic, alluding to the depression described by the author as caused by hasheesh, remarks that—

"He warns us against the drug that produced it, lamenting in sackcloth and hasheesh, as it were, the errors into which he was led."

Sackcloth and hasheesh; that is you see, dull reader, sackcloth and ashes. Hasheesh (H)ashe(e)s(h)—ashes. If an old clothes-dealer in Houndsditch were to attempt to say Sackcloth and ashes, he would, in his pronunciation of "ashes," precisely illustrate the witticism of the *Saturday Review*. Sackcloth and ashes—a neat Scriptural joke; just the bit of fun for the clerical readers of a journal maintaining high ecclesiastical views. *Macte novâ*—no, we must not quote Latin, about which the *Saturday Review* alone knows anything; in plain English, therefore, we will only recommend our kindly contemporary to persevere with redoubled energy in that facetious line in which it shines so brightly. Proceed, EDWARD!

CAN VERY WELL SPARE.

VIRGIL *v.* PALMERSTON.

Both Publius Virgilius Maro and John William Temple Viscount Palmerston, have given a sketch of the "*Civis Romanus*," according to their notion of the qualities implied in the word. There is matter for close and edifying comparison in the two pictures.

That of the Roman Poet occurs in the 6th book of the *Æneid*, where Pius Æneas descending into the lower world under convoy of the Sibyl, meets the shade of Anchises, who paints him a picture, by anticipation, of the greatness of the future Rome.

Here is the "*Civis Romanus*" of Publius Virgilius Maro:—

"*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,*
Credo equidem, et vivos ducent de marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describent radio, et labentia sidera mundi.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

A very stately picture, it must be owned, and one which, with a slight permutation in the last line, has a close parallel in the "*Civis Romanus*" of the late Premier. Palmerston's "*Civis Romanus*," it will be seen, is in effect Virgil's—with a difference:—

"Let France in her bronzes excel us,
And such like artistic knick-knackery,
John Bull is too wise to be jealous
Of skill in such flimsy gim-crackery.
Own we can't make a statue, at any rate,
Though we're quite up to snuff at a mull;
Admit that our Bar is degenerate,
And our talking in Parliament dull.
Let us grant without scruple Leverrier
Out-telescopes Adams by far.
What's the odds? The more planets the merrier,
And Neptune can't be a French Star.
Remember as "*Civis Romanus*,"
You've to rule all the world, if you can:
There's no fact of history so plain as
That *your* field of empire is man.
Leave the weak, though their cause be a holy one:
Back the strong, though your conscience cry nay,
Knuckle down before Louis Napoleon,
And bully Commissioner Yeh!

A Man to be Carefully Avoided.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed young Sharpus, at a deserted hotel in the loneliest part of Southend, "I always make a point of travelling with a pack of cards—trust *me* for that. There's no knowing, you see, my boy, what may turn up in the course of one's travels."

SPORTING MORALISTS.

E understand that a large number of influential noblemen and gentlemen, connected with the Turf and the Hunting Field, have formed themselves into an Association, having, for its object, the practical application of MR. RAREY's method of horse-taming. The title which it has adopted is, we are informed, that of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in Horses.

Spiritual News.

EVERYBODY has heard of American spiritualism, which most people consider to be either imposture or delusion. The following statement, however, on this subject, contained in recent intelligence from America, may be relied upon as quite authentic:—

"Spirits of Turpentine unsettled and somewhat easier."

"Rest, rest perturbed spirits!" we naturally exclaimed, on reading the trade report which comprised the above information.

TRIAL BY JEWRY IN IRELAND.

As touching the guilt or innocence of Priest CONWAY, indicted by order of the House of Commons for practising intimidation at the Mayo Election, the jury could not agree. The minority, Roman Catholics, refused to assign any reason for their opinion; which, of course, was in favour of the holy defendant. This is a great triumph for the Irish priesthood. FATHER CONWAY will now be in a position to do nearly whatever he pleases, not only at the next election, but on any other occasion, with impunity. What Irish jury, containing any papists, will convict any priest, on any evidence, however clear, of any offence, however monstrous? To exclude Roman Catholics from Irish juries will be impossible, on account of the outcry which would be raised against such an exclusion as a violation of religious liberty. But if Roman Catholics and Protestants could both be excluded, equal justice surely would be done to both sides alike. The result, it may be imagined, would be a truly Irish jury; but not necessarily so. One expedient might, though Papists and Protestants should both be subtracted, still leave a remainder. A dozen Jews might be placed on the jury-list, and they, as persons unprejudiced in behalf of either party, might be reasonably expected to give a true verdict, according to evidence and in conformity with their oaths, which Irish Christians of the Roman Catholic persuasion appear to have no scruple in taking in vain.

Sound Reporting.

WALLS (says the *Builder*) have ears—especially those in a whispering gallery. In fact, the walls of the latter in St. Paul's may be cited, for their extreme accuracy in reporting from beginning to end every little word they hear, amongst the very best reporters we have in the gallery.

THE FIGHT OVER THE BODY OF KEÏTT.

(A Fragment from the Great American Epic, the Washingtoniad.)

SING, oh goddess, the wrath, the ontameable dander of KEÏTT—
KEÏTT of South Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the ondaunted—
Him that hath wopped his own niggers till Northerners all unto KEÏTT
Seem but as niggers to wop, and hills of the smallest potatoes.
Late and long was the fight on the Constitution of Kansas;
Daylight passed into dusk, and dusk into lighting of gas-lamps,
Still on the floor of the house the heroes unwearied were fighting.
Dry grew palates and tongues with excitement and expectoration;
Plugs were becoming exhausted and representatives also.
Who led on to the war the anti-Lecomptonite phalanx?
GROW, hitting straight from the shoulder, the Pennsylvanian Slasher;
Him followed HICKMAN, and POTTER the wiry, from woody Wisconsin;
WASHBURNE stood with his brother—CADWALLADER stood with ELIHU;
Broad Illinois sent the one, and woody Wisconsin the other.
MOTT came mild as new milk, with grey hairs under his broad brim,
Leaving the first chop location and water privilege near it,
Held by his fathers of old on the willow-fringed banks of Ohio.
Wrathy COVODE too, I saw, and MONTGOMERY ready for mischief.
Who against these to the floor led on the Lecomptonite legions?
KEÏTT, of South Carolina, the clear grit, the tall, the ondaunted—
KEÏTT, and REUBEN DAVIS, the ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi;
BARKSDALE, wearer of wigs, and CRAIGE from North Carolina;
CRAIGE and scorny MACQUEEN, and OWEN, and LOVEJOY, and LAMAR,
These Mississippi sent to the war "*tres juncti in uno.*"
Long had raged the warfare of words; it was four in the morning:
Whittling and expectoration and liquorin' all were exhausted,
When KEÏTT, tired of talk, bespake REU. DAVIS, "Oh, REUBEN,
GROW's a tarnation blackguard, and I've concluded to clinch him."
This said, up to his feet he sprang, and loos'ning his choker,
Straighted himself for a grip, as a bar-hunter down in Arkansas
Squares to go in at the bar, when the dangerous varmint is cornered.
"Come out, GROW," he cried, "you black Republican puppy,
Come on the floor, like a man, and darn my eyes, but I'll show you—"
Him answered straight-hitting GROW, "Waal now, I calkilate, KEÏTT,
No nigger-driver shall leave his plantation in South Carolina,
Here to crack his cow-hide round this child's ears, if he knows it,"
Scarce had he spoke, when the hand, the chivalrous five fingers of KEÏTT,
Clutched at his throat—had they closed, the speeches of GROW had been ended—
Never more from a stump had he stirred up the free and enlightened—
But though smart KEÏTT's mauleys, the mauleys of GROW were still smarter;
Straight from the shoulder he shot—not OWEN SWIFT or NED ADAMS
Ever put in his right with more delicate feeling of distance.
As drops hammer on anvil, so dropped GROW's right into KEÏTT
Just where the jugular runs to the point at which KETCH ties his drop-knot—
Prone like a log sank KEÏTT, his dollars rattled about him.
Forth sprang his friends o'er the body; first, BARKSDALE, waving-wig-wearer,
CRAIGE and MACQUEEN and DAVIS, the ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi;
Fiercely they gathered round GROW, catawampously up as to chaw him;
But without POTTER they reckoned, the wiry, from woody Wisconsin:
He, striking out right and left, like a catamount varmint and vicious;
Dashed to the rescue, and with him the WASHBURNES, CADWALLADER, ELIHU;
Slick into BARKSDALE's bread-basket walked POTTER's one, two—hard and heavy;
BARKSDALE fetched wind in a trice, dropped GROW and let out at ELIHU.
Then like a fountain had flowed the claret of WASHBURNE the elder,
But for CADWALLADER's care—CADWALLADER, guard of his brother,
Clutching at BARKSDALE's nob, into Chancery soon would have drawn it.
Well was it then for BARKSDALE, the wig that waved over his forehead:
Off in CADWALLADER's hands it came, and the wearer releasing,
Left to the conqueror nought but the scalp of his bald-headed foeman.
Meanwhile hither and thither, a dove on the waters of trouble,
Moved MOTT, mild as new milk, with his grey hair under his broad-brim,
Preaching peace to deaf ears, and getting considerably damaged.
Cautious COVODE in the rear, as dubious what it might come to,
Brandished a stone-ware spittoon 'gainst whoever might seem to deserve it,—
Little it mattered to him, whether Pro or Anti Lecompton,
So but he found in the Hall a foeman worthy his weapon!
So raged this battle of men, till into the thick of the *mêlée*,
Like to the heralds of old, stepped the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Speaker.

Palmerston's Appeal.

WHEN GIBSON attempted your censure to move,
Oh, why were you caught unawares?
Perhaps it was right to admonish in love,
But, see, you have kicked me down-stairs!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Get a situation in the Mint.—*Economist.*

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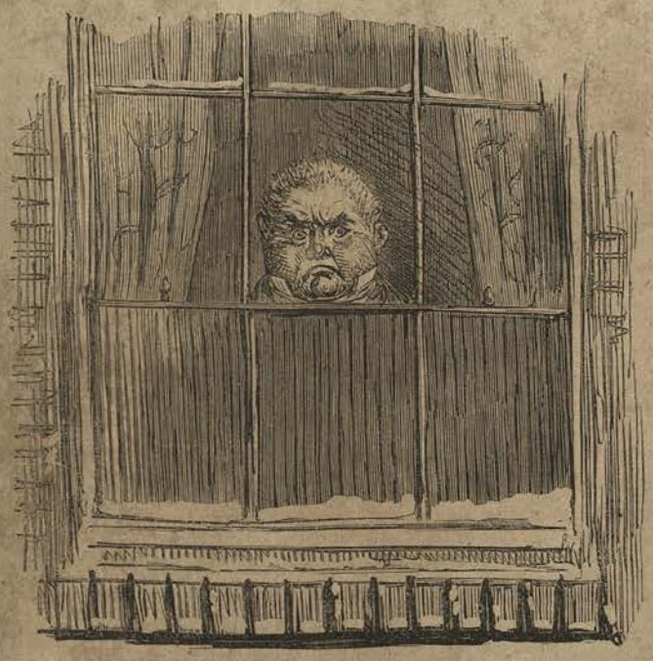

THE SNOW.

OLD MR. JONES AS HE APPEARED WHEN ASKED FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME IF HE WOULD "HAVE HIS DOOR DONE."

MOVEMENTS OF M.P.'s.

(From our own Observer.)

EXCLUSIVE sources of intelligence enable us to state that very early in the morning after the defeat of the late Ministry, the servant who obeyed LORD DERBY's summons for his shaving water was the bearer of the cards of eleven staunch Conservatives who had voted with the radicals for throwing out the Government. From the messages which had been left with the night-porter, it appeared the honourable gentlemen had merely called to say LORD PALMERSTON was beaten, and that if LORD DERBY happened to be sent for, they 'd feel much obliged to him if he would form a Cabinet.

Half-an-hour later an intelligent footman in the service of LORD DERBY was observed to leave the area-gate upon the jar, and to proceed in the direction of the house of MR. DISRAELI; and in exactly twenty minutes and three-quarters from that time, the area-gate was closed by a person dressed in livery, but who was *not* the footman who had left it open. It is more than half suspected that a celebrated novelist and political romance-writer had, with his known strong love of mystery, assumed the menial garb that he might better cloak his movements, and prevent the publicity which would have otherwise attached to them.

At twelve o'clock precisely LORD DONKINGTON, the talented member for East Brayshire, and the HON. MR. SPOONERLEY, the no less distinguished representative of Muffborough, called to proffer their assistance to the noble EARL OF DERBY, as an additional inducement for him to form a Ministry.

MR. MILNER GIBSON remained at home till two, receiving visits of congratulation upon his attaining his majority. It was an agreeable feature of the ceremony, that the union of parties which had been so happily effected in the House appeared to be cemented quite as firmly out of it. MESSIEURS NEWDEGATE and BRIGHT were the first to reach the doorstep, and they were followed at brief intervals by MR. ROUNDELL PALMER with SIR J. V. SHELLEY, and by LORD JOHN MANNERS arm in arm with MR. ROEBUCK.

Before the fact became known that the PREMIER had resigned, MR. WEATHERCOCKE had penned a letter to the *Times* to say he had intended to vote with the Government, as he considered that the passing of the Conspiracy Bill was essential to the peace and safety of the country. On his way to the Post Office he however was informed that Ministers were out, and that LORD DERBY was prepared to form a Government. Whereupon MR. WEATHERCOCKE went home and wrote another letter to the *Times*, explaining his intention to have voted against PALMERSTON; as he held the Bill to be an insult to Great Britain, which need never stand in awe of braggadocio French upstarts.

About the hour when LORD PALMERSTON proceeded to the Palace for the purpose of tendering his official resignation, a whisper got abroad that MR. COX, the indefatigable Member for Finsbury, had professed himself in readiness to undertake the Premiership, and had every expectation of a summons from HER MAJESTY. It is understood that MR. COX, when this suggestive rumour reached him, immediately rushed home to put on his Court suit, and gave directions that a Hansom cab should be in waiting, that he might lose no time in obeying the behest.

The Honourable MR. HARDUPPE, the representative of Rottenborough, employed the whole of Saturday in calling on his tradesmen; assuring them that, now LORD DERBY would come in, he was certain of a place, and they were certain of some payment.

Upon leaving the Palace, after giving in his resignation, LORD PALMERSTON was met by the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE; and the two proceeded in close conference until they reached the residence of the EARL OF DERBY. LORD PALMERSTON at parting was observed to wink distinctly twice with his left eye; and the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, after solemnly slapping his nose with his right fore-finger, threw away his cigar-end down the EARL OF DERBY's area, as an intimation probably that his attempt to form a Ministry would doubtless end in smoke.

Somewhat later in the evening a conference was held in the small supper room at the Tantivy Club, at which the voices of LORD SCATTERBRAIN and SIR NOYSEY RATTELTRAPPE, the members for Great Boresboth, were most in the ascendant. The conference was afterwards adjourned to the smoking-room, but we are unaware if anything resulted from it more important than a headache.

We are, we think, exclusively enabled to report that, throughout the interregnum, there have every night been meetings in the Card-room of the Loo Club; and we believe that some deep games are understood to have been played there. Among other current rumours, it was whispered that LORD PIGEONNE, the member for South Flatshire, had given his adhesion to a Bill of MR. PLUCKWELL's, by affixing his signature in the usual way across it.

A rumour having somehow got abroad that VISCOUNT WILLIAMS had been honoured with a message to attend the Royal Presence, it was instantly reported that HER MAJESTY intended to raise him to the Peerage, and confide in him the task of the formation of a Cabinet. It was explained, however afterwards, that the business upon which the noble Viscount had attended, had been more of a commercial nature than political: the cabinet which he had been commissioned to fit up being in reality the work of an upholsterer.

On hearing that the Tories, or at least that the Conservatives, were likely to come in, MR. OLDESCHOOLE, the venerable Member for Great Goosebury, hunted up and dusted the court suit which he purchased in the reign of WILLIAM PITT, and in which he had kissed hands on his appointment as Master of the Bucks.

Rather late on Monday night, after LORD DERBY's acceptance of office had been formally announced by the noble EARL OF MALMESBURY, SIR VERIGREENE FITZNOODLETON, M.P. for Closeborough, was honoured with an interview with CAPT. HANDLECUE and MR. HAWKSLY, on business which was thought to be of some importance. The interview took place in the billiard-room of the Green Cloth Club; but as the marker was not present, it is of course impossible to say exactly what transpired.

We believe that it is perfectly superfluous to state that the movements of the Honourable MR. TITTLE TATTLER, the much respected ex-M.P. for Chattersley, have been throughout the week as eccentric as is usual to him. Every day has seen him flying to and fro among his friends, with the latest-fledged *canard* which the Clubs have given birth to. One of the "reliable" pieces of intelligence which MR. TITTLE TATTLER could "in confidence" communicate, we believe was to the purport that, everybody else having failed to form a Ministry, the QUEEN had in despair commissioned MR. SPOONER to undertake the task; and that, conceiving it might give him a good chance to settle Maynooth, MR. S. had set about the business in good earnest, and had succeeded in securing the support of MR. COX, on condition of that gentleman being made Lord Chancellor, as a suitable reward for his great legal merits. Another "strictly confidential and exclusive" whisper was that LORD CLANRICARDE had handed in a programme, headed by himself as First Lord of the Treasury, with MR. ROEBUCK as the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and MR. JOHN BRIGHT as Secretary for War.

A Bad Look Out.

THE arrests are becoming so numerous in France, that we wonder there is a free person left—we do not mean "free," in the sense that Freedom is enjoyed in England, but "free" inasmuch as he is not in prison. The "strong arm of the Law" seems to be employed amongst our neighbours in doing nothing but taking everybody into custody. Let this system of general incarceration continue, and soon the population of France will be divided into only two classes—prisoners and gaolers.

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PROFESSOR WILLJABBER DERBY'S CLEVER HAT-TRICK.

BALLADS FOR THE BARRACK-ROOM.

No. 3.

AIR—"*All's Well.*"

HOT from the Guard-room's reeking stew,
His spongy great-coat sodden through,
His head with senseless shako crowned,
The sentry walks rheumatic round.
And should civilian querist stray,
And question in his saucy way,
"What cheer, ho? Sentry, quickly tell."
"In fact, all wrong: in word, All 's well!"

From guard-bed comrades' steaming heap,
Turned out all standing, half asleep,
Great-coat on back and stock on neck,
His perspiration gets a check;
And while, half-starved, he dreams of beer,
Could civil question catch his ear,
"What cheer, ho? Sentry, quickly tell."
"In fact, all wrong: in word, All's well!"

Moriendo Vivimus.

(*By Sir John Pakington.*)

"LIVE to die," says the preacher: but no—
"Die to live" more suits *our* constitution.
We 'll keep in by threatening to go,
And survive on our own dissolution.

THE RUIN OF LAW.

WHO says that Law is such a ruinous, expensive thing—a luxury only within the reach of ROTHSCHILDS? Why, look at the British Bank Directors, how very cheaply they have got off!

BAD NEWS FOR IRRITABLE SCOTCHMEN.—The DUKE OF ARGYLL (bless him!) has lost his Post.

RULES FOR THE NEW GAME OF DIVORCE.

MR. PUNCH, observing in the window of a law-stationer not a hundred miles from the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, a blue pamphlet, of folio form, entitled *Rules and Orders of Her Majesty's Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes*, instantly invested sixpence in the purchase of the same, and rushing into the *taberna* above indicated, addressed himself with great earnestness to the perusal of the document, with the aid of a few tumblers of a hot mixture bearing his own name, and worthy to bear it.

The work contains fifty-seven rules for getting rid of one's husband or wife, divers forms of citation, petition, answer, and other machinery for effecting that object, and a table of fees which have to be paid in the process. But these are only the fees to be paid to SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL 's officials, and are a very small part of what divorce will cost—the whole of the luxuries enumerated in the *carte*, from citation to an Examiner's daily pay, not amounting to £20. The proctor or attorney's bill will tell another story.

Some of the rules are merely technical, others are to the purpose. For instance;—

Rule IX. That no wife shall be entitled to relief under this act, if the husband can show that her milliner's bill for any single year of their marriage exceeded the sum of £50.

Rule XIII. That the word "cruelty" (in the 20 and 21 Vict. cap. 85) shall not be held to mean smoking in the parlour or library, but shall mean smoking in any other apartment in the conjugal mansion.

Rule XVI. That no mother-in-law's evidence shall be credited if given in favour of her own offspring, but that the same may be received on the other side, with the caution usually observed in listening to the allegations of old parties.

Rule XIX. That in any petition presented to this Court, the words "he behaved like a brute" shall be taken as words of course, and as superfluous, unless specific explanations are given.

Rule XXI. That any husband shall be debarred from relief by this Court if he can be proved to have ever hinted that he threw himself away in marriage, to have refused his wife a month at the sea-side, or to have received perfumed correspondence at his club.

Rule XXVII. That any wife shall be debarred from relief by this Court, unless she can undergo an examination in MISS ACTON, MEG DODS, M. SOYER, or some other author on Cookery, to be selected by herself. Errors in *entrées* and *entremets* to be condonable, but the second blunder in plain cookery is to dismiss the woman's petition.

Rule XXX. That no husband shall be favoured by the Court who has been proved to assign "business" as a reason for his being out until half-past three, and then returning in a state of mops and brooms.

Rule XXXIII. That shirt-buttons, being an invention of the dark ages, and long superseded by enlightenment and studs, shall not be assigned in evidence by any husband.

Rule XL. That in cases where the evidence is equally poised, credit and favour shall be accorded to the party who is proved to have been the most diligent reader of *Punch*. It is unnecessary to provide for the case of equality here also, because it is morally and physically impossible that any couple in the constant habit of reading their *Punch* attentively can ever quarrel, far less desire separation, or, in short, have any difference which cannot be instantly settled with a laugh and a kiss.

TO THE LOVERS OF BOILED BEEF.

THE celebrated shop of WILLIAMS', in the Old Bailey, has had its glory completely put out. It is the Horse-Guards that is now known in London as THE CELEBRATED BOILED BEEF SHOP. Country cousins will probably be surprised to learn, that every day about one o'clock PRINCE ALBERT, or the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, or the MARQUIS OF SOMETHING, may be seen taking it in turns to carve the meat for the soldiers. They turn up their sleeves, put on a cotton nightcap, wear a white apron, and are extremely expert at the business. In fact, in rotundity and dexterity, our illustrious Prince promises in time to eclipse the well-known robust figure that formerly officiated at the corner of Cranbourne Court, and whom HORACE SMITH nicknamed "ETERNITY;" because, no matter at what time of the day he happened to pass, there was the brawny-armed hero veneering away at the beef, incessantly flourishing backwards and forwards his silvery knife, that was lithe and long, and trembled like a *Harlequin's* wand. Country cousins should by all means look in at the Horse-Guards, and take a good peep at His Royal Highness. The Duke is not so dexterous perhaps, at the business, but he gives the men larger slices.

THE ANTI-STREET-NOISE LEAGUE.

MR. PUNCH sees with satisfaction that an influential meeting has taken place in Marylebone, with a view to the Suppression of Street Noises. These abominable nuisances, which are daily growing more and more atrocious, must be put down by a determined effort, to which, in the interests of humanity (for no earthly sound can perturb His constant mind) he will lend all the assistance in his power. What are the parishes about? Let them all meet, and put the screw upon their representatives, and let a Bill be introduced declaring it a police-offence to raise clamour of any kind, vocal or instrumental, in the public streets.

He has recently appointed himself a Committee, and has been taking some evidence in the Disturbed Districts. A small portion of this he begs to submit, that the Legislature may know what the people suffer.

MRS. MATERFAMILIAS. Resides in Pimlico. Has had illness in her family. When her youngest child was in a critical state, and quiet was necessary, it was nearly killed by the organs, which constantly roused it from sleep. When she had nervous fever, the effect was the same. The organists would never go away at her entreaty, but her husband caught inflammation of the chest by going after a policeman one night, who refused to act, and the Italian not only persevered in playing next door, but sent a bag-piper and a hurdygurdy. It would be a real blessing to mothers and invalids if all the organs were driven away.

MR. SWANQUILL. Is an author. Was deluded into taking a house in a quiet street in Brompton. Has never been able to write a page in his house for the incessant and irritating uproar in the streets. In one day there have bawled, shrieked, howled, or ground in his street, sweeps, orangemen, dustmen, knife-grinders, potboys, rabbit-sellers, periwinkle-vendors, fishmongers, match girls, water-cress women, Jews, hareskin buyers, hearthstone boys, tinkers, cat's-meatmen, chair-menders, and musicians, to the number of sixty-three. His house is of no use to him, but he cannot get rid of it, and has to borrow a friend's chambers.

MR. FIXTURE. Is a House-Agent. The value of the houses in his charge is daily diminishing by reason of the Street Cries, which render the place uninhabitable. When he mentions any of the "quiet streets" to persons in want of a house, they almost abuse him for trying to entrap them.

MR. BADGER. Is an M.P., but not a rich man, and lives in a quiet street. The House keeps late hours, and he is always roused from his first sleep by a miscreant whining and screaming after hareskins. Cannot see why he should be subjected to this nuisance—nobody but servant girls have any interest in this trade, and does not think a whole street should be disturbed at seven in the morning that a servant may get fourpence. Will vote for any Bill for suppressing the system.

SAMUEL SHIVERS. Is a little boy, son of a costermonger. Never goes to school, because his father makes him come out to scream turnips. Has generally a very sore throat, and is very miserable, but is always licked if he complains, and hopes the gentleman won't let his father know he has said anything.

MARY SHIVERS. Is sister of the above. Would like to go to school, but is always driven into the streets to sell onions, and is beaten if she brings them home again.

DR. FEBRIFUGE. Is a medical man in a district infested by the peripatetic traders. Has no hesitation in ascribing the protracted sufferings of many of his patients to their inability to procure repose, in consequence of the incessant howling and noise which is carried on from an early hour of the morning to a late hour at night. He considers the suppression of these noises a sanatory movement of much importance.

MR. BULL. Is an Englishman. Has heard that an Englishman's house is his Castle, but this is all rubbish, if a gang of roaring ruffians are to drive a man into his back rooms by their making it impossible to inhabit his front ones for the abominable riot the scoundrels kick up. Thinks it a clear case for legislation.

More Glory than Gain.

THE storming of Delhi, oh what a cheap job!
They have given to each
Man who entered the breach
For his courage and trouble—just thirty-six bob.

NOT UNLIKELY.

LORD STANLEY in his address to the Electors of King's Lynn, declares his intention of "carrying out all the principles he has ever advocated." It is very probable he *will* carry them out—of office.

THE TWO TRAPS.—The EARL OF DERBY now holding the reins of power, the question is, whether his turn-out will not be faster, if not more splendid than LORD PALMERSTON'S.

THE CRIME OF CARICATURING.

Is it possible that there can be any truth in the following paragraph, which appeared, the other day, in the *Stamford Mercury?*—

"CAUTION.—At Fletton, on Wednesday last, before the MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY (Chairman), LORD GEORGE GORDON, J. M. VIPAN, ESQ., and P. C. SHERARD, ESQ., HENRY BROUGHTON, aged 14, of Orton Waterville, was committed to Huntingdon gaol for six weeks' hard labour, for sketching animals and all sorts of absurd things with a black lead pencil on the back of a pew in the Parish Church, belonging to HENRY WRIGHT and JAMES LINN, the Churchwardens of Orton Waterville, on Sunday last, in default of paying 2s. damage, and 12s. costs."

One really can hardly believe that three gentlemen, two of them noble lords, could concur in sending a boy to gaol for a piece of mischief which would have been severely enough punished by a box on the ear. Yet there is no cruelty, no tyranny, that some of the unpaid magistracy will not practise, if they legally can. We believe that there are Country Magistrates who would hang poachers if they dared, and others who would inflict the heaviest punishment they possibly could on a journeyman tailor convicted of mending his own breeches on a Sunday. Moreover, the offence for which the boy BROUGHTON is alleged to have been consigned, by the abovenamed justices, to the punishment and the companionship of felons, is one that the cross and pompous old fools who abound on provincial benches, especially abominate. They hate and detest caricaturists. "Dangerous fellows, Sir! Dangerous talent!" who has not heard some of them, in reference to those artists and their genius, exclaim, puffing and blowing? If those Squires and Lords did send BROUGHTON to prison for

sketching animals and absurd things on the back of a pew, perhaps the animals included a jackass, with the name of a Magistrate written underneath it.

Let us hope that they have not perpetrated the cruel, if legal, folly of which they are accused; that HENRY BROUGHTON, aged 14, has not been sent to gaol for scrawling over a pew; that he is not now in course of being corrupted by association with thieves; and that he will not, one of these days, come to be hanged, and, in his last dying speech and confession, date the commencement of his evil courses from his committal to Huntingdon gaol.

Brag is a Good French Dog.

THE French are bragging now that they took Canton. There was exactly the same *esprit de* brag in the Crimea. They took Sebastopol, they took Kertch, they took everything, excepting flight, of course. However, JOHN BULL should not growl. He should know that, in this, as in other victories, it is *La Gloire* that always points the Frenchman the way to Caut-on.

THE LIBERTIES OF COLCHESTER.

COLCHESTER is well-known for its Liberties, and one of these liberties decidedly has been recently exemplified in the fact of COLCHESTER taking the office of Postmaster-General, whilst ROWLAND HILL is only Secretary.

SNOWED UP.

POOR FELLOWS! THEY CAN'T GET ANY HUNTING, AND ARE OBLIGED TO PLAY AT SCRATCH CRADLE WITH THEIR COUSINS.

MR. PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

CHARGE OF FURIOUS DRIVING, AND USE OF BAD LANGUAGE BY AN OMNIBUS DRIVER.

AN elderly man, who gave the name of JOHN WILLIAM TEMPLE, but who is more commonly known by the *sobriquet* of "OLD PAM," late driver of the Administration Omnibus, was brought before *Mr. Punch* charged with reckless driving, which had resulted in the upset of his vehicle, to the serious injury of the passengers, and the great risk of the public.

The defendant, who throughout the proceedings displayed a levity somewhat at variance with his advanced period of life, exclaimed vehemently against the conduct of the two very active and intelligent officers GIBSON and RUSSELL, of the X division, by whom he had been pulled up. He said there was a conspiracy against him on the part of the X division generally, and that they had tried to get him convicted last year, but it was no go, as he had been triumphantly acquitted. Since then he had returned to his employment, where he believed he had given general satisfaction. He had no doubt the charge now trumped up against him would end in the same way, and that he would be on the box again in a few days. As for the officers, RUSSELL and GIBSON, they had a spite against him, for having got 'em both turned out of situations under MR. JOHN BULL, the same job-master he had always worked for.—It was a dirty proceeding altogether.

The worthy Magistrate told the defendant that he could not be allowed to impute improper motives to active and zealous officers in this way. It was a common trick with old and hardened offenders to represent themselves as the victims of conspiracy on the part of the police.

The prisoner said it was very hard to be turned out of his place at his time of life. He had been employed about MR. BULL'S yard, in different capacities, for more than fifty years. His motto was live and let live, and he had always behaved handsome to his fellow-servants, and didn't consider he had met with a proper return.

The particulars of the charge were then gone into.

The officer RUSSELL said that it was quite true, as the prisoner had stated, that he had been proceeded against under the same Act last year, when he drove over, and seriously damaged a harmless Chinaman, and that he had since then returned to his situation in MR. BULL'S establishment. Ever since his acquittal he had conducted himself very offensively to witness and the other officers of the X division, and had grown more and more reckless in his manner of driving. Had been repeatedly remonstrated with by the passengers, but always answered them very saucily. Since the beginning of the year had observed the defendant's driving closely. It was extremely dangerous to the public. Was prepared with witnesses whom defendant had knocked down and otherwise severely hurt. Did not think the defendant was given to drink, but he certainly appeared to have lost his head lately. Did not seem to have his horses in hand. Understood the prisoner had been remonstrated with for putting some very vicious horses into his omnibus lately. He generally drove tolerable cattle, but had sometimes observed among them animals he thought quite unfit for their work, and had said so publicly to the defendant, who told him to "go to Vienna," and used a contemptuous gesture. On Friday the 19th ult. observed the prisoner driving in Westminster. He came in contact with the French Ambassador's carriage, which was standing opposite Downing Street, and upset his vehicle—thought he must have done it on purpose, as there was plenty of room to pass. The French Ambassador seemed much alarmed, and some French officers, who were with him, swore frightfully, and were very angry. Defendant was pitched off the box, and the passengers in the omnibus were all thrown out of their places, and several of them seemed in great pain.

The witness was cross-examined by the defendant. Did not believe that the Chinaman defendant had knocked down last year was a sturdy and dangerous beggar, and that he had threatened to punch defendant's head before he was knocked down. MR. BULL might have a high opinion of defendant. Believed he was quite in the dark as to his true character. Could mention the names of persons he had knocked down and hurt,—there was MR. WHITE, a Member of Parliament; MR. GRIFFITHS, a respectable elderly gentleman, also an M.P.; and MR. STIRLING, a literary gent. Did not hear that they had used aggravating language to defendant. Understands what a saucy answer is. His attention was called to defendant's driving, in the regular course

PALMERSTON SELLING OFF.

of his employment as one of the X division. The X division generally were charged to look after the Administration 'busses. Had seen a good many of them upset before. Had driven an Administration 'bus himself once. It was upset. It was no fault of his. Accidents would happen. Had a list (produced) here of all the Administration 'busses that ever were upset since the Conquest. Would be happy to read it. When the defendant told him to "go to Vienna," felt he meant to insult him. Witness had been in trouble about a journey to Vienna, where he had been sent by MR. BULL, the job-master, in whose employ he then was. Had not been guilty of any dishonesty on that occasion. Did not see what that had to do with the present charge. Considered himself an experienced driver, and a judge of driving. Thought defendant much too fond of "chaff" and "larking," to be a safe hand on the box. Never "chaffed" himself. Did not know why he was called "The Complete Letter-writer." Understood that the French officers had used very bad language before the defendant drove against them. Thought that if the defendant had spoken to them respectfully but firmly, they would have pulled on one side, and this collision would never have occurred. The Omnibus was not much damaged. It was now running again, he believed, with a new driver; one DERBY. The defendant used very bad language when the officers took him into custody, and seemed much excited.

The defendant said he threw himself upon his country, and would call no witnesses. He scorned it.

The Magistrate said he was afraid he must consider the charge proved, but that he thought it would be best met by a mitigated penalty. The defendant had been severely punished by his fall, and the loss of his situation. He hoped this would be a warning to him, and that his master, MR. BULL, might perhaps be able to re-employ him before long.

The prisoner instantly paid the penalty, and left the court, apparently in high spirits.

A RAILWAY THAT PAYS.

THE Eastern Counties Railway appears to be a paying concern—in a certain sense. At the usual half-yearly meeting of its company, lately held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, under the presidency of MR. HORATIO LOW, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, a very remarkable oration was delivered by a—

"MR. VANCE, who complained of the excessive and unjust taxation to which Railway property was subject, and that was one cause of its depreciation. (*Hear, hear.*) He complained of the severe manner in which LORD CAMPBELL'S Act operated upon Railway Companies as regards accidents. During the past half-year the Eastern Counties had paid £4,000 for compensation for injuries to passengers."

A very paying concern, truly, to have paid £4,000 damages in half a year for compensation for injuries to passengers! Broken bones appear to form a costly breakage on the Eastern Counties Line. Fracture-and-contusion-money seems to constitute a large portion of the working expenses of the Eastern Counties Railway. How to arrest this awful waste of capital? Hear MR. HORATIO LOW:—

"The Chairman said that the matters complained of had had their most serious attention, and he could assure them that every resistance possible would shortly be organized by the Railway Company themselves."

Did it not occur to MR. HORATIO LOW that if he were to organize the arrangements of his dangerous railway rather better, he would adopt the best method of saving fracture-money, in saving fractures? How much have other railways—the South Western for instance, had to pay for the negligence of their servants within the same period? "Thrift, thrift HORATIO!" may be a very natural demand on the part of MR. VANCE and the other shareholders, but the wisest frugality of MR. HORATIO LOW would be that of economizing the hurts and maims which prove so expensive to the Society whose affairs he superintends. To organize resistance to a wholesome law will only involve additional and unavailing disbursement. HORATIO'S thrift should consist in the reduction of casualties involving liabilities for funeral baked meats and similar matters, such as surgeons' fees, splints and bandages. If he wants to organize a scheme for enabling the affairs of his Railway to be conducted without any care for the safety of its passengers, he should begin by stopping the mouths of such indiscreet complainants as MR. VANCE. Who that is informed that the Eastern Counties Railway is paying at the rate of £8,000 a-year for damage done thereon to life and limb, will not carefully make his will before risking his carcase upon it; or, unless under the pressure of the direst necessity, will venture to trust himself on so perilous a line?

What's the Latin for Goose?

LORD CLANRICARDE, we hear, was brought into the late Administration, because LORD GRANVILLE found it impossible to answer for the Government in the House of Lords. LORD PALMERSTON, in giving LORD GRANVILLE such an assistant, must have forgotten how very difficult the noble Marquis would find it to answer for himself. His appointment clearly did not answer for PALMERSTON.

SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.

ACCORDING to the *New York Semi-weekly Tribune*, certain friars, F. GAUDENTIUS and F. ANTONY, members of an order called "Passionists," founded by "Blessed PAUL of the Cross," have been performing miracles at the Church of ST. JOSEPH, Brooklyn. Our American contemporary gives the following account of one of the wonders worked by these ecclesiastics:—

"We were informed of the case of an Irishwoman who gains a subsistence by collecting cold victuals at the kitchen doors of those in more affluent circumstances than herself. This female was subject to epileptic fits; she was cured, and according to her account 'can make more money by begging than ever before in the whole course of her life.'"

If the subject of the miracle had been anybody but an Irish beggar, the cure of the epilepsy would probably have diminished the alms which the spectacle of that affliction would be likely to occasion the compassionate bystanders to bestow. But it is quite conceivable that a Hibernian mendicant would employ restored strength, no matter how obtained, in shamming fits and convulsions with the greater vigience. We will not say that we do not believe that FRIAR GAUDENTIUS and FRIAR ANTONY did really cure this Irish beggarwoman of epilepsy. Epilepsy is a nervous disease, and might perhaps be cured by a charlatan through a mental impression, as well as by a saint in a supernatural manner. To have performed on MRS. FLANAGAN, or SULLIVAN, or whatever the patient's name was, a miracle which would have been incontestable, the friars should have cured her of laziness as well as of epilepsy, and induced her to get her livelihood by working, instead of begging.

PATRIOTIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

NEVER may the Pass-port System be introduced into Old England until after dinner!

FRENCH SCARECROW.

The Man at the Works.

(To Carpers and Critics of the New Cabinet.)

WHO complains of our MANNERS, that trouble he shirks,
When the man he succeeds was efficient and busy?
For a clear-headed BEN at your Office of Works,
At our Office of Words won't you have a BEN DIZZY?

OBVIOUS TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

PEOPLE are puzzled about the views of the DERBY Administration. The thing is perfectly plain. They are dissolving views.

"LORD BROUGHAM said his question was in regard to the Slave Trade Returns, especially as to Cuba and the Brazils. *(Great laughter from the strangers' galleries.)* If such conduct was repeated, means should be taken to prevent its repetition. *(Laughter.)* At any instant that House could be cleared of every one except their Lordships, and if such conduct was repeated, he would move to that effect. *(Hear.)*"

W. B.

AIR—"*County Guy.*"

AH, W. B., we're all in glee,
For place no more we sigh;
Upon us shower the fruits of power,
Including sal—a—ry!
The pack, their bay that plied all day,
Sit hushed with *L. S. D.*;
FRAIL, BROWN AND Co. exulting crow,
But where is W. B.?

Our troop of friends to Whitehall wends,
And HAMILTON must hear.
In Carlton nooks BROWN makes his books,
When "good, safe men" are near.
The DERBY star, once pale and far,
Now sways the Treas-u-rie,—
And high and low its influence know,
But where is W. B.?

"THE NEWSPAPER READER."

UNDER this title, a picture, by ADRIAN OSTADE, has been stolen out of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. The general impression is, that the police have carried "*The Newspaper Reader*" off to prison, because they could not find the name of the paper he was reading in the list of those sanctioned by the censorship. It is a rule in Austria to keep every newspaper reader under the eye of the police, as, in their eyes, he is only one shade worse than a newspaper writer. A "Constant Reader" in Vienna would be instantly taken up, and condemned, without a hearing, as the reddest of red revolutionists.

The Wear and Tear of a Lady's Dress.

A POOR Victim of a Husband complains that Crinoline should be the source of so much sentiment and sorrow, for he notices that nothing but copious *tears* are always resulting from its enormous *sighs!*

PANMURE'S LAST DESPATCH TO SIR COLIN.—"Take care of the Doab."

THE ALDERMANIC LANGUAGE.

WORTHY ALDERMAN HALE, at the Court of Common Council the other day, moving an order for the execution of a bust in memory of HAVELOCK, came out in a very hearty and patriotic eulogy of that lamented hero. Of course, however, a worshipful Alderman cannot make a speech without saying something peculiar; and accordingly MR. HALE, in recounting the praises of the departed soldier, after having stated that HAVELOCK had been engaged in the Burmese war, proceeded to say that:—

"He then showed himself to be not only a scholar, but likewise a linguist."

ALDERMAN HALE appears to make a marked distinction between a linguist and a scholar: a distinction of which one may admit the possibility, but does not at once exactly see the force. Yet the Alderman evidently intended to draw a decided line of discrimination between those two characters; for he repeated their separate specification in concluding his panegyric: thus:—

"We have a WELLINGTON and a NELSON, whose deeds will live in the history of their country for ever, and I have no doubt that such will be the case with HAVELOCK, who was a soldier, a scholar, a linguist, and a Christian gentleman." *(Cheers.)*

We join freely in those cheers. Hooray! Bravo, ALDERMAN HALE! Well said, Sir! Still we are a little puzzled by the Alderman's difference between the scholar and the linguist. Of course, anybody might have picked up a variety of languages, and be able to speak them without having learned to read; but a linguist is commonly regarded as an individual versed in one special department of scholarship, that of tongues; as a scholar in a certain sense: the limited notion of a linguist being included under the general idea of a scholar. Perhaps ALDERMAN HALE meant to say that SIR HENRY HAVELOCK was not only well informed universally in the various branches of learning, but had, moreover, acquired a particular proficiency in the languages of the East. For, in illustration of the statement that SIR HENRY was "a linguist," the Alderman explained that:—

"He acted as interpreter to the army. He was one of the party who drew up the treaty of peace between Burmah and this country."

What's the odds so long as you're happy?—and what, if you can see what a speaker means by a word, does it signify what the word itself strictly signifies? If a jolly Alderman is able to express himself intelligibly, he is enough of a linguist, and his vocation does not require that he should be more of a scholar.

A HYMN TO PAN.

(*By a* DOWB *who has not been taken care of.*)

OF old, 'tis said, was heard a wailing cry,
That hushed the oracles of Greece with dread;
Through lonely woods, and mountain gorges high,
Thus rang the weird lament: "PAN, PAN is dead!"

So through the clubs, the mess-rooms, and the halls,
Where DOWBS most gather, ran but now like shout,
Which that extensive tribe not less appals—
Crying in doleful strain: "PAN, PAN is out!"

HIGH CRIME AND HARD LABOUR.

ACCORDING to the *Hull Advertiser*, some Magistrates at Welton have committed a boy of 13 to prison for pocketing his breakfast. This boy, named JOHN BALDOCK, was brought before three county Magistrates, charged with stealing a quantity of bread and meat, the property of his master, MR. JOHNSON, farmer, of Riplingham. The bread and meat had been laid out for his breakfast; feeling unwell he could not eat it at the time, and therefore took it out in his pocket when he went to his work. His defence simply was: "It's all right; I took it to eat." Hereupon the Magistrates convicted him under the Summary Jurisdiction Act, and sentenced him to one month's imprisonment with hard labour at Beverley. Government has been, or was to have been memorialized on the subject of this commitment, which may be described as infamous if not imaginary. MINOS, ÆACUS, and RHADAMANTHUS are the only names by which we can at present describe these Justices, ironically so called; for if they have acted with the cruel severity imputed to them, they are unfit to exercise judicial functions in any other place than one which it is unusual to mention.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 1, *Monday.* To the Lords cometh my LORD OF DERBY, the Chamber being full, and divers ladies there present, according to their custom of concerning themselves with those things which concern them not, and my Lord being minded to set forth the reasons why he hath assumed the office which the QUEEN'S Majesty was graciously pleased to tender unto him. But my LORD OF BROUGHAM, being of the age of eighty years, and unwilling that such a concourse should assemble and he have no finger in the pie, did interpose with I know not what cock and bull interrogation touching documents referring to black heathen negroes, whereat my Lords exhibiting some impatience, my LORD BROUGHAM waxed wroth, and vehemently declared that his question was of more import than any they had met to consider. Whereat, and at his sudden rage, some light-minded women did smile, and so my Lord, rushing into fury, (though ordinarily no misogynist, but honourably courteous and well-minded towards the female sex) did threaten to eject them all presently, and they were stilled, as is the manner of women if ye awe them sufficiently. Then did my LORD OF DERBY deliver an oration of one hour and a half, in choice language, graced with fitting speech and emphasis, and to shallow bystanders he seemed the DEMOSTHENES or CICERO of our age. Nevertheless, having pluckt the over-abundant leaves from the tree, and having left the fruit to view, I find that my Lord's matter was of the scantier sort. He set out that he had not sought office, but that it had been forced upon him; albeit, had he commanded his following not to unite with the Radicals in the Nether House, and so oust my LORD PALMERSTON, methinks such melancholy forcing of office on this reluctant Peer had not been. *Mox reluctantes dracones.*

Next, he did insist upon the great value of the alliance with the French Sovereign, and deplored that my LORD OF CLARENDON had not managed with more prudence, but promised that my LORD OF MALMESBURY should seek explanations of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, the which I take to be moonshine. He did then traverse to the Indies, and, inasmuch as he liked not the East Indian Bill, should not pursue it, but should bring in another, which methinks my LORD OF ELLENBOROUGH is now engaged upon, and I pray he may be wisely guided in preparing the same, for it is no work for the hasty or haughty. Finally, he did plainly refuse to pledge himself unto any Bill for reforming the representation, but did pledge himself to give consideration unto the matter, whereby I was minded of the courteous words wherein it is the wont of the British SOVEREIGN utterly to reject a measure, "*Le Roi s'avisera.*" My Lord said that he had tried to obtain the alliance of abler men than his own friends (we knew that he had been seeking the aid of the people called Peelites), but that such abler men, being wise in their generation, refrained from entering an army which might presently be disbanded. Therefore my Lord had constructed such Cabinet as he might out of the old boards, and whether it held together a long time or a short, he promised it should do its duty, and he prayed that it might be a blessing to the country, which methought was a bold petition, and yet there is nothing ever so unlikely that is not sometimes granted. Then my LORDS CLARENDON and GRANVILLE did severally praise themselves hugely, to the small content of the Chamber, and the Chamber adjourned until Monday, the 15th current. The Commons, having issued writs to the counties and boroughs for which certain of the new Ministers had seats, did likewise adjourn until Friday, the 12th current.

A Dangerous Remedy.

WE sometimes hear inconsiderate people express a wish that some cure might be discovered for sea-sickness. Most earnestly do we hope that no discovery of the kind will ever be made, unless, previously or simultaneously, somebody shall also have invented a means for blowing an enemy's fleet into the air. Our next greatest security to that which is derived from manning our own wooden walls is afforded by the waves which unman the ships of our adversaries.

SPONTANEOUS INDIGENCE.

THE celebrated FATHER RAVIGNAN'S remains were buried the other day, in a style which a British undertaker would pronounce to be decidedly not respectable. "The hearse was that which would have been used for the poorest person," says the Paris Correspondent of our chief contemporary—the reason for which most rational arrangement was, that "the deceased as a Jesuit had accepted the vow of poverty." Whatever may be thought of Jesuitism in general, so much of it as forbids the waste of furniture in funerals must be admired by every philosopher; but we do not notice the interment of FATHER RAVIGNAN principally for the purpose of improving the occasion by that remark. Our notice has been attracted to it by the statement that its laudable simplicity was owing to the poverty to which the deceased had bound himself. It is a common opinion that voluntary poverty is a thing unknown in the Established Church; but this is a great mistake, as is clearly proved by the subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

WANTED for a Village School, a MAN and WIFE, (or Brother and Sister,) without Children. The Teacher should be fond of teaching, able to lead singing in school, and (if possible) to play a small organ in Church. Both must be regular communicants. Salary £20 a-year, (doubtless capable of much increase by an evening school,) with an unfurnished Residence, and garden ground. —Address, REV. T. L., P. Vicarage, Poling.

The reverend advertiser may not himself have vowed poverty; he may be simply poor. Poling may be the counterpart of Auburn before that village became deserted, and its vicar may correspond to GOLDSMITH'S parson. If, however, he has not devoted himself to indigence, it is manifest that he wants to procure, for the teachers of his village school, persons who have taken the pledge, or at least embraced the condition, of penury. What couple would undertake the situation which he advertises, at the terms which he offers, except for the express purpose of mortifying the flesh? The only question is, whether, after living a few days on a salary of £20 a-year, there would be much flesh left to mortify—whether the necessary maceration would leave anything on the bones? Fortunately, however, that extremely small sum is "capable of much increase" by extra work. The absolute certainty of starvation, therefore, would not be incurred by the acceptance of the place. The life, however, of those who had taken it on themselves would be one of continual hunger, labour, and it also seems, piety; and what has CARDINAL WISEMAN to say to that? We hope we shall have no more taunts from the friars and their friends about the absence of asceticism in that Church which comprehends the vicarage of Poling.

WARNING TO THE WITLERS.

WE admire wit, and even for the Scotch form of it, known as wut, we have toleration. But we own to distaste for the satirist who throws stale beer in your face by way of epigram.

The Foreign Secretary has appointed as his private secretary a gentleman who is understood to be in every way qualified for that office. The *Morning Advertiser* puts out, in large letters, a scoff at the appointment, because the gentleman in question, a couple of years ago or more, joined a party of friends in performing a pantomime for a charity. He played *Harlequin* on one night, therefore is unfit to conduct LORD MALMESBURY'S correspondence, and his Lordship is to be sneered at for the appointment.

What the *Advertiser* knows about *Harlequin*, we cannot say, but we can certainly compliment our contemporary upon being a most blundering Clown, though not a very amusing one. We have not observed that he has been hoaxed very lately into printing indelicacies in Greek, under the idea that they were theological arguments; but the state of mind in which only he could give insertion to the stupid and illogical spitefulness we have alluded to, warrants our warning the Witlers who sit in judgment on him, that they had better put another rod in pickle, for they may expect their property to be defaced, shortly, by some signal absurdity. We may look for some quotation of Holywell Street impropriety, given in Latin, as an extract from SOLOMON'S Proverbs, and as a floorer for Puseyism. Look alive, beloved Bungs.

WHY WOMEN QUARREL SO MUCH.—You see, there are so many varieties of women that it is no wonder if they do differ.—*Smellfungus the Elder.*

WHEN RAILWAY COMPANIES FALL OUT THE PUBLIC DERIVE THE BENEFIT!

FOR EXAMPLE, DURING SOME OF THE WINTER MONTHS, WITH A NICE BRACING NORTH-EAST WIND BLOWING, YOU MAY GO TO MANCHESTER AND BACK FOR *5s.*—AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE LOST—OH, DEAR NO!

WHO SHOT, AND MISSED THE BUTT.

THIS is the dark ALI MOORAD KHAN,
Forger, but otherwise gentleman.

This is the excellent EDWARD COFFEY.
Who knew the Khan, the colour of toffey.

This is the eloquent ISAAC BUTT,
Who had better have given 'em both the cut.

This is the fierce JOHN ARTHUR ROE-BUCK, who endeavoured to plant a blow.

This is the elegant VERNON SMITH,
Whom MR. BUTT had interviews with.

This is the voluble K. C. B. CLERK,
Who addressed, in Persian, the Khan so dark.

This is the virtuous MISTRESS PARR,
Whose character's left without a scar.

This is the eminent EDWIN JAMES,
Who declares she doesn't deserve hard names.

This is the peppery Baronet, HOGG,
Whom ROEBUCK seems to delight to flog.

This is the oily Baronet, GRAHAM,
Who flays his foes, and delights to flay 'em.

This is the sensible SERJEANT DEASY,
Who worked for BUTT, and was smooth and easy.

This is the House of Commons Committee,
Who sifted the evidence, coarse and gritty.

This is the comforting doctrine taught
By the healing verdict the gentlemen brought:

When a Senator-lawyer receives a fee,
It's as Barrister, mind, and not as M.P.

TORTURE IN THE ARMY.

THE *Morning Star* has published a letter relative to a recent case of flogging in the Army, at Newcastle; that of a soldier named MULLENS, scourged for refusing to be stripped, and striking his sergeant. It appears, according to the writer, that the flogging was very severe, and he states that it has been described as horrible. Of course, we cannot take all that the *Morning Star* publishes, tending to the discredit and prejudice of the Army, for granted; still we can hardly entertain much doubt of the substantial truth of the above statement. At all events, it is certain that flogging is still practised in the Army. Therefore, torture is still practised in the Army; and England differs in barbarity from Naples and Russia only in extent and degree. JOHN BULL sees the stick and the knout projecting from his neighbours' pockets, but he thinks nothing of the cat-of-nine-tails concealed in his own. It may be that torture is a very good thing, but why limit torture to the Army? Why not put civil as well as military malefactors to the torture of the lash? Why should not a fraudulent banker be flogged, if anybody is flogged? A ruffian who breaks his wife's bones must not be whipped; the punishment would be too degrading for such a rascal: but the torture of flagellation is not too shameful and too horrible to be inflicted on the insubordinate soldier who strikes his sergeant. Spluttering old Colonels predicted that the ruin of the Army would result from the limitation of torture therein to fifty lashes; whereas, on the contrary, the Army has highly improved. Would not this fact justify a further step in the same direction—the abolition of military torture, or flogging, except under the necessity of summary discipline in actual service, and in those cases of extreme brutality and scoundrelism, which correspond to wife-beating and villanous breach of trust?

The Rubs of this World.

THERE are Hearts, you see, just like water, both hard and soft; with some, anything will melt in them, and in the others, nothing—for all the world like soap.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SON.—The EARL OF DERBY inducing LORD STANLEY to join a Tory Ministry.

"CALL YOU THIS BLACKING OF YOUR FRIENDS!"

SAMUEL WARREN is not provided for in the new Administration. HARDY is at the Home Office—EGERTON is Judge Advocate General—SAMUEL WARREN is not even an author of Twelve Hundred a-year. The ingratitude of such an omission may be disgusting, its short-sightedness bat-like, its folly suicidal, but the fact is not to be denied.

The Author of the *Lily and the Bee* is too proud to complain. But he has allowed himself the mild revenge of a joke.

"Considering," said SAMUEL, "how much DERBY'S Government want brilliancy, and power of reflection, I think, for their own sakes, they had better have tried WARREN."

BUTTING AND RE-BUTTING.

"IF you be hurt with horn of hart, it brings you to your bier,"
So ran old huntsman's rule—'tis changed, that's clear;
For ROEBUCK'S boring hurts not BUTT, we hear,
And Butts should easily be brought to beer.

POETICAL SENTIMENT (*illustrative of one of "The Sweet Uses of Adversity."*)—The heart that is "bowed down with care," rises only the nearer to Heaven, like the bough of a richly-laden tree, the moment it is relieved of its load.

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JONATHAN'S APPENDIX TO JOHNSON.

THE other day one of those fights which, in the United States, are of such frequent occurrence at deliberative and judicial assemblies, took place in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, arising out of an altercation consequent on the cross-examination of LOLA MONTES. The combatants were the plaintiff, MR. JOBSON, and the defendant's counsel, MR. SEELY. MR. SEELY applied to MR. JOBSON the term "fellow." The latter, thereupon, made the retort following:—

"MR. JOBSON (*excitedly*). Now, Sir, if you call me a fellow again, you vagabond shyster, I'll let you see."

In the foregoing quotation there is an expression which will probably be novel to most Cisatlantic readers. In the word "shyster," the English language is enriched with a new term of abuse. We are under great obligations to America for the additions which she is continually making to our mother tongue. The daughter is much more copious in her phraseology than the old lady; but is especially rich in the vocabulary of invective, the opprobrious dictionary, the lexicon of vituperation. She is, in fact, a considerably greater scold than her mamma.

This faculty of verbal invention is something national, and its productions might, with great propriety, be made a public matter of. Newly coined substantives and adjectives might be issued from the Government Mint, like dollars and cents, or the PRESIDENT might solemnly promulgate them as the POPE publishes new dogmas. If, too, the American PRESIDENT would explain his Yankeeisms as the Roman Pontiff pretends to define his mysteries, he would decidedly stump his Holiness. We ought to thank our American kinsmen for new verbal arms as well as for DAHLGREN guns and COLT'S revolvers; for lingual as well as manual weapons of offence and defence. Insolent cabmen are now happily much less common than they used to be, but are still sometimes to be met with; and should one encounter a cabman of the old school, it may be convenient to have at command such an oral missile to hurl back in return for his reproaches and bad names, as that with which we are provided in the word "shyster."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 12, *Friday*. The Commons met again in order to congratulate such of the new Ministers as are Commoners upon their re-election. A host of petitions was presented against the admission of Jews to Parliament, and MR. NEWDEGATE was good enough to announce that as SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, the great anti-Judæan, had been made LORD CHELMSFORD, and could trouble Israel no longer, the work should be taken up, and not done negligently, by the mighty hunter NEWDEGATE himself.

The exculpation of MR. ISAAC BUTT was then announced to the House, but MR. ROEBUCK, who was getting himself into a rage about something else, took no notice of his discomfiture in this instance.

MR. B. DISRAELI, Leader of the House of Commons, then stated that LORD MALMESBURY had already patched up the unpleasantness with France, and that the "painful misconceptions" which had existed between the two Governments were at an end. Our friend DIZZY seems, as was less truly said of another great man, TOM THUMB, to have made the giants first, and then to have killed them. We do not know what painful misconceptions subsisted between LORD PALMERSTON'S Government and the EMPEROR'S, although it was quite certain that there was a misconception on LORD PALMERSTON'S part as to what England would permit him to do. He tried to do more than this, and went head over heels; but inasmuch as he had tried to please the EMPEROR, there could be no misconception in that quarter, and there ought to have been a great lot of sympathy. But if MR. DISRAELI meant that the French parties had misconceived, or affected to misconceive the institutions of England, and having then had the constitution explained to them, had confessed their mistake, well and good, and we shall be happy to see the despatches as soon as the QUEEN permits them to be laid on the table. LORD DERBY has thrown over his predecessor's Conspiracy Bill, and proposes to take legal opinions on the question.

MR. RICH intimated that he should like to know what was going to be the general policy of the new Government.

MR. DISRAELI put on his right glove.

MR. P. O'BRIEN intimated that he also should like to know what was going to be the general policy of the new Government.

MR. DISRAELI put on his left glove.

The House cried "Hear, hear!" as a hint that it also should like to know what was going to be the general policy of the new Government.

MR. DISRAELI put on his hat.

MR. KINGLAKE, seeing that there was no chance of a general answer, went in for a particular one, on the subject of the *Cagliari*, and explained that, as it had now been discovered that the real wrong-doers and pirates were the Neapolitans, who had seized the vessel when out of BOMBA'S jurisdiction, it was clearly a case for English interference on behalf of English subjects.

MR. DISRAELI took off his hat again, and said that the case had been going on for ten months, and that the late Government had decided on a course of policy to which the present Government must adhere. He hoped that our engineers would be able to prove themselves innocent, and said that LORD MALMESBURY had used no "unamiable language" towards the court of Naples.

MR. HEADLAM thought, that as circumstances had changed, policy should change also. MR. ROEBUCK was for moving a three-decker within cannon shot of the Royal Palace, and said that the amiable language he would have used would have been cannon-shot. MESSRS. HORSMAN and EWART were also for fresh action, and MR. GLADSTONE cried shame upon England for leaving it to Sardinia to assert the law of nations and the rights of Englishmen. LORD PALMERSTON would have been very glad (he now says) could he have made out a case against Naples that would have justified a demand for our *Cives Romani*, and under this new view of things was considering what could be done when he was extruded from Downing Street. MR. MILNES urged action.

Yet, in the face of all this aggregate opinion, a subordinate Minister was instructed to get up and repeat that LORD DERBY must keep in the groove marked out by LORD PALMERSTON, but that the House might have any papers, except those which really bore upon the matter.

[LORD DERBY, all this is very fishy—very fishy, indeed. Do you want to go out directly, LORD DERBY? *Punch*.]

LORD JOHN RUSSELL characterised the answer as most unsatisfactory, and declared his utter want of confidence in the justice of the Neapolitan Government. Even the dumb OSBORNE was moved to speak. We were going to refer to BALAAM, but it would perhaps be more polite to turn to HOMER, and liken the fiery OSBORNE to the horse of ACHILLES, that suddenly found his tongue and intimated to the hero that his hour would come. He actually threatened the Cabinet with a vote of want of confidence, and was generally impertinent, as of old.

So the matter ended for the present, and GENERAL PEEL stated that he was about to improve the sanatory state of the Army, and should spare no money in the process.

The House went into Committee on the Navy Estimates, and voted a good deal of money, not one shilling of which does *Mr. Punch* object to, under existing circumstances. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON took 59,380 men and boys for sea and coast-guard service for the next four months. Moreover, the reprieved convict, JOHN COMPANY, got his loan; but LORD PALMERSTON said that he should not withdraw his India Bill until the House had seen that of the Government.

So ended the First Night of the DERBY-DIZZY Administration. Will its remaining nights be counted in one figure, or two figures, or will any sanguine Tory favour *Mr. Punch* with a bet that a third figure will be needed to express the sum?

The Right of Bad Translation is reserved to the French.

THE classic Frenchman, who translated BYRON into BIRON, is now engaged in rendering MILTON. His intimate acquaintance with our most abstruse idioms is beautifully illustrated by his elegant rendering of the line "Sweetest SHAKSPEARE, Nature's child," which is made to run thus:—

"BILLY *doux, enfant naturel*."

IF THE CARPET-BAG OF JOKES, LEFT BY MR. BERNAL OSBORNE at the ADMIRALTY, is not taken away within fourteen days, they will be SOLD to the *Saturday Review* for WHAT THEY WILL FETCH.—SIR J. PAKINGTON.

FAIR AND EQUAL.

Sister. "NOT GIVE A BALL, CHARLES! FIDDLE! WHY NOT? I TELL YOU WHAT,—IF YOU WILL FIND THE ROOM, AND THE MUSIC, AND THE SUPPER, AND THE CHAMPAGNE, AND THE ICES,—I'LL FIND THE LADIES! COME NOW!"

"AND DOTH NOT A MEETING."

(*As sung by* LORD DERBY *on welcoming, in* 1858, *his old Cabinet of* 1852.).

AND doth not a Meeting like this make amends
For the years I've been sporting and spouting away,
To see thus around me my 'Fifty-two friends,
Once more looking forward to sweet quarter-day?
Though o'er some of your consciences, thoughts of lang syne,
And poor old Protection, be stealing—what then?
That humbug is buried: your blushes, nor mine,
Can't bring the old lady to being again.

What mingled remembrances creep o'er the heart,
On re-entering the room, where we last had our fling!
The mistakes and the mulls, in which each bore his part,
Still 'round it, like last night's tobacco-smoke, cling.
As letters some FRAIL hath unwarily traced,
In Election Committee-rooms steal on the sight,
So—a *Mene and Tekel*, I had hoped effaced—
Large W. B.s on the walls come to light.

Yet though, as through pages of HANSARD we wade
To recal our old words, e'er rehearsing our new,
We may here and there come on an awkward parade
Of unredeemed pledges and hopes gone askew;
We surely can fill up the Sessional hours
With the Bills the late Cabinet leaves us in store;
Beg the country will kindly consider them ours,
And give us a twelvemonth of place, as before.

So frail is our tenure, four quarters, at most,
Is all you can touch of the pay you hold dear;
E'en majorities often (PAM knows) may be lost:
And majorities aren't much in *our* line, I fear.

But still let us hope, if we've short lives to run,
They may turn out more merry, than six years ere this;
And I earnestly beg, when a job's to be done,
You won't mull it like W. B. (whom we miss).

But come—the more rare is our chance of a start,
The more we should make of this lucky *encore*;
In office we meet: who knows when we may part?
You'll have *one* quarter-day, though you may not have more.
Then go in to win: tip convictions the wink;
We've no credit to lose and a great deal to gain:
And if we've no principle, serving for link,
What's principle's link, boys, to interest's chain?

THE DIVINITY OF RANK.

THE *Univers* boasts that during the last few years there have been converted to Popery in England, 3 duchesses, 1 marquis, 2 countesses, 4 viscountesses, 8 ladies, 10 baronets, 2 archdeacons, 85 clergymen, and 272 persons moving in the upper ranks of life; and further glories in the fact that English titles imply genuine aristocracy, and not sham. Apparently the *Univers* thinks that genuine titles involve theological intuitions, and that true aristocracy enjoys an instinct for the discernment of true faith. If the list had run thus, 3 mathematicians, 1 physiologist, 2 chemists, 4 geologists, 8 natural historians, 10 physicians, 2 surgeons, 85 solicitors, and 272 other persons engaged in intellectual professions, it would have been somewhat more to the purpose. Rationality and education may be conceived to have something, at least, to do with the determination of doctrinal questions: but it is difficult to conceive what peculiar ability to decide in matters of religion appertains to rank.

A KICK FOR THE FRENCH COLONELS.—"True valour does not indulge in bombast."—*Choice Extract from the* EARL OF DERBY'S *Speech.*

SPECIMEN OF A SELECT AND COMPREHENSIVE CYCLOPÆDIA

OF THE MOST PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE, COMPILED BY PUNCH AND JUDY, FOR THE EXPRESS USE OF ADULTS ONLY.

THE first letter of the alphabet and of the five vowels, is consequently the most important of them all. We cannot say why it should be first; it is, in fact, a mere caprice of fashion, and a man of original mind may begin his alphabet with Z, if he chooses. Amongst logicians it denotes an universal affirmative proposition, such as—Manchester and Meanness are synonyms; and in algebra an unknown quantity: thus you may say, $a+x$ =£5000; but it doesn't follow you will find it to be so. Besides, quantities may be unknown from exactly opposite reasons; thus the grains of earth in the world are unknown, on account of their multiplicity, whilst the contents of my purse are unknown, because there is nothing in it. Amongst the Romans A signified 500, amongst the Greeks number 1, so absurdly vague were those puerile people of antiquity in their ideas. Amongst the English, A 1 signifies the best of its kind: thus, this publication is A 1, and this method has the advantage of giving a limitless scale of value to everything; for if *Punch* is A 1, the *Athenæum* may be put down at about M 50, and by calling SIR COLIN CAMPBELL A 1, we find by exact calculation that LORD CARDIGAN is Z 500. A is called a capital letter, but here again we perceive the injustice of mankind; for if in writing we had always to make a great A, instead of a little *a*, what a trouble it would be; therefore, in truth, *a* is emphatically the capital letter. A is also an article, but an article of so little value in money matters, that we shall say no more of it in this article. Finally, my beloved Cockney friends, pray cease pronouncing A, Hay. Haymaking is very well for country people, but not becoming in you.

AA, or AA. There are no less than sixteen rivers in Europe of this name; from which fact, it is presumed they are amongst the oldest existing, and were discovered in the very infancy of the human tongue, when articles were known, but nouns substantive yet in embryo.

ABACAY, also called Calangay, a white parrot found in the Phillipine Islands. As all inferior animated nature is typified more or less strikingly in man, we may look on FREDERICK PEEL as a species of Abacay.

ABACUS. In architecture the uppermost member of a capital. Politically speaking, LORD JOHN RUSSELL is the Abacus of our capital, BARON ROTHSCHILD being only a possible Abacus. If, however, the Baron ever gets into Parliament, it will then be a question for metaphysicians, whether two abaci can co-exist; and if so, which is the uppermost? or if in such a case Abacus can be predicated of either. In the Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic orders, the Abacus is flat and square like Lincoln's Inn Fields; but in the other orders, its four faces are curved inwards, and it must be so disagreeable an operation to have four of your faces so distorted that sticking a pretty flower in the centre of each, as architects do, appears a poor compensation, especially when they cut off your four corners, which is invariably done. Abacus was also a table used by ancient mathematicians, covered with dust or sand, on which they drew figures with their fingers, a dirty habit happily fallen into disuse. In Arithmetic, Abacus was an instrument for facilitating operations by means of counters, but so complicated an instrument that we prefer sending the reader down Oxford or Regent Street, let him look into any shop, and he will then shortly understand the whole process, in fact shops may be regarded generally as a series of Abaci. The *Abacus Pythagoricus* is a table of numbers ready cast up to facilitate working in arithmetic, a happy invention rigorously excluded from schools. In common pot-houses, it is done in white chalk, and is vulgarly called "running up a score"—one of the very easiest things to run up imaginable. Of the *Abacus logisticus* and *Abacus harmonicus*, as we know nothing, we shall say nothing. Reflect on that RUSKIN, BENDIZZY, and a few others.

ABADIR. The name of the stone which SATURN swallowed under the absurd supposition that it was his own little boy JUPITER. We have no intention to criticise this very ancient, and consequently perfectly authentic tradition; yet we cannot help thinking SATURN must have been an idiot, or drunk, or a great donkey, to let his dame RHEA make such a fool of him; fancy swallowing a pewter pot and believing it to be an oyster! Only electro-biology can explain such things. The truth of the story is attested by the fact, that young ladies and gentlemen who devour each other (with kisses) are to this day always described as people of a Saturnine disposition.

ABASED, in Heraldry, is said of the wings of birds when closed; thus, a Christmas turkey on the festive board is an abased bird until it is carved. An abased ordinary is one placed below its due situation, instance—the Shades, in Leicester Square.

ABATEMENT, in Heraldry, certain marks of disgrace added to arms, for some dishonourable act committed by the bearer, thus—handcuffs are an abatement. Abatements are either made by reversion or diminution; that is, they are taken off one rascal and put on to another; or are made to fit by diminution. To have your arms turned upside down, is also a method of abatement, but so difficult and cruel a process, that it has lately fallen into disuse, except with soldiers at a military funeral.

ABATEMENT, in law, signifies rejecting a suit, on account of some fault, either in the matter or proceeding, and is perfectly legal. Hence, when MR. SNIP sent me a badly-fitting coat, I did quite right in repudiating the entire suit, and charming CLARA GODOLPHIN was justified in closing her doors on TOM RATTLETRAP, who called one morning smelling strongly of grog and tobacco. Abatement is also an irregular entry upon houses or lands; boys frequently effect abatements on orchards and gardens, and HARRY TIPPLER effects an abatement every night about twelve o'clock on his chambers in Gray's Inn. Abatements are also frequently effected in the suburbs of London by gentlemen in Blucher boots and dark lanterns, the legality of such abatement being usually settled at Quarter Sessions. Abatement, amongst traders, is the same as rebate or discount, and is the most difficult thing to obtain in the whole world.

ABBA, ABBOT, ABBESS, ABBEY. Abba, a Syriac term for father, thus: *abba, pabba*, papa, pa-pa-a, or pa, whence also is derived Abbot, *lucus à non lucendo*, because he was not a real papa, but bound to celibacy and the spiritual paa only of his monks. What his functions and duties were, are exactly defined in an ancient and important rythmical MS. of the period, by one of the lay brethren (so called on account of their idleness and poetical powers). In this we find that the Abbot must be meek, his paunch sleek, and the merriest of them all: he was required to take his place with a smiling face (true religion is ever cheerful) when refection bell did call: he was to sing and laugh, and the rich wine quaff, till he shook the olden hall, and was bound to laugh, ha, hah, and quaff, haw, haw, till he shook (with the assistance of his beloved children) the olden hall. We may see from this, that an Abbot's place was no

sinecure. According as they nobly performed these arduous duties, they were crosiered, mitred, and œcumenical Abbots. Amongst the English there were no less than twenty-seven Sovereign Abbots, or such sovereign good fellows as to be admitted into the House of Lords. ARCHBISHOP ABBOT, who distinguished himself so greatly, however, in the seventeenth century, was not one of these. LORDS TENTERDEN and COLCHESTER are the only two Abbots now in the Lords, and it is lucky for them HARRY THE EIGHTH is not alive, or he would soon have them out. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, and some Abbots were no Abbots at all. Thus PRIMATICCIO was Abbot of St. Martin, *in commendam*. He never either sang or drank till he shook the olden hall, yet enjoyed all the revenues, and the same was the case with the chief magistrate of the Genoese republic, a middle-age man, more ready for a fray than a feast, and a feast, than the "*frais*." The Abbess, we are told by DUCANGE, holds the same position towards her nuns as the Abbot to his monks, spiritual functions only excepted, of which her sex renders her incapable. We don't pretend to explain DUCANGE. As to Abbeys, they are delightful places to picnic in; we would particularly recommend Tintern in June. DUGDALE'S *Monasticon* is the best pocket-guide, written expressly for tourists, and will be found to contain all necessary information as to hotels, railroads, and other means of conveyance. When PELAGIUS observed to HENRY THE EIGHTH that the Abbeys were very dissolute, that virtuous monarch grimly said, he had determined on their entire dissolution; the result of which was, that he put no less a sum than 2,853,000 odd pounds into his own pocket per annum. What a pity it is we have no opportunities of the kind now-a-days, when our poor little QUEEN has such a large family!

ATTEMPTED SABBATARIAN OUTRAGE.

AWWORMISM, or fanaticism, like crime, disease, and volcanos, has its eruptions. Garotte robberies are prevalent for a while, cholera is occasionally epidemic, and Vesuvius now and then flares up. So does Sabbatarianism. It had been tolerably quiet for some time; but the other day the following outbreak of Sabbatarian frenzy was related by the *Times*:—

"SUNDAY TRAINS ON SCOTCH RAILWAYS.—At their Meeting on Wednesday, the Shareholders of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway once more rejected, by a large majority, a motion to stop Sunday Trains on the line. An amendment on the motion was proposed by the Directors and adopted, to the effect that at the half-yearly meeting, they should take the sense of the Shareholders on the subject, the Directors being authorised to issue proxies to all of them previous to the Meeting."

We rejoice to find that the Sabbatarian bigots have thus been baffled, even in Scotland, in their attempt to render it impossible for the attendance of medical men and relatives to be procured on Sundays at the bed of sickness or death. Yet the Sabbatarians have our sympathy with them to a certain extent. We feel, with pity, that their consciences must torment them for continuing to draw dividends which are in part derived from Sunday traffic. Therefore we would advise them instantly to sell their shares; but, if they prefer holding them in order to effect their pharisaical purposes, at least let them hand over the said dividends to some charitable institution—say to an asylum for idiots, a class of unfortunates notoriously much neglected in the land of KNOX.

Affecting Sensibility.

MR. GOUGH, the sweet DEMOSTHENES of Temperance, could not refrain from shedding a tear (the best New River) on the day of the Eclipse, as the thought struck him, with all the force of a shower-bath, that so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen were at that moment enjoying themselves with a glass in their hands.

THE TWO VOICES.

"WHAT'S this?" growled the old British Lion—as sulky
As a bear with sore head—"What's this rumpus I hear?"
And he heaved up his carcase, so bony and bulky,
On his massive fore-arms, and cocked each tawny ear

To where, 'tother side of a neighbouring rivulet,
Crowed the French Cock, as none but the French Cock can crow;
Point-blank, as a duck-shooter levels his swivel, at
The lion's ear, that Cock-a-doodle did go.

Let learnèd zoologists find out the reason,
'Tis a fact that the Lion hates Chanticleer's strain,
And so sure as it sounds, from the leonine weasand
Comes a growl, saying plainly—"Don't try that again!"

'Tis an equally curious fact in zoology
That the growl of the Lion so works on the Cock,
That it sets him a crowing: and neither's apology
Addressed to the other, can soften the shock.

'Tis this mutual action of crowing and howling,
Which accounts for what lately has puzzled us all—
The old British Lion's grim, undertoned growling,
And the trumpetting tones of the Cock of old Gaul.

C'est plus fort qu'eux—in fact, quite a nervous phenomenon;
But though harmless at first, it excites before long:
And the best way to stop the attack when it's comin' on,
Is to muzzle the beast *if* you stop the bird's song.

But that much admired *vet*, DOCTOR LOUIS NAPOLEON,
While suggesting the one means, the other omits;
Of the operant noises, he'd stifle the whole o' one,
But lets 'tother trumpet us all into fits.

To clap on the old British Lion a muzzle,
While the French Cock's let crow, from the *Moniteur's* perch,
E'en DOCTOR NAPOLEON'S adroitness will puzzle,
Though the Press he has padlocked, and hocussed the Church.

But if Europe's disturbed, by the old Lion's roaring,
Till Bear, Turkey, Vultures, are scared from repose,
There's one way, and but one, of quiet restoring,
And that's to put stop to the Gallic cock's crows.

Till then be assured the old Lion will grumble:
And had best not be asked to lie down with the Lamb:
Of all food his aversion's the pie known as humble,
He won't take it e'en from his old keeper, PAM!

THE BEST FRENCH *MONITEUR*.

AFTER all, the truth must be said, the best French conciliatory *Moniteur* is *PUNCH!* He is alike kind, useful, cheerful, consolatory, instructive, sincere, authentic, prophetic, didactic, and philosophic. He is a true friend, and an infallible counsellor. If he is severe, his severity is only assumed for purposes of kindness. LOUIS NAPOLEON would do well to listen to this friendly *Moniteur* a little more, and to follow rather oftener the invaluable advice he invariably gives. He would find himself all the better for it, and his subjects would be proportionately grateful to him. Not only is *Punch* the best of all possible *Moniteurs*, but he is the only *Moniteur* that dares speak the truth. This Imperial and Royal Guide is published every week, in the Anglo-Saxon language, specially for the benefit of all foreigners, Gallic or otherwise, who would wish to "*Spike the Anglish*." The price is within the reach of the continental pocket of even the poorest Monsieur.

A Bad Reason is Better than No Reason.

OUR joke-cracking friend BERNAL OSBORNE, was asked why he did not speechify on the Tuileries-WALEWSKI Debate that turned the Palmerstonians out? It was represented to him that he might have saved the LOUIS NAPOLEON lot, and moreover it was quietly remonstrated that he had not spoken once the whole session. "Well, PAM did ask me to say something," said the M.P. for Shakspeare's Cliff, "but no such luck! I wasn't going to be made his (s)talking-horse."

PETS OF THE BALLOT.—Shortly will be published, a series of Political Portraits, called *Pets of the Ballot*. They will include full-length likenesses of MR. HENRY BERKELEY (the head of the series), MESSRS. BRIGHT, COBDEN, LOCKE KING, HORSMAN, HADFIELD, &c. &c. Smaller heads, drawn with the same impartiality as the Ballot itself, will follow. The drawings entrusted only to hands that are celebrated for their fidelity and truthfulness. For further Particulars, inquire of the Porter at the Reform Club.

A DISCUSSION FORUM (!) AS IMAGINED BY OUR VOLATILE FRIENDS.

A DISCUSSION FORUM (!) AS IT IS IN REALITY.

Affectionately Presented to our French Neighbours.

RETURN TO ROAST BEEF.

THE new Passport system will lead to much good,
'Twill bring us all back, whom from France 'twill exclude,
To our old way of thinking and old style of food;
Oh, the roast beef of old England,
And, oh, the old English roast beef.

Debarred, by that plan of precaution so wise,
Any longer from seeing our gallant allies,
We shall view them in thought with our ancestors' eyes;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Because to admit us their rulers refuse,
We shall once more believe they all wear wooden shoes,
And subsist upon frogs, and unspeakable stews;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Forbidden our steps on their soil to advance,
We soon shall suppose that to fiddle and dance
Is the only employ of the people of France;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Their Government tells us you mustn't come here,
By reason whereof we shall once again jeer
Every Frenchman, ere long, by the name of Mounseer;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Our neighbours will into the notion withdraw
That we sell our own wives under sanction of law,
And, unable to cook, devour all our meat raw;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

This strict Passport system is cleverly planned
Once more to induce us to misunderstand
Our friends, on whose shore we no longer may land;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

To a stand-still it Civilization will bring,
Or throw it far back; and a very good thing,
Says the surly old school that but one tune can sing;
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

THE PEARL OF THE THAMES.

Among the various songs which have lately been sung at Berlin in honour of the illustrious newly married pair, there is one in which the Princess Royal is metaphorically described as the "pearl from the banks of the Thames." This phrase is more pretty than proper. There are plenty of mussels in the Thames; but there are no oysters, and it is in oysters, not mussels, that pearls are found: moreover, even if the Thames mussels could have mustered a pearl among them, that gem would have been derived not from the banks, but from the bed of the river, where the mussels lie. The Berlin periphrasis for the Princess Royal is more like an Irishism than a Germanism. It assumes an additionally droll aspect if we venture to regard it in the light in which it probably presents itself to our gracious Sovereign, whom it must naturally occasion to say to herself, or to her Royal Consort, "If they term my daughter a pearl, I suppose they will call me mother of pearl." However we must not quarrel with an expression which, if queer, is complimentary. In denominating our Princess a pearl, the gallant Germans show that they appreciate the treasure which has been bestowed upon them, and that England, in presenting them therewith, has not been, as it were, casting her pearl before a tribe of pachydermata.

PARNASSUS IN SCOTLAND YARD.

We see that the salary of the Editor of the *Police Gazette* is not more than £100 a-year. This is a most shabby allowance. Certainly, literature does not figure for much amongst the "Police Charges." The Pen scarcely gets twice as much as the common *Bâton*. We should like very much to see a copy of the *Police Gazette*. Is it written in the form of a dictionary, beginning with A, and going consecutively through all the divisions of the police alphabet, up to Z? Is Policeman A 1 the Editor?—and is the One Policeman of Herne Bay amongst the distinguished *hommes de lettres* who contribute to its columns? We should like too, to be shown the literary staff that there is on the paper? Is it wooden like most Policemen's staffs, or is it the brilliant staff that on state occasions generally waits upon Commissioner Mayne, dazzling all the nurserymaids with the effulgence of their gorgeous costumes, and making the Horse Guards' moustaches droop with envy at the superior manner in which these sun-browned veterans of Scotland Yard sit on their Arabian steeds? However, we must confess that our *confrère* of the *Police Gazette* is not handsomely paid. A hundred pounds a-year is but a shabby compensation for one, who is called upon at all hours to exercise his powers of description on every variety of furniture and all descriptions of criminals,—now on the colour of an old maid's tabby that has been stolen, now on the order of architecture to which belongs the nose of a railway clerk who has been eloping with his Directors' cash-box. He is expected to be eloquent every felonious day of the week on the endless changes of Lost, Stolen, or Strayed, and he only gets £2 a-week for it! The authorities of Scotland Yard must have learnt their notions of liberality, not in England, but in the country that borders on the opposite side of it. Hence the meaning of the "Scotland." But really this poor son of the Muses, or adjoining Mews, would get as much by spinning barley-sugar love-stories for any *Housemaid's Belle Assemblée*, or the *Englishwoman's Newspaper* would only be too happy to give him a more liberal engagement, from his well-known character of being "a deep blue."

TO OUR BROTHER IN BERLIN.

Dear Doctor Dohm, 85, *Fleet Street, London, E. C.*

Until this week I had not the happiness of being acquainted with your name and position. Excuse my familiarity. Great men can afford to waive small ceremonies. You are, I read, the Editor of "the Punch of Berlin," and further, that you have just been fined ten dollars for laughing at the bad grammar of some of the authorities.

My dear Doctor, I think that you were rightly fined. May I tell you a little old story, pretty well known in England, but perhaps new to Prussia? A certain wit, rather tipsy, got out of a hackney-coach, and paid the driver. "Sir," said the man, "you have given me a bad shilling." "All right," hiccupped the wit, "yours is a bad coach."

Dr. Dohm, my respected friend, did you ever read in any document emanating from continental police authorities, sentiments which in the eternal fitness of things ought not to have been couched in bad grammar.

My friend Dohm, let there be logic even in our laughter. Where was your logic in objecting to a rascally edict being clothed in rascally language?

But, regarding the act which has fined you as one of arbitrary folly, I would say: Never mind, Dr. Dohm. The despots fine, but we flog. Our purses will hold out longer than their skins—even the skins anointed with holy oil. Slash away, my dear Doctor, and believe in the sympathy of

Your fellow-castigator,

To the eminent Dr. Dohm. PUNCH.

A Palm Leaf.

Picked up in Great Russell Street, March 10th.

A Literary Man, when stunned
With sums and figures, oft hath blundered,
But pardon him, if dizzy, dunned,
He makes mistakes, at which you 've wondered,
For see, his pompous and rotund
Patrons, the Literary Fund,
Lose fifty pounds in every hundred.

Military and Political Puzzle.

It appears that the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief, can send General Peel, the War Minister, out to India, or anywhere else, on duty, if he pleases. Such being the relation between the two parties, the question is, which may be considered master, and which man?

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

ROMANCE OF A ROOMY 'BUS.

"THERE, why don't yer get out and ride?"
A smart and lively Cabman cried
To us—there were but two of us,
Inside a stopping omnibus.

This omnibus, some minutes good,
Still at the Knightsbridge stand had stood;
The Cabman marked the long delay,
Which caused him what he said to say.

"Bank!" the Conductor cried, "Bank! Bank!"
Whilst laughter shook the Cabman's rank;
"Bank!—why the Bank might shut up shop,
Thought I, my friend, whilst thus you stop."

The vehicle was a "Saloon;"
"I shall not end my journey soon,"
I said in my impatient breast:
Again the Cabman urged his jest.

An old red 'bus had passed the new,
Wherein there sat alone we two.
The Cabman's joke, whilst we remained
Still, still by repetition gained.

At length, afraid that we should stay
There the remainder of the day,
I sacrificed the fare I owed,
Took his advice—got out and rode.

Move on, you 'busses called Saloon,
And you will prove a public boon;
But if you loiter, you 'll be done:
Keep running, if you mean to run.

A Bitter Bad Fruit.

A PATRIOTIC Irishman, expatiating eloquently upon the Lodge disturbances that are so repeatedly taking place in his country, exclaimed wildly: "By Jove, Sir, you may call the Orange the Apple of Discord of Ireland."

THE ANTI-PEREGRINATION SOCIETY.

THIS association, consisting principally of persons of rank and wealth, has been established, for the purpose of preventing, as far as it can, all travelling on the Continent which is not rendered absolutely necessary by the exigencies of business.

The formation of this society has been occasioned by the recently increased severity of the passport system, which has now become absolutely insufferable, and which, in the opinion of many of those persons who chiefly have been accustomed to travel abroad in pursuit of health or pleasure, ought to be no longer endured. Each member has entered into a solemn engagement never to set foot on the Continent, except in case of necessity, until the passport nuisance is abolished.

As a substitute for continental travel, the Society proposes recourse to home excursions, and tours throughout the most interesting districts of the United Kingdom. To facilitate these, its endeavours will be practically directed.

The Anti-Peregrination Society, with this object in view, is desirous to impress on the minds of hotel-landlords, livery stable-keepers, and others who get their living by travellers, the expediency of being moderate in their charges, and of not preying upon those on whom they live. Suggestions for increasing the accommodation and diminishing the cost of board and residence at inns will be furnished by the society to all hosts desirous of profiting by them.

The establishment of good ordinaries, on the plan of the foreign *tables d'hôte*, is strongly recommended to British innkeepers; and they are earnestly advised not to thrust wax candles on people who do not ask for them. They are likewise recommended to pay themselves, or to make stipulated charges in their bills for waiters, chambermaid, and boots.

The too common practice at many fashionable hotels, of stationing the chambermaid at the door of a room into which gentlemen are shown to wash their hands before dinner, in order that she may levy on them a toll of sixpence each, as they come out, is strongly deprecated by the Anti-Peregrination Society. Mineral springs being among the principal attractions which have hitherto drawn Englishmen abroad, the Anti-Peregrination Society has secured the services of several eminent chemists, who will, by employing the resources of science, render any of our existing British medicinal watering places and spas equal in every respect to those situated in Germany or anywhere else; whilst the aid of a vigilant police will be invoked so as to render all those places comparatively free from rascals and blackguards.

The endeavours also of the Society will be especially directed to the realization of combined cheapness, comfort, and security on British Railways.

The Society would strongly impress on publicans and brewers the extreme importance of making the most strenuous efforts to produce and supply for the refreshment of thirsty travellers, the very best of beer.

The adoption of the principles and suggestions of the Anti-Peregrination Society will enable British rank and wealth to purchase health and enjoyment to the emolument of British trade and industry, and will cause her MAJESTY'S honest subjects to profit by that expenditure which has hitherto been wasted upon fraudulent foreigners.

A DIVISION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

IN ENGLAND, our parliamentary divisions are decided by "Ayes" and "Noes."

In America, the divisions are illustrated in a much more striking manner. The belligerent parties are divided into "Black Eyes" and "Bleeding Noses." The Clerk of the House calls out "Black Eyes to the Right,—Bleeding Noses to the left," and then the Tellers (two Kentucky Fisticuffers) proceed to count them.

The Great Kilkenny-Kat-Kansas Question was decided by a majority of only "1 Bleeding Nose." It was left in the hands of the President, and he gave the casting blow dead against the "Eyes." It has been the closest division known for years.

Street-Doric Wit.

SOME one (no matter who) was suggesting that the DUKE OF BEDFORD might select as the motto of the New Covent Garden Opera House the Horatian bit of Latin "*Monumentum Peregi*," when some one else (his name is not of the slightest consequence) quickly remonstrated: "No, no, not '*Peregi*,' but '*Per* F. GYE.'"

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.

MISS MILDEW VISITS BALMORAL, AND WEARS THE TARTAN, TO THE GREAT ASTONISHMENT OF THE NATIVES.

MINISTERIAL ATTACK ON *MR. PUNCH.*

LORD GORDON LENNOX, one of the Ministers for whom the nation has to thank MR. MILNER GIBSON and his friend LORD DERBY, was presumptuous enough to say, in his speech on re-election, that he would like to have suggested an improvement in an article which recently appeared in *Punch*. We admire chivalry, and own that in our aristocracy the virtue of courage has never been wanting. But this sort of thing amounts to audacity. A LENNOX improve *Punch!* Why, *Mr. Punch* himself never believed that he could improve a LENNOX. If the Ministry is going to be thus hazardous, the sooner it is squashed the better. When a Lord of the Treasury talks of touching *Punch*, it is time to look out for the British Constitution. Here, RUSSELL! JOHNNY RUSSELL! Look alive, our man.

What this Lord of the Treasury wanted to do was, to add to *Mr. Punch's* Derby racing news that "*British Lion* had broken down." But *Mr. Punch* has never, in the whole course of his long, useful, and virtuous life, made a joke at the expense of truth and accuracy. This would have been a violation of both. *British Lion* has not broken down; but on the contrary, being badly ridden, and pulled to make him go out of the course, threw his jockey. The LENNOXES are great patrons of the turf, and one of them should be able to narrate a race incident accurately. We are glad to think that this one does not depend upon his reporting powers for his livelihood, for after such a specimen we shall not be able conscientiously to recommend him to *Bell's Life* or the *Era*, when he is thrown out of his present situation.

ROYAL GENERAL CRAWLING BEETLE OMNIBUS COMPANY.—Return for the past week. Number of passengers who have used bad language on account of the slowness of the Beetle Company's omnibuses, 967. Number that have in consequence of such slowness got out of the Beetles to walk, 1014. Number that, walking, have beaten the Beetles, 1014. Number that have declared the Saloons far more comfortable and expeditious than the Beetles, 1275.

THE DEAD TENANT OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

WITH our Cockerish love for figures, we have discovered that during the year 1856 not less than 2,398,850 "Dead Letters" were sent to the different Dead Letter offices in the United Kingdom. The report, however, from which we have borrowed the above interesting statistics, is not satisfactory, for it omits to tell us how many, out of the two million, three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty Dead Letters were sent to our friend "JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.," formerly of "500, *Cheapside*," but now of "300, *Piccadilly*." This vacuum ought to be supplied, for it would help us to form an approximative notion of the amount of folly there is in the British Empire. The remaining epistles, lying for recognition at the Epistolary *Morgue*, might doubtlessly be divided between two classes:—persons who are labouring under a defective address, owing to not having been better taught their letters, and persons, who, better educated, address themselves nevertheless to a *lazy-aller* habit of "lettered indolence."

SHORT MAXIMS FOR FRENCH COLONELS.

BY AN ADMIRING BRITON.

ALL is not bold that blusters.

You may take your soldiers to the water, but it's not so easy to get them safe across it.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the Frenchman's view of England.

When fools fall out, they very often get rather more than they bargained for.

Brag is a brave dog, but his bark is feared in England as little as his bite.

An Englishman's House will never be turned into a Frenchman's Château.

HOW TO GROW A MOUSTACHE.—Rub your upper lip with currant-jelly, and the *hare*, as the inevitable accompaniment, will soon follow.

POLITICAL GAMMON.

WE do not know if we are singular in feeling such sensations, but we must own, that we have lately been both charmed and edified by the speeches of the Ministry upon their several re-elections. While giving us a lesson in the art of saying nothing, in which we should imagine there are few men more proficient, they have blended their instruction with such delicate appeals for our sympathy and succour, that we feel it would be most unmanly to deny them. Their confession of their weakness becomes in fact their strength. It is the old story of the unprotected female. They throw themselves upon our hands in so piteous a manner that we cannot find the heart to refuse them what they ask of us. However much we wish to turn a deaf ear to their story, common gallantry compels us to undertake their championage. Having to say nothing on the subject of their policy, they have said it with such perfect openness and frankness, that we feel both pleased and flattered to be let into their confidence: and their revelations have been made with such engaging candour that we quite disregard the fact that there is really nothing in them.

Perhaps on no point have the re-elected members been more charmingly communicative, than in stating how it happened they consented to take office. Not one of them, it seems, had the slightest wish to do so, or thought himself the right man for the place which had been offered him. But each felt it was his "duty," for the "interests of the country," to make a martyr of himself and accept the pay for doing so. Every man in office has had office thrust upon him. If we may believe what has recently been told us, and we really see no reason why we shouldn't, LORD DERBY'S is essentially a non-volunteer corps. We give him every credit for having filled his ranks, but it is clear that his recruits have cost him much cajoling. As a sample of the way in which his press-gang went to work, take the following pathetic tale of MR. ESTCOURT:—

"On Wednesday of last week I received a visit from an old friend, a member of the House of Commons, well known to be in the confidence of LORD DERBY. He said, 'I come to you with a message; LORD DERBY desires me to ask you to accept the office of President of the Poor Law Board.' I replied, 'My dear friend, it is out of the question; it is not in my line; I don't wish for it; there are others who will do it quite as well, and who will be gratified and pleased by it; my part has been always to fill an independent niche in the House of Commons, and I cannot easily adopt new habits.' 'Well,' he said, 'don't give me that answer without consideration; ought you not to look on this as a call of duty? If you and other men who boast of your independence are not ready to come forward when you receive a legitimate invitation, what right has any man upon whose shoulders lies the great burden of forming a new Government to call upon others to assist him?' I turned this over in my mind, and at the appointed hour I waited on my LORD DERBY. He repeated in very flattering terms the offer he had sent to make to me. I begged him to take a night to think it over and to see if he could not amend his choice. I put to him the reasons which appeared to me to render it desirable that he should think twice on the matter, and I particularly urged on him that in Parliament my pride had always been to be independent of party, and that it was impossible for me at my period of life to change what had been habitual to me. LORD DERBY'S answer was, 'Have you nothing else to urge in the way of objection than this?' 'No.' 'Then,' he said, 'you are the man for me. (*Cheers.*) I offer this office to you, and the only reason why I do so is because, looking around, I think you will discharge the duties of it at least as well as any person I could name.' I, of course, immediately put myself in his hands, and so it happens that your old friend the country squire appears before you to-day with 'right honourable' tacked to his name. (*Cheers and a laugh.*)"

Now really, is not this a most affecting statement? Poor dear MR. ESTCOURT! The simple pathos of his tale goes directly to one's heart. He gives the fullest details as to how he lost his independence. Swallowing his modesty, he tells us all about it. We hear how he was tempted—vainly struggled—fell! It is the old, old story. There was the usual dose of flattery, followed by, alas! the usual result. Would you win the country member, freely ply him with soft sawder. The hook was rather bare in this case we must own, and the butter it was smeared with was not over-tempting. But in fishing for gudgeon one needn't be too nice about the fineness of the bait. Telling a man that he's no better than another is, to our mind, rather a left-handed kind of compliment. But MR. ESTCOURT belongs to the country party: and there is no need of refinement to woo and win the rustic. Some slight pretence of coyness was of course to be expected, but it was clear at the first interview the shily whispered "No" would prove a "sweet consenting" one.

Nevertheless, we cannot view MR. ESTCOURT only as a victim. To our eyes he distinctly and most radiantly shines forth as a martyr. He has sacrificed himself upon the altar of his country, and his country ought in justice to seek to do him honour. His noble act should win him something more substantial than mere phrases of respect. We think, if ever man deserves a statue, he does. Having fallen from his high political estate, having patriotically descended from his "independent niche," it should be the nation's business to set him on his legs again—in, to say the least, a statuette of stucco.

THE GURT AMERICAN HOSS-BREAKER.

A ZONG O' THE ZOUTH-WEST.

UP in Town there's some new game they always be at;
Hast thee heerd o' the last? If thee hastn't thee sha't.
There's a 'Merican chap just come 'ether across,
Who they sez in dree minutes can break e'er a hoss,
With his Geeho, Dobbin,
Come up, Dobbin,
Geeway Dobbin, geewup and geewo!

The name on un's RAREY, and that name a bears,
I s'pose, cause a dwoan't mind how much the hoss rares:
Be that as it med, you'll acknowledge, mayhap,
That this here MR. RAREY's a wonderful chap,
With his Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

They sez a can master, without e'er a doubt,
The viciousest cretur as ever kicked out,
And gits the hoss under his will and control,
Zo much as to cause un to lay down and roll,
With his Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

Sitch wonders as these for a feller to do,
He must dealuns have had wi' the devil, says you;
But he'll sell 'ee his secret, which them as be taught
Says ain't to do nothun a chap didn't ought,
With his Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

No drugs, they assures us, be used in his art,
Nor no mummerism and stuff o' that sart:
They declares he don't punish the hoss in the least,
But works on the feeluns and sense o' the beast,
With his Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

To larn you his method he charges ten pound;
But to keep what you 're taught to yourself you be bound:
Ten pound, as we knows, is a purty smart sum,
But the thing's wuth the money if t'isn't a hum,
With a Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

I'd gie it to know how to holler "Gee, woo 't?"
And be sure any hoss 'ood be sartun to do 't,
And that none whatsomedever would fail to obey,
And act what a was told if I cried "M'ather way!"
With my Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

If this here MR. RAREY wild hosses can tame,
I s'pose a can practus on asses the same.
If zo, to the Commons I wish he'd repair,
And stop the heehawun we zometimes hears there,
With his Geeho, Dobbin, &c.

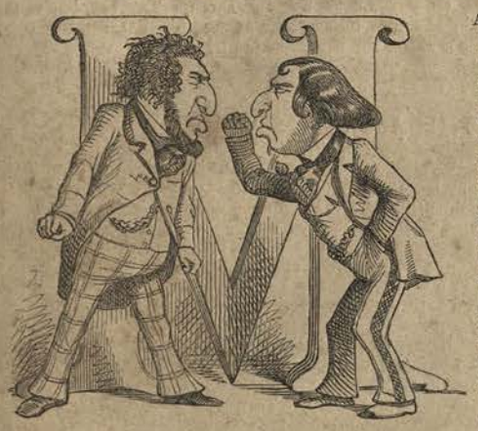
AN ENGINEERING DIFFICULTY.

WE think that the "Engineering Difficulty," which has arisen out of the imprisonment of the two English Engineers in Naples, might be easily put aside by a little judicious blowing-up and discreet undermining of BOMBA'S throne. First of all, we would blow up that pig-headed potentate with a few "amiable words"—and if they had no effect, we would administer a little amiable gunpowder. Depend upon it, the latter, tenderly administered, would have made matters perfectly smooth again, and have brought BOMBA'S reason to the flatness of its former submissive level. In engineering difficulties, there is nothing like gunpowder. It clears away a number of minor obstructions. The best way of letting daylight into FERDINAND'S obscure mind would have been to send a British man-of-war to the Bay of Naples to cut a tunnel, by means of cannon-shot, right through the King's Palace.

Calumny on a Cordwainer.

AN unworthy son of CRISPIN, wishing to ruin the proprietor of an opposition-shop, resorted to the untradesman-like falsehood of circulating a report that his rival was boot-maker to the Metropolitan Police.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MARCH 15, *Monday*. The MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE had given notice that he should to-night show that he deserved the monument which LORD CAMPERDALE, in *Soapey Sponge*, promised to set up over MR. JOHN SPRAGGON, should that gentleman break his neck in trying to break somebody else's in the steeple-chace; namely, white marble, bearing a statement that he was the most spotless virtuous man under the sun. On consideration, the Marquis abandoned the attempt and disappointed the audience.

LORD DERBY stated, that though it might be undesirable that either Orangemen or Parsons should be Magistrates, he should not adhere to the late Irish Chancellor's edict that no Orangeman should be a Magistrate in Ireland. *Mr. Punch* has never been able to see the use of either Magistrates or Laws in that island. Every question there resolves itself into the question of Papist or Protestant, and the only chance of fair play lies in the confused minds of jurors, who, with the best desire to give a party verdict, sometimes blunder into a just one.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY produced the correspondence he has had with the Court of France. There are five letters: 1. COWLEY tells CLARENDON that WALEWSKI is very sorry that he has been misunderstood. 2. MALMESBURY tells COWLEY to tell WALEWSKI that we are glad of his sorrow for the misunderstanding, but that his language, under the circumstances, made it exceedingly natural. 3. COWLEY tells MALMESBURY that he has told WALEWSKI this, and that he is glad that we are glad. 4. MALMESBURY tells COWLEY that a formal despatch from WALEWSKI will now put all straight. 5. WALEWSKI writes to PERSIGNY a despatch stating that the EMPEROR loves England, trusts in Heaven, meant no offence, and drops the subject. So that there is no reason to believe in the probability of war this week or even next week. And now PERSIGNY, dissatisfied with WALEWSKI and his master, resigns office.

Our friends and correspondents, the Dublin University lads, appear to have been brutally treated by the Dublin Police, for simply favouring the latter with some Irish epigrams in the forms of lighted squibs, and other missiles, on occasion of LORD EGLINTOUN'S entry. Again the amiable Irish element was evoked, the youths being Protestants and the police being Papists. *Mr. Punch's* own suggestion for managing Ireland by means of some indifferent parties, say Jews, is really the only safe one. It is found to work very well in the East, where the Turks (with whips) contrive to keep rival Christians from fighting much too ferociously over The Sepulchre.

The Commons rejected the Bill for providing Tramways for the London Omnibuses. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that, if anybody would give Statues to be set up in the Parks, he would accept them, but they must be good ones, as it would not do to let every stonemason in the New Road stick up an advertisement in the shape of a Discobolus, with the maker's address cut where most space for inscription might be afforded.

Touching the *Cagliari* question, there then ensued conflict. *Mr. Punch* begs to point out, with his usual unhesitating frankness, that there has been Humbug on the part both of the present and the late Ministers in this matter. Each party tried to shift responsibility upon the other. LORD PALMERSTON boldly told two entirely different stories about his own conduct, and MR. DISRAELI was compelled to pretend to have new lights, and to undertake that the subject should be reconsidered. Meantime, BOMBA seems frightened, for he has liberated WATT, and ordered PARK'S trial to be hastened, in order to get rid of him.

A very neat quarrel scene, if one may call it so, ensued between MR. BERNAL OSBORNE and MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, and the Oriental origin of both gentlemen was amply vindicated by the eagerness with which they joined battle. There was no Saxon clumsiness of blow, but excellent *carte* and *tierce*. MR. OSBORNE demanded a statement of Ministerial policy. MR. DISRAELI was astonished at such impudence, and said that he was a Conservative. MR. HORSMAN thought MR. OSBORNE'S attack unfair. LORD JOHN RUSSELL defended th old Reform Act, and will probably one of these days rise with a wo. . for *Magna Charta*, and a plea for the Pyramids. MR. DRUMMOND said that the Reform Act was contrived to help the Whigs to beat the Tories. LORD PALMERSTON, more practically, recited his own good deeds, and then the discussion ended, to the great advantage of the country.

Tuesday. ELLENBOROUGH THE FIRST, King of India (in taking the Indian Loan), stated his belief, that, by the end of March, SIR COLIN CAMPBELL will have destroyed Lucknow by a fire under which no man could hope to live. Furthermore, the DERBY Government have hastened to do what the PALMERSTON Government ought to have long since done, namely, to give the son of SIR HENRY LAWRENCE a baronetcy (the Company giving him an annuity), and to pay a tribute to FREDERICK JAMES HALLIDAY (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal), a civilian, who has done marvels of Military Administration in India.

MR. DISRAELI stated that LORD DERBY'S Government had refused to allow a MR. HODGE, a young man who appears to have been making a goose of himself abroad, by chattering against foreign governments, to be delivered up by Sardinia to France. At this the Commons cheered, as does *Mr. Punch*, as HODGE'S having lost his head in one sense is not reason enough why he should lose it in another.

The House gave MR. DISRAELI what money he wanted; the abominable Billeting System was assailed, and MR. EWART obtained a Committee on Colonisation in India, upon which MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made an extremely feeble joke to the effect that, before you thought of Colon-isation, you should put a Full Stop to the Rebellion. There is more sense in the notion than salt in the joke.

Wednesday. A brief debate on that elegantly flowering, but easily killed Annual, the *Billa Judaica Russelliensis*, was raised, and postponed, the discoverer declining to state what he should do if his pet flower were forced to wither in the cold shade of aristocracy.

Thursday. That there might be no mistake as to what is expected by the country from Ministers, about the *Cagliari*, LORD LYNDHURST brought the case forward as it now stands, and put it before Government in a mercilessly lucid way. Chalk marks on a black board could not be more obvious, and LORD LYNDHURST having led LORD MALMESBURY like a schoolboy to the board, and asked him, sternly, "You see *that*, do you?" let him go. There can be no wriggling away, now, except at the price of a vote which will re-construct the Cabinet. Even BOMBA'S surrender of his prey, the moment he sees that we have discovered his fraud, will not suffice. We should have apology, and compensation to the injured men. Remember what we did for PACIFICO, who had sustained no such wrong as our *Cives*.

LORD DUNKELLIN having taken his seat for Galway, MR. ROEBUCK had much pleasure in inaugurating the new Member by presenting a petition setting forth that his seat was obtained by bribery, of which his father, the LORD CLANRICARDE, had been one of the practitioners. Subsequently a Bill was brought in for disfranchising the freemen of Galway.

A discussion arose, originated by MR. RICH, on the subject of the vengeance that is being dealt out to the Indian insurgents, and two or three Members expressed opinions that there had been enough or too much slaughter. Others thought there had been nothing of the kind, and that it was necessary to make examples so terrific that they would abide in the minds of the natives. As the matter is entirely in the hands of the Indian Army, the conversation could have no particular result. But on one point there seemed an obfuscation which may as well be removed. The enemies with whom we fight are of three classes. First, there are the miscreants, military or civil, who had share in the murder of our women and children. Secondly, there are the people of Oude, who resist British sway. Thirdly, there are the Sepoys who have mutinied. For the first class, the most shameful and painful death we can inflict is too light, and they must be hunted down and hung up without mercy. For the second, they are simply enemies, and (except where they have countenanced the murderers) will be treated just as the Russians were in the last war. For the third, they are traitors, and have no right to mercy, although it is of course open to us to show it. But really, until the victory is won, it is a little premature to be discussing what we are to do with the vanquished. Meantime, Government is going to consider whether we cannot afford to give the heroes of Delhi and Lucknow more than thirty-six shillings a-head for saving India. It is certainly getting the work done very cheap.

Friday. LORD CLANRICARDE, feeling "great alarm" for the interests of religion and morality, earnestly demanded of LORD DERBY whether he meant to interfere with the present system of education in Ireland. He said, however, that it was with "great regret that *he* found himself called upon in the discharge of a public duty, to allude to the subject." LORD DERBY tranquillised him by a negative.

The Indian Loan Bill was passed, JOHN BULL being asked to put his name to the transaction merely as a matter of form, as India is "bound in honour" to repay the whole. *Mr. Punch* has some notion that the final operation will be merely a reverse of that commemorated by SIR WALTER SCOTT:—

> "O, first they eated the White puddings,
> And then they eated the Black, O!
> Then thought the gude JOHN unto himsel'
> The Deil clink down with that, O!"

In the Commons a dreadful complaint was raised by a couple of Irish Catholic members about the wicked cruelty of inducing the children of Catholic soldiers to attend Protestant instruction. Doubtless it is very shocking to them that little Papists should have their faith in Winking Pictures, and the like, shaken. In the papers reporting the complaint is a specimen of the teaching given them by their chosen pastors. One of the Irish accomplices in the murder of poor MR. ELLIS, after stating that against that gentleman he had no grudge, but was not sorry to shoot him—went to his prayers, prayed for himself, and sometimes went to mass—proceeds in his answers:—

"Would you have murdered as many as the Cormacks asked you?—I would.
"Would you have murdered me?—I would if you did anything to me.
"When you saw the dead body of MR. ELLIS, did you glory in the deed?—I did.
"Did you put your hand upon it?—No, I would not put my hand on it, for I was afraid it would throw up blood, and then I would have been taken by the police.
"If the Cormacks had not been arrested, would you have joined them in other murders?—I would."

Really such a devotee does credit to his priest, and one can understand the objection to let a parson interfere with such training. There was nothing else which *Mr. Punch* can stoop to note, except a little exposure of the way in which Commissions in the Army can—or could—be got by young gentlemen who find it more easy to pass a cheque than an examination.

THE ENSIGN AND THE GIRL.

"SIR,

"I REALLY wish that you gentlemen of the press would be a little more careful as to what you say. You have no notion what a deal of bother you occasion us unfortunate soldiers, by putting it into girls' heads to pester us with their attentions. One can't be rude, but I wish there was some way of warning the women off a poor fellow in a red coat. I read this in the *Times* of Friday:—

"What a state of things, what a mine of mischief, when every girl prefers a red coat, and, only give her fair play, will disregard the soul-saving merits of the demure curate, if an Ensign comes in her way."

"Now, Sir, I'm an Ensign, in the Line, and I only wish that the above girl, or any other girl into whose company I may have the misfortune to be thrown, could just be made to understand how utterly she wastes her time in making eyes at me, and how much better it would be for her to stick to the parson.

"We are gay, spirited, noble fellows, brave deserve the fair, smiles follow valour, and all that bosh. I know all that, and it was very well for a year after joining. But I'm a trifle older now and a trifle wiser, and likely to be a good deal more of both before I get my step. In the mean time, Sir, I have just taken the trouble to write down the exact position of one of these gay and noble dogs, for whom the *Times's* girl cuts the white choker. Look here, *Mr. Punch*, if you please. You may rely upon the accuracy of every figure, for I've tested it over and over, and have had it looked at by three or four brother Ensigns, who are as much worried as myself by idiots with bright eyes and shiny hair, who fancy that we can afford to marry 'em.

"Sir, *Mr. Punch*, the following are the Unavoidable Expenses of an Ensign, at home, for one year. They are placed on the most economical footing.

20 days' pay, annual subscription to Mess and Band funds, 12 to the Mess, 8 to the Band, at 5*s.* 3*d.* per day	£5 5 0
Expenses of living for 365 days, namely, breakfast 1*s.*, dinner 2*s.*, bread and cheese for lunch 6*d.*, beer 6*d.*, wine (ha! ha! the soldier rears the sparkling cup and drinks the health of beauty) *nothing*. In all, 4*s.*, or	73 0 0
A year's monthly charges, servants, newspapers, and sundries at the mess. The mess fund pays part of the monthly charges, and in most regiments a fixed contribution is levied to pay the remainder, such "fixing" being 7*s.* 6*d.* monthly, or	4 10 0
A year's servant's wages, at 6*s.* monthly	3 12 0
A year's washing at 15*s.* monthly	9 0 0
In all, *Mr. Punch*	£95 7 0

"And now, Sir, this is the sum with which it pleases HER MAJESTY to remunerate her heroic Ensigns.

An Ensign's pay is five shillings and threepence per day, or, in 365 days	£95 16 3
The Unavoidable Expenses above set out are	95 7 0
Balance	£0 9 3

"So, Sir, to pay for uniform, plain clothes, boots, wine, cigars, cabs, pipes, jewellery, and presents to the girls who prefer us to the parsons, an Ensign has, per annum, NINE AND THREEPENCE. Hang it, *Mr. Punch*, all the girls read you, and deuced hard it is upon a fellah, sometimes, that they do, but that 's neither here nor there. You may do a deal of good by inserting this statement, and if you do, I fancy young white-choker will come better off in future.

"Oblige us, *Mr. Punch*. I know you will, for you ain't half a bad fellow, and believe me,

"Yours, for ever,

"*Rag and Famish.*" "HECTOR M'INTYRE."

"P.S. LIEUTENANT BLENKINSOP, who has been reading this over, begs you will add a warning to the women on his behalf. His income as Lieutenant is £118 1*s.* 2*d.*, but his subscription to the mess band is 6*s.* 6*d.*, and he has to pay £2 8*s.* 6*d.* for Income-Tax, at 5*d.* in the pound, and the other charges being same as me, his splendid balance is £17 9*s.* So he's a catch for the *Times's* girl, O yes."

THE ASSASSIN AN ASS.

O YOU Assassins! ye are fools,
The best of all your best to say,
O'er willing slaves each despot rules;
You do but cast your lives away.
The country that can soldiers breed,
Enough to guard a tyrant's throne,
From one oppressor is but freed
Beneath another's rod to groan.

How base must be the land, where sons
No better from their fathers learn
Than, at command, a tyrant's guns,
Against her liberty to turn!
How base, by mercenaries vile,
If such a tyrant's bands are filled!
How much more base, if rank and file
Are simple subjects, caught and drilled!

The Conscript from his home they tear,
What charge ought he to take away?
What sire or mother could forbear,
If not most abject, then to say,
"Go, boy, and with our blessing, fight
To guard thy home and fatherland;
My curse upon thy head alight,
Against us if thou turn thy hand!"

What could the despots do without
Those instruments that work their will?
Disarm, and you may turn them out;
It is a mere mistake to kill.
Were but the word through Europe passed
From tyrants' hands to keep such tools,
Not long their tyranny would last,
Assassins, ye are only fools.

KEY TO THE PASSPORT MYSTERY.

WE are enabled to afford an explanation of the extraordinary step which has been taken by the French Government in so increasing the stringency of their Passport system as practically to exclude the majority of British travellers from France.

In giving that explanation we have great pleasure; for the seemingly unaccountable conduct of those who rule our Allies was beginning to excite painful suspicions. To frame regulations which could never answer the purpose of keeping any determined conspirator out of France, whilst they probably would have the effect of discouraging most harmless pleasure-seekers from attempting to enter that country, appeared to us a line of policy so very absurd, as to indicate that its authors were insane. It would add nothing whatever to their security, and it would render them extremely unpopular among the shopkeepers of Paris. So far from being competent to conduct the affairs of France, they were unfit to be trusted with the management of their own. Instead of being allowed to hinder other people from travelling, they ought not themselves to be suffered to go about. The French Cabinet might be shut up. If they were the right men in the right place, they would be in a lunatic asylum. Such were the reflections which we naturally made on a course which appeared to us incomprehensible; and we now feel no hesitation in expressing them, because we mention them only to withdraw them.

The truth of the matter is, that these new obstacles to the procuring of French Passports are of the nature of quarantine regulations. England is affected with a contagious malady. The disease is Constitutional. It is a moral plague—at least it is regarded as a plague by Continental authorities, and is generally communicated by Englishmen to most foreigners with whom they come in contact. We may describe it as the liberty-fever; a most catching complaint. This disorder is attended with a kind of mental exaltation in which the patient seems to talk and act rationally, whilst, nevertheless, in the opinion of arbitrary state-doctors, he is in a condition of dangerous delirium. So the ruling powers of France want to keep us out of the Empire, not because they are deranged, but because we are mad ourselves; and this only shows how carefully we ought to consider the state of our own minds before rashly pronouncing judgment on the reason of others.

CANZONET BY A CONTENTED TOURIST.

'MID pictures and palaces though we may roam,
To the tourist for comfort there's no place like home;
No passports or spy systems worry us here,
One may walk without followers, talk without fear.
Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
For the English this summer there's no place like home.

The tourist in England may travel at ease,
No *visé's* to plague him, no *douane* to tease:
For my beefsteak and port, then, contented I'll call,
And pay for my wax-lights—far dearer than all.
Home! home! Dear, dear home!
Though it's none of the cheapest, there's no place like home.

WELL! THERE!

EVERYBODY knows that there is something in SHAKSPEARE to fit everything that can be mentioned. But who will tell us the passage in which he foretold the name of the architect of the new Chelsea bridge (with the toll on it), and the fact that JOHN BULL would be kept out of the new Park at Battersea?

Mr. Punch does not pause for a reply, not being in the habit of being kept waiting by his inferiors, but proceeds to quote from the *Merry Wives*:—

"*Mr. Page.* How, to send him word they 'll meet him in the Park? Fie, fie, he 'll never come."

A FINE SUBJECT FOR NEWDEGATE.

MR. HERBERT has just finished a grand cartoon, the title of which is *Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites*. Surely this picture runs a great chance of being rejected under the Jewish Disabilities' Bill. The Lords will never allow the Jews to enter their House—not even on canvas. If the latter is allowed, then the canvas of BARON ROTHSCHILD, always so capitally executed under the master-hand of LORD JOHN, ought to have been more than sufficient to admit him into the Commons. If the fresco is permitted to take its place amongst our lordly legislators, the absurdity will become apparent, that the portraits of Jews are eligible, but not the Jews themselves. As many copies of the Hebrew race as you like, but not one original. The race must be a drawn race—or, at best, a painted one. The Commons accept the Jew's Bill willingly enough; but the Lords object to its being made "payable at sight." The sight of a Jew cannot be tolerated in Parliament, unless he is in a suitable kind of frame, which will not prevent his being immediately sent to the wall. The laws of the Lords are as rigid as those of the Royal Academy, and they accept or reject such pictures only as they please. It all depends upon the "Hanging Committee." However, the Israelites will shortly be in Parliament, thanks to MR. HERBERT, and we long to hear what SPOONER and NEWDEGATE, CHELMSFORD and EXETER will have to say on this awful subject?

SUBJECTS FOR THE DISCUSSION FORUM.

How much Naples soap would it take to clean BOMBA?

Does the British Soldier enjoy his bread any the more for having so much Cambridge butter upon it?

Is LOUIS NAPOLEON qualified to be *Grand Connétable* in France, as he was Special Constable in England?

Is there any chance of JOHN BULL having his nose pulled by a French *mouchard?*

Wouldn't the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, if ever he is driven to take shelter in England again, make a capital Minister of Public Works?

A TACIT UNDERSTANDING.—CLANRICARDE'S—for having prudently omitted to say anything in defence of himself.

THE ECLIPSE AT TURNHAM GREEN.

(*From our Special Reporter.*)

ROSE comparatively early, the sun shining brightly with a gentle breeze blowing from N.N.W., and paid my laundress's and other weekly bills, that I might get them off my mind, and observe the Eclipse with faculties as unclouded and bright as the sky promised to be.

11·30 A.M. Asked my cook and housekeeper if there was a piece of broken glass down-stairs; and she said No; an answer which partly disappointed and partly gratified me. Smashed a bottle which had contained SAINSBURY'S Essence of Ginger, operating with a hammer, and contrived to obtain two irregular fragments, about the size of pence, out of several smaller ones, without cutting my fingers.

11·35. Having lighted the taper which stands on my mantel-shelf, proceeded to black the bits of glass by smoking them over the flame of it.

11·41 A.M. The time announced for the commencement of the Eclipse. Had just finished blacking my bits of glass, when the clouds, which, unobserved by me, had been for some time gathering on the face of the heavens, closed over, and completely obscured the sun's disc, and blacked that also, just precisely when the moon was beginning, or was to have begun, to encroach upon it.

11·42. Under these circumstances took up the *Times* newspaper, and applied myself to the perusal of its contents, seated with my back to the window of my observatory, that is, my only sitting-room. Kept looking from time to time over my left shoulder to see if there was any appearance of a break in the clouds, but none occurred; and was for a moment tempted to entertain the unscientific suspicion that the Eclipse was taking place over the left, in the vulgar sense of the phrase. An increasing greyness, however, of the paper of my wall, the coat of my dog, and the leading journal, satisfied me that the celestial phenomenon was really proceeding, as it were, behind the curtain overhanging the sky.

12 A.M. Things in general rather more dusky, but not much. A series of motes apparently floating before me in the air, resembling the *muscæ volitantes* of medical authors. Doubt whether these appearances were connected with the Eclipse or not, dispelled by blowing at one of them, thereby deflecting it from its course, and by tracing another till it alighted on the broadsheet of the *Times*, and then touching it with the tip of the forefinger, which pulverized it, and demonstrated it to be merely one of those particles of carbon vulgarly termed "blacks."

12·20. Time of day looks as if it were about 5 in the afternoon. Profound silence, interrupted only by the sound of knife-cleaning, occasioned by my servant below stairs. Silence arising mainly from the circumstance that few omnibuses are just now running.

12·25. Thought I heard a bird whistle very gently in the garden. Listened, and decidedly heard it whistle again; though not so distinctly as to be enabled to tell what bird it was; but conjectured it to be either a robin-redbreast or a hedge-sparrow (*Accentor modularis*). Went out in the garden to ascertain the point, and found the warbler to be a cock-robin. The common house-sparrows chirping away, and, in fact, kicking up a great row, in utter disregard of the Eclipse, which, I had been led to believe, would have completely put out the pipes of all the feathered songsters, and sent the whole lot of them to roost. Came in again and resumed perusal of *Times*.

12·30. A knock at the door attended with a street cry. Man come with water.

1 P.M. About as light as it is at 6 P.M. at this time of year. No difficulty at all in reading the *Times*, nor any appearance whatever in the sky to attract my attention from that journal. Sparrows chirping and cock-robin singing away with all their might.

1·10. Beginning to get lighter. Finished reading the *Times*. Light rapidly increasing. Threw my bits of smoked glass into the fire; put on my hat and gloves, and seized my stick, preparing to turn out for a walk. At this time a drizzling rain began to fall; so I therefore also put on a waterproof wrapper, and then sallying forth, braved the inclemency of the skies, that appeared to be very little the worse for the Eclipse, which, in point of fact, they had themselves eclipsed.

THE CHANNEL.—"Bless its dear Chops!"—*Grateful Exclamation of* MR. JOHN BULL, *congratulating himself over his insular position.*

OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRIGGS—HAVING TAKEN THE RECEIPT FOR HORSE-TAMING FROM THE PAPERS—TRIES SOME EXPERIMENTS UPON AN ANIMAL THAT HE HAS PICKED UP A BARGAIN!

"AMIABLE LANGUAGE."

IF Britain with BOMBA the Bourbon must cope,
She must give up reliance on diplomate's soap,
To *Civis Romanus* no longer resort, or
To MALMESBURY'S douches of mild milk and water—
Quintessence of "amiable language."

Each dodge diplomatic in vain we have tried:
Have prayed, cringed, and blustered: palavered and lied:
But BOMBA supported by soldier and priest,
Still joins the worst features of Bourbon and Beast—
Though we'd not use "unamiable language."

First we sent Lord Soft-Sawder, so balmy and bland,
But BOMBA trumped all the court cards in his hand.
Next we tried on His Excellence Virtuous Indig.;
But BOMBA *sans façon*, floored *that* mouthing prig:
In not the most "amiable language."

Pale Fear made an effort to get at his ear,
But by Austrian bay'nets 'twas met, front and rear;
Stern Conscience attempted to whisper "Beware!"
But the chaunt of the mass-priests swelled loud on the air,
And drowned his "unamiable language."

Now *Civis Romanus* is nothing, again,
And GLADSTONE has laid down the pamphleteer's pen,
And Fear is shut out by the Austrian steel,
And Conscience lies crushed 'neath the priest's sandalled heel:
And there's nought but most "amiable language."

KING BOMBA can do what he likes with his own,
Can laugh at the dangers that threaten his throne,
Scourge, fetter, and slay, at his absolute will
(Though volcano and earthquake, un-courtier-like still,
Will indulge in "unamiable language.")

Now's the time for that long, strong, and all-at-once pull,
Which best suits that rudest of mortals, JOHN BULL,
And—diplomacy banished—an opening is given,
To let loose the long-hoarded vengeance of Heaven.
(Excuse such "unamiable language.")

One ambassador's left us at Naples to quarter,
Lord Sixty-eight-pounder and suite—Shell and Mortar:
Theirs the tongue that to BOMBA'S perceptions can speak,
Where Truth, Right, and Conscience discourse heathen Greek—
And get snubbed for "unamiable language."

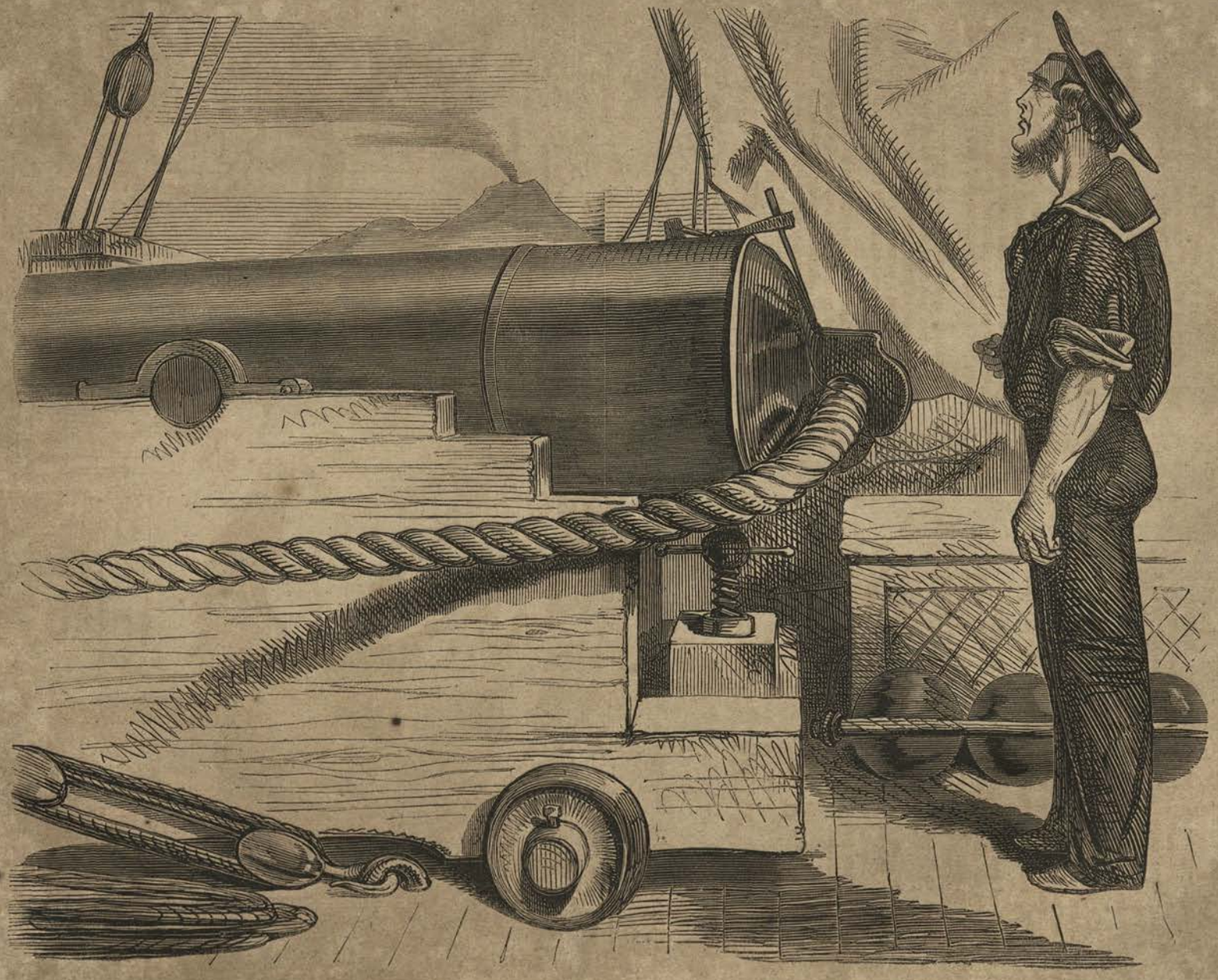
For each groan of our countrymen, maddened by wrong,
Let our guns find an echo, sublime, loud, and long:
For each stroke of their lash, and each clank of their chain,
Let those stern iron lips lift a voice prompt and plain,
Though they mayn't use quite "amiable language."

Through the dungeons, where victims of tyranny groan;
Through the palace, that opens to flatterers alone:
Through the courts, where foul Wrong usurps Justice's rod;
Through the temples, where mass-chaunting priests bemock God,
Thunder, guns, in "unamiable language!"

Thunder guns, till crowned tyranny cow'rs at your word:
Too long, mighty guns, has your voice been unheard.
Was there e'er man or moment that called you—I trow,
The man is at Naples, the moment is now—
For your clear, if not "amiable language."

The Passport System.

THE number of English, who entered France last week, were only 23: out of this number, 22 were persons compelled to go over on business. The above is a falling off of 49,274 as compared with the corresponding week last year.



OUR NEXT AMBASSADOR TO NAPLES.

THE LAY OF THE "BRIEF."—IN CHAMBERS.

By the side of a blazing fire,
With the *Times* upon his knees,
A Barrister sat upon Quarter day,
Mending a pen at his ease.
Nib!—Nib!—Nib!—
In loneliness, want, and grief,
In a voice whose misery couldn't be hid,
He sang the "Song of the Brief."

"Wait, wait, wait,
In the spring when violets blow,
And wait, wait, wait,
In December's frost and snow.
It's Oh! to be a snob,
From gentility's cares afar,
To rise and fall with the ill-bred mob,
If this is to be at the bar!

"Wait, wait, wait,
From nine o'clock till five;
And wait, wait, wait,
For clients who never arrive;
HALE and BLACKSTONE and COKE,
COKE and BLACKSTONE and HALE,
Till I fall asleep and dream from the bar,
I'm a prisoner sent to gaol!

"Oh! men, with sisters rich!
Oh! men, with daughters and gold!
It isn't only in Pagan lands
That women are bought and sold!
Wait, wait, wait,
In loneliness, want, and grief,
Hoping in vain for a double good—
A Wife as well as a Brief!

"Why dream I of married bliss?
That phantom of Syren wiles;
I have no right to a woman's kiss,
No title to her smiles—
No title to her smiles,
Because I've an empty purse:
Oh! why should money a blessing earn,
And Poverty—a curse!

"Wait, wait, wait,
My patience is all in vain;
And what are its wages? nothing to do,
And nothing at all to gain.
This dingy gown, this barbarous wig,
That only disfigures one's hair;
A gentleman's rank: and as to the bank,
A minus for balance there!

"Wait, wait, wait,
As they wait in a calm at sea;
And wait, wait, wait,
But nobody comes to me!
COKE and BLACKSTONE and HALE,
HALE and BLACKSTONE and COKE,
Till tired of law, I smile no more,
At *Punch's* very best joke.

"Wait, wait, wait,
In the summer when roses blow,
And wait, wait, wait,
When chrysanthemums ope below;
When down by the river side
Those pretty young maidens walk,
As if to show us their sunny locks,
And tempt us to 'come and talk.'

"Oh! but to breathe the air
By their side under summer skies!
To watch the blush on their cheeks,
The light in their liquid eyes.
Oh! but for one short hour,
To whisper a word of love;
To forget for a moment my wretched fate,
And the dreary prison above!

"Oh! for a single hour!
A respite however short!
Only a walk on the grass below,
Or a friendly chat in the Court!
A walk by the river would ease my heart,
But in my lonely grief
Here must I stay, lest the world should say,
'That fellow has never a Brief!'"

By the side of a blazing fire,
With the *Times* upon his knees,
A Barrister sat on St. Valentine's day,
Mending a pen at his ease.
Nib!—Nib!—Nib!—
In loneliness, want, and grief,
And still bewailing his wretched fate,
(Oh! would he could find him a wealthy mate!)
He sang this "Song of the Brief!"

IPSE DIXIT.

WE are always happy to receive information, however it may be tendered, and we never denied that our Donnish friend the *Saturday Review* possesses a great deal of the article, which it imparts in a masterly—in fact, schoolmasterly — manner. But *Mr. Punch* is *nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri*, especially when the reputation of another *Maestro* is at stake. Our friend the Don is good enough to apprise his pupils that "MENDELSSOHN composed for the nineteenth century, and completely hit that taste for the Semi-Grand which prevails throughout all strata of society." Here are two propositions which must be examined, despite that *αὐτὸς ἔφα*.

That MENDELSSOHN composed for the nineteenth century is more than probable, seeing that he was born in 1809, and died in 1847, and produced all his music between those dates. Yes, upon consideration, we accept the Dominie's first proposition.

But, as regards the second, we have (at great expense in cab-hire), procured from MESSRS. BROADWOOD, ERARD, and other high-class manufacturers of pianofortes, testimony, first, that a taste for the Semi-Grand does not prevail in the present century; and, secondly, that MENDELSSOHN never wrote for or played upon a Semi-Grand, but always upon a Grand proper, or, as our Allies *d'outre manche* entitle it, *Piano à queue*.

However, of two propositions by the Don, one is true; and, but for angering him by quoting one whose memory he hates, we should say, with the lover in *St. Cupid*, "half the truth is a very good instalment, as times go."

Slight Alteration.

IT has been proposed that in deference to the wishes of the French Colonels, the motto of the Royal Arms of Great Britain should be altered to "*Adieu à mon droit.*"

MOOT THESE HERE PINTS.

A GOOD deal has been said about the Licence of Counsel, meaning the special licence issued to them to insult the lay public. But there is another sort which some of them now take, namely, licence to puff one another in the assize reports. If a barrister is happy enough to have a reporter for his friend, the world is constantly informed that MR. GABBLEWIG closed a speech of preternatural acumen by a burst of unsurpassed eloquence, that MR. SPLITSTRAW's address for the defendant was marked by the elegance of the scholar and the conscientiousness of the Christian (how should a barrister know this?) or that MR. SILVERTONGUE's reply was a mixture of merciless logic and withering sarcasm. Is this regular? Is it professional? Is it not the advertisement indirect? Does the junior who puffs his friend expect any friendliness in return? Is it fair to the Counsel who have no reporting friends? *Mr. Punch* invites the attention of the bar messes to the subject. There is much wretched folly in some of the bar rules. In order to keep the virtuous advocate from the contamination of attorney society, or from the temptation to "hug" the inferior practitioner, he is compelled to take lodgings at assize time, and to pay, for a couple of dirty closets at a tallow chandler's, three times the price of comfortable hotel rooms. This is foolish enough, but folly should be consistent, and the barrister who must not talk to one attorney in an assize town should not be allowed to advertise to all the attorneys out of Pandemonium. And why does nobody ever puff the judge, *qui jura dat, et causas cognoscit*—whose work is far more delicate, and whose address is usually infinitely better than that of the counsel? Let these questions be sent round with the loaded port at every bar mess in England.

Singular Anachronism.

SOME extremely curious results of the Registrar General's experiences are occasionally given to the world, but one remarkable phenomenon, observed in the manufacturing districts, has not yet been recorded. An eminent Manchester authority informs us that children who are over thirteen years of age when they have to "pass for full time" at the Mills, are under twelve years of age when they have to travel by Railway.

Sauce for the Goose, &c.

WE have authority for stating, that it is the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill forthwith to prohibit French subjects from landing in Great Britain or Ireland without being provided with passports, to be obtained at the British Embassy in Paris only, such passports to be issued to those only who are personally known to H. M. Ambassador resident in Paris.

A PLEA FOR SOLDIERCIDE.

A MILITARY Gentleman, who conceals his name, but reveals his occupation by the badness of his spelling, begs to "hazzard the conjecture" that the execrable barrack treatment of our soldiers is a necessary part of their required moral training. In neglecting to supply them with the necessaries of life (wholesome air and food ranking first of these and foremost): in crowding them in badly-ventilated sleeping-rooms, where every care is used to generate impurity: in confining their *cuisine* to one unvarying round of badly boiled tough beef, a diet as unpalateable as it is innutritious; in clothing them in uniforms that perhaps look smart and soldierlike, but afford neither warmth nor comfort to their wearers; in providing them great coats made *not* to keep the cold out, and about as waterproof in texture as cabbage-nets or blotting-paper; in turning them out thus "thoroughly protected from the weather," for two hours at a time from nightfall until morning —the windy sentry-box alternately and pleasantly contrasting with the stiflingly hot atmosphere of the stuffily close barrack-room, in which to those off duty sleep is only sufferable in full military fig, and not even the most sickly and consumptively-inclined of them is permitted to strip off his wet sponges before dozing; in all these (and many other such) insanitary measures for the ill-health of our troops, our correspondent sees the proofs of the profoundest and most penetrating wisdom of the Government, whom he regards as the very Incarnation of Sagacity, and as being always on the *qui vive* to gain experience, and to profit by it.

To civilians like ourselves, who of course know nothing about military matters, the course of reasoning employed by our ingenious correspondent, to arrive at so original and startling a conclusion, is far too much at variance with logic and with grammar, to be followed with perception of its truthfulness and force. But as far as we can gather, the chief point which he struggles with his spelling to maintain is that Bravery of all things is essential to a soldier, and must be ensured at no matter what a sacrifice. Of all his capabilities, there is no one more required of him than that he should bear a bold front to the enemy, and be always ready to face death without flinching. From the day of his enlistment this must be his aim, and any means are justified that help him to attain it.

Now, the measures before mentioned, which the Army Authorities have pursued to kill their troops, have doubtless been persisted in as needful to this training. To learn to face death, the men must have death put before them, and to this end they are badly fed, badly housed, and badly clothed, and the enemy Consumption is ever at their elbow. It is unavoidable of course that some should be swept off. But these must be regarded as a necessary waste. Their death is a mere case of justifiable homicide. Those who survive are the bravest of the brave; and we may add, too, the toughest of the tough. Their courage and their constitutions have alike been tried, and may be pronounced perfect—that is, Barrack-proof. They can have no fear of death, accustomed as they are to meet him regularly. So long as they continue to do duty on home service, they are trained to face death by living constantly next door to him. After their hard fights with the foes they've met in hospital, they are too well trained to flinch from merely musket-balls and cannon-shot.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH;

OR, THE PUGNACITY OF THE PLAYGROUND.

"It was your fault."—"I say, 'twas not."
"'Twas all your own."—"Well, just you mind!"
"Mind what, old chap?"—"Ah, what! Yes, what?"
"If you don't know, you soon will find."
"Oh! Ah! do you suppose I care
For anything that you can do?"
"Say two words more then, if you dare,"
"Don't fancy I'm afraid of you!"

"Ah! You hit me."—"Just you hit me."
"Take that!"—"Take that!" And, pleasing sight
For all their childish world to see,
The little angry schoolboys fight.
Their eyelids soon are bravely blacked,
And o'er their orbs of vision close:
The skins of both are slightly cracked,
And freely bleeds each youthful nose.

They fight till they can fight no more:
If either should be first to yield,
He is but rather bruised and sore
Than the possessor of the field,
The quarrel where it was remains,
And both have been severely thrashed;
Small glory thus the victor gains,
And each is by the master lashed.

O France and England! are you wise
To quarrel, like a brace of boys,
Without the prospect of a prize,
Till each the other half destroys?
In furious vanity to fight
The battle of the frog and mouse,
Till on you both a watchful kite,
Knocked up as you will be, shall souse?

Unutterable agonies,
Unnumbered outrages and woes,
These nations are your black eyes, these
Things represent your bleeding nose.
War with encroaching tyrants wage,
Or lawless savages to quell,
But let not petty spite and rage
Involve you in the work of hell.

UNCOMMITTED CRIMES.

OUR Allies are generally no great readers of SHAKSPEARE. COUNT WALEWSKI, however, is clearly an exception to the generality. He has evidently studied the divine WILLIAMS with attention. This is manifest from the language which he employs in speaking of certain mute enemies of the Empire. He accuses them of "seditious silence." Without doubt this phrase is borrowed from the line spoken under *Juliet's* window by *Romeo*:—

"She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?"

M. le Comte also talks of the "culpable expectation" entertained by the same parties. This form of accusation seems derived from familiarity with English law rather than with English poetry; for, although anybody here may indulge in any expectations which he takes care to keep to himself, still a suspected rogue is liable to be taken up and committed to Bridewell for having been found lurking about anywhere with the intention of committing a felony.

THE LAST TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

IT is not at all unlikely that LORD CANNING will be shortly presented with his Ticket-of-Leave from India to England.

ON THE SINGULAR ELECTRIFYING QUALITIES OF PLAICE,

AND THE CURE OF ITS BENUMBING EFFECTS.

A Report by Mr. Punch, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.R.S.L., *&c. &c., to the Natural History Section of the British Association.*

The extraordinary electrifying powers of the *Gymnotus Electricus*—commonly called the Electric Eel—have long been known. The vivid description of this curious fish given by the illustrious Humboldt in his *Travels in South America*, and the admirable monogram of John Hunter, on the organs by which it produces its benumbing influence, (*vide* the 65th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*), have familiarised the scientific world with its appearance and *modus operandi*, while the unscientific have seen it in action at the Polytechnic. I had long suspected that this power of producing torpidity, and even paralysis of the organs, was not confined to the *Gymnotus*, and for some years past have with this view watched a series of experiments as to electrifying influences made with other genera and species of the order *Pisces*. I am perfectly satisfied that this singular power is possessed by more than one of the fishes commonly seen on our tables.

Notably it is present in a high degree in three species at least, of the second, or *Subbrachial* group of the *Malacopterygii*, which, as is well known to the Association, includes the flat-fishes—sole, flounder, turbot, plaice, &c.

A sudden and sharp application of the common sole, for example, to the *os coccygis* or to the *gluteus maximus* muscle of the human subject, is followed by a most smart and sensible shock, often driving the subject of the experiment out of a room, and even down-stairs.

But this power in the sole is confined, apparently, to the nerves of motion: the volition of the persons operated on as above described did not seem to be affected. They moved because they could not help it.

The common flounder seems to operate on the nerves of volition as well, and its effects are particularly visible in connection with the nerves and muscles of speech. We have all had frequent opportunities of witnessing these effects, in a very painful form, among public and after-dinner speakers. Such persons, under the influence of the flounder, seem to lose the thread of their discourse, stammer, hesitate, cough, twiddle their hands, shift their posture uneasily, and finally, if the operation of the flounder is prolonged, sit down abruptly. But the influences of the sole and flounder, however distinct, are nothing in comparison with those of the plaice.

I have recently had an opportunity, in common with many others, of watching the benumbing powers of plaice, in a very conspicuous instance. The subject of the experiments, Mr. B—rn—l Osb—rne, is a middle-aged man, stout in build, of a dark complexion, and a sanguineo-nervous temperament, particularly lively and off-hand in conversation, quite destitute of nervousness or veneration, and what many would describe as overbearing in manner. The experiments were continued over a period of three years. Mr. B. O. submitted himself to them voluntarily, and after repeatedly defying the influence.

The plaice selected for the purpose of the experiments was a small one (of the species *P. Admiralticus. Linn.*)

The first effect of its application was to produce a visible indisposition to exertion. Mr. O. at this stage of the experiments, continued to go through the forms of business, but his friends observed that he did little or nothing. He still mixed freely in society, and when not under the immediate influence of the plaice, recovered his usual vivacity, conversed freely, joked, laughed, and ate and drank with even more than his former relish.

Mr. B. O. is a member of the legislature, and before he was brought under the influence of the plaice, had taken a prominent and generally aggressive part in debate. But subsequently to the institution of the experiment, though he continued to attend in the House of Commons, and even voted, this was evidently done mechanically, and as it were in a *cataleptic* or somnambulistic state. His bodily health did not suffer. He became, in fact, less prone to attacks of all kinds. But his faculties were benumbed. In this condition he forgot old friends and associates, had no recollection of promises or pledges: was insensible to titillation or irritation; great guns were repeatedly fired off at his ear, without any effect, and the most obvious opportunities for a joke were allowed to pass without notice. His scent for jobs, which had been remarkably keen, seemed to fail him, and several most offensive ones were placed under his nose, without producing the slightest expression of annoyance. He still, however, continued sensible of the value of money, and continued to mix in society, though his powers of lively conversation seemed considerably impaired. This remarkable cataleptic condition continued till the patient's friends at last interfered, fearing that the torpor if prolonged might end in imbecility, and insisted on his release from the soporific operation.

Drs. Russell and Gibson were called in, and, after a consultation, advised the patient's immediate release from the benumbing influence. The plaice was accordingly withdrawn by their hands, and its removal was instantaneously followed by a revival of the torpid powers of the patient. He seemed like one awaking from a long and deep sleep, and appeared to have no recollection of what had passed while he was in the torpid state. In a short time he laughed and joked as before; and, within a very few nights after the treatment recommended by Drs. Russell and Gibson had been resorted to, he delighted his friends, and astonished the public—whose attention had been called in the scientific journals to the remarkable phenomena of his torpor—by a sudden and violent outburst of his pent-up faculties of language, displaying all his old vivacity, sting, and readiness.

His speech, scent, and hearing, are now apparently quite restored; and no one, listening to him, would suspect that this lively and loquacious individual is the dull, dead, silent, and apparently insensible man, whose torpid and comatose state has attracted so much public notice, and created such serious apprehension among his friends.

Mr. B. O. does not like allusions to the experiment of which he has been the subject; and in this report of the case he has therefore been referred to by his initials only.

It is submitted that *plaice* must, hereafter, rank highest among the fishes possessing electrical powers, and that the performances of the *Gymnotus Electricus* sink into insignificance in comparison with those of plaice—that small, but potent, benumber of the most distinctive power of the human animal—speech.

UN DUEL SOUS LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A French Colonel has been challenging Mr. Roebuck. Should this mania for duelling increase, we shall be having the Emperor sending a challenge to *Mr. Punch*, next. However, we propose, for the absurdity of the thing, that Mr. Roebuck accept the Colonel's challenge,—and that the two fight it out with pistols across the Channel. The English M.P. to take his stand on Shakspeare's Cliff—and the French Colonel to be placed in front of the blustering column that records an invasion of England that never took place, at Boulogne. They must toss for the first shot, and go on firing until one of the belligerents drop. It would be a *duel à mort*—or, more properly speaking, a *duel à mourir de rire*—and it is in that manner that all duels should be treated. If Louis Napoleon will promise to keep the same distance, we will go out with him any day.

"Charge—for the Faith."

We read in the Catholic papers that Mr. Bowyer, M.P. the Ultramontane champion, and cross-bearer to Cardinal Wiseman, "has been made a Knight of the Holy Order of Saint John of Jerusalem." There takes its name from the latter city a species of pony on whose utterances a good deal of the eminent Catholic's oratory has seemed modelled, and probably it is on this noble charger that the new Knight will do his *devoir* against liberty, enlightenment, and all other Dragons. All we can say is, that he will be worthily mounted.

The Asiatic Mystery.—The waiter at Bellamy's describes Disraeli as "a mixture of Rochefoucauld, Machiavelli, and Charles Mathews."

DID YOU EVER!

Augustus. "I SAY, AUNT! DID YOU SEE WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAYS ABOUT THE ECLIPSE?"

Aunt. "NO! WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, CHILD! ANYTHING RELATING TO THAT WONDERFUL EVENT IS INTERESTING."

Augustus. "WHY, IT SAYS THAT IT IS EXPECTED TO HAVE AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT UPON THE INFERIOR ANIMALS! MY WIG! I'D HAVE YOU AND THE GIRLS LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!" [*Disgusting, Low-Minded Boy.*

A POPISH PICTURE OF PALMERSTON.

THE *Tablet*, which seems to have lost much venom of late, and acquired some honesty, thus, very fairly, for a Popish journal, inveighs against LORD PALMERSTON:—

"We are not ignorant of the evils of which a Tory administration may be the cause, nor of those bad consequences which necessarily flow from it. But the Ministry of LORD PALMERSTON involved evils and dangers compared to which they are as nothing. At home and abroad, in questions of principle, and in questions of practice, the Palmerstonian policy was anti-Catholic. In other matters there might be weaknesses, inconsistencies, and blunders; but the hostility to Catholicity was steady, deadly, and successful. It sprang from no vulgar bigotry—it was directed to no petty end. It was the offspring of an enlightened instinct, backed by a great intellect wielding an enormous power. We have never underrated him. And the fanatical hatred of the extreme No-Popery faction guided those vile grovellers to a right conclusion when they hailed him as the great Protestant of England."

What the *Tablet* means to say, obviously is, that LORD PALMERSTON'S policy, foreign and domestic, has steadily and successfully tended to deprive Popery, as Popery, of political power. This of course constitutes a reasonable objection to LORD PALMERSTON on the part of those who think that Popery ought to rule. The *Tablet* states the objection very candidly. It expressly exempts him from the charge of vulgar bigotry; it distinctly describes him as aiming at no petty end. Further, it does justice to his intellectual powers: and lastly it truthfully distinguishes between the opponent of the European priest-party and the mere Protestant bigot, who cries "No Popery!" simply or chiefly on theological grounds. The writer of the above extract deserves an acknowledgment. He might have pretended to sneer at PALMERSTON for acquiescing in the French occupation of Rome—and have lied. He might have ascribed to him the sentiments of Exeter Hall—and have also lied. But he knew that if LOUIS NAPOLEON did not support the POPE, the Popish priests would no longer back LOUIS NAPOLEON, and that pending the French alliance, no English Minister could possibly interfere in the business. He knew that, for that matter, LORD PALMERSTON could not help himself. He believed that PALMERSTON despised Exeter Hall as much as he himself did. He might also have tried to depreciate PALMERSTON'S abilities, and have insinuated that the Ex-Premier was in his dotage. An ordinary Jesuitical or Puseyitical journalist would have uttered or suggested these, or the like, vulgar falsehoods, being purblind with malice, in the short-sighted view of damaging an adversary. The *Tablet* has the honesty to give the devil—as of course it considers LORD PALMERSTON—his due.

Note, in the mean time, how intensely the Romanists and Romanizers all hate LORD PALMERSTON, simply because they believe that his endeavours are directed to confound the politics of the POPE and his priesthood abroad and at home.

GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

BY AN EXCESSIVELY PROSAIC POET, WHO HAS EVIDENTLY FORGOTTEN, IF HE EVER KNEW, HOW TO BE SENTIMENTAL.

"A sister of the late lamented LADY BOOTHBY is about to return to the stage, of which she was at one time a brilliant ornament. AS MISS MORDAUNT she will be well remembered."—*Weekly Newspaper.*

THE sentence quoted is confused,
Most "liners" throw their words pell-mell:
The pronoun "she" is loosely used,
And perhaps the statement is a sell.

But though Our Lady of the Laugh
No more our evening Star may rise,
We 'll hail, (if true this paragraph,)
The Lady of the Laughing Eyes.

THE MUTINY IN ONE WORD.—AN old lady, being asked what she thought of the mutiny in India, replied that, to her mind, it was extremely "Hindoodicious."

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EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"

ST. JAMES'S HALL AND COMPANY.

ST. JAMES'S HALL opened the other evening, by several doors, having been provided with ample means of ingress and egress, so that the public will be enabled to walk into it with ease, and to escape from it with expedition in case it should ever catch fire. That this new music-hall should be burnt down, however, would be lamentable; for it is really a magnificent one; vast in dimensions, elegant in proportions, splendid in decoration. Its opening took place with a concert; when, according to our fashionable contemporary:—

"It was honoured by the presence of H. R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT, a large number of our aristocracy, and a very numerous general company, belonging for the most part to the better classes of society."

The word "better" in the above passage appears to be used in its primary sense, and not as merely meaning better dressed and better off. For, in the next sentence, we are informed that:—

"The grand inaugurative Concert, got up under the able direction of MR. BENEDICT, was of a sacred character, and devoted entirely to a charitable purpose."

By the better classes to which belonged those persons who, conjointly with the PRINCE CONSORT and a number of the aristocracy, honoured St. James's Hall, we are therefore to understand the more devout and charitable portion of the public. To exercise charity in going to hear sacred music is to do the sort of thing that might be expected of those classes which excel the rest of the community in goodness, and may therefore accurately be styled better. Such people also may, perhaps, without entire absurdity, be said to honour bricks and mortar with their presence.

Vanity.

LET a Beauty in an opera-box but raise her glass to her eyes, and instantly you will see fifty brainless young fellows in the Pit all planting their glasses upon her, every one of them imagining, in the supremacy of his conceit, that he is the favoured object of her lengthened inspection!—*Jenkins.*

WINES FOR WAYFARERS.

THAT good wine needs no bush does not appear to be the opinion of advertising wine-merchants. "Standard, or Natural Sherry," is obtruded on the notice of everybody who enters an omnibus, by a placard, of which the very sight has become tiresome. Standard Sherry may be natural, and therefore good; and it may also be "nutty," whatever that means; though most judges would perhaps be satisfied if it were purely grapy. But if it is good, and to be had at 40*s.* a dozen, surely its merits are notorious enough by this time. The keepers of private carriages must buy it fast enough, and there can be no need to post it in all the omnibuses.

To the mere notification concerning "Standard or Natural Sherry," there is no objection beyond the circumstance that it is continually staring you in the face. There is, however, another omnibus-advertisement of another wine, which really is an eyesore, and a positive nuisance. This is an illustrated notice-bill recommending "48*s.* Beeswing"; which title is printed in large characters, in front of the illustration. In this latter lies the offence. It is the figure of a stout middle-aged gent, of the most vulgar style, sitting and sotting alone.

This brute has a low half-globular head, very wide and bulging out enormously at the lower part of the temples, just above the cheek bones, where phrenologists place the swelling which indicates propensity to gluttony and drunkenness, and where the temporal muscle which is enlarged by exercise at the table, certainly lies. His head, indeed, closely resembles the cast of GREENACRE'S, exhibited in MR. DONOVAN'S window near the west end of the Lowther Arcade. The expression of his countenance is that of a fellow who has fuddled himself, and worse than fuddled. He is winking one eye hard, and goggling with the other at a glass which he holds up to the light, and which may be supposed to contain the 48*s.* Beeswing. His face and features are horribly bloated; and he appears to be trying to smack a pair of great thick turgid lips, and at the same time to thrust his tongue into his cheek.

One would think that the delineator of this hideous object had been employed by some rival of the vendor of 48*s.* Beeswing, in order to disparage that beverage by a caricature of its supposed producer, represented as suffering under the consequences of too freely tasting and trying his own compound.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

THE greatest victim, after all, to the Passport System is BARON ROTHSCHILD. His passport to the legislature has been regularly made out for a series of years,—the Commons have given it, time after time, the stamp of their approbation,—and because the Lords refuse to *visé* it, he is not allowed to enter into the Legislative Assembly. It would seem that, at our Parliamentary Custom-House, Jews are looked upon as contraband, or prohibited goods, and are not allowed to be entered at all. The whole world is open to the firm of MOSES AND SONS, excepting the two Houses of Legislature in England, and those are two boundaries which no Jew, let his passport be ever so much *en règle*, is allowed to cross. In that respect, they are as good as a couple of pork-shops, for admission to them is barred against every conscientious member of the travelling tribe of Israel.

Clever Translation.

THE same stupid Frenchman, who translated BYRON into prose, upon being told that "BROWN STOUT" was made from malt, exclaimed, quite rejoiced at the cleverness of his discovery: "Oh! I see, you speak of MALTE BRUN."

"Les choses n'est pas encore comme les usaient à était."—*Wright, translated.*

"*L'Empire, c'est la Paix,*" was EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON'S first aspiration. "*L'Empire, c'est l'Espionnage,*" appears to be his second. It may be doubted if in this case second thoughts are best.

New Words to the Popular Air "Batti, Batti, O Bel Masetto."

As Sung by the Heroes of Delhi to the Court of Directors.

BATTA! Batta! for such a set-to,
But three povera pound stirlina!
Staro qui com agnellina
La tua Batta ad aspettar!

A TRAVELLER'S EXCLAMATION ABOUT HIS PASSPORT.—"Oh! that some one, as COBDEN threatened to do with Russia, would crumple up the Passport, literally, like a sheet of paper!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 22*nd*, *Monday*. LORD BROUGHAM, having heard that two officers were going off directly to the coast of Africa to enlist Black Soldiers for the Indian war, wished to know whether such were the case, as he considered that kind of recruiting to be remarkably like buying slaves. LORD DERBY said that there was nothing of the kind in hand, and LORD HARDINGE assured the inquirer that the War Office knew nothing about it. The public is respectfully requested to suspend judgment until *Mr. Punch* a second time refers to the subject.

The Knight of ST. JOHN of Jerusalem demanded whether MR. WALPOLE knew anything about certain meetings of Italian liberals here, about which we have heard a good deal lately. The English of the matter is, that the whole affair has been a hoax, and some smart Italian rogues have taken advantage of the extreme carelessness with which we haughty Insulars treat foreign affairs. We must leave our vengeance in the hands of the manager of the *Morning Star*, who has invoked the police.

The Oaths Bill came on for consideration, and the Roman Catholics put themselves in the way of the Jews, on the ground that, if the Jew were relieved from an oath that he respects while the Catholic were left liable to an oath that he evades, Jerusalem would be better treated than Rome. We have had this before, but one new reason for granting Hebrew Emancipation was urged by an Irish gentleman, who stated that, as soon as we removed the disqualifications from the Jews, they would all grow manly and handsome. MR. NEWDEGATE of course did his worst, and was beaten by 297 to 144, rather a large House.

Consuls and Billets were sent to respective Committees.

Tuesday. Referring to the answers made by two Ministers, on the previous night, about the Black Enlistment, *Mr. Punch* begs to record that a third Minister, LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH, stated to-night that he had a plan for enlisting Kroomen, inasmuch as they were tall, eat nothing, wanted no money, and shot splendidly. [Next day, somebody who knows them better than the LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH described them in the *Times* as short, gluttonous, grasping, and awkward.] He had been going to send off two officers for the purpose the very next night. However, it seemed that some alteration of the Mutiny Act was necessary before his plan could be carried out, so it was postponed. Evidently, this was a private little plan of LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH'S for raising a little black army unbeknown to anybody, and conquering India without mentioning it.

Apropos of conquest, though such a trifle is hardly worth mentioning, the last mail brings word that we have just annexed a small state called Dhar, in central India. It contains but about 105,000 people, and about 1070 square miles, and it is really scarcely the thing to intrude such trivialities upon the House of Commons.

A Debate on the Passport Nuisance was raised by MR. MILNES, and LORD PALMERSTON introduced an anecdote showing how he himself was nearly arrested, one day, owing to an informality in his Passport. The House shuddered, and documents bearing on the Passport question were ordered.

The Bill for the Emancipation of Sisters-in-Law from the tyrannical disqualification which prevents their taking the matrimonial oath when elected by a Briton and a widower, was brought in, after a debate in which the Jews avenged themselves upon their oppressors by furnishing the chief arguments against the proposed liberation. The introduction of the Bill was carried by 105 to 62.

MR. COWPER brought in another Medical Bill, which MR. WALPOLE thought was the best that had been offered. If it do not contain clauses enabling any person so disposed to prosecute quacks before a criminal tribunal, it may as well follow the rest of the rubbishing attempts at legislation on this subject.

Wednesday's sitting was enlivened by a good deal of quarrelling and invective among some of the Irish Members about the row between the Dublin students and the police. As *Mr. Punch* intimated would be found to be the case, the fight was an affair between LUTHER and the POPE, and the same delightful influences pervaded the debate. MR. WHITESIDE, whom no official harness can restrain from kicking, gave it well to MR. J. D. FITZGERALD, who being naturally savage at losing his prospective judgeship, was quite in the mood for retaliation. We disapprove, on humane motives, of cock-fighting, Irish debates, and any other sport that depends on the inferior creation being set to worry one another, but there was spirit in the contest to-day, and it is satisfactory to know that the Irish Government are unable to prosecute any inquiry into the original *casus belli*.

Thursday. LORD MALMESBURY was able to state that poor WATT the *civis*, had arrived in England, and that PARK, the other *civis*, had been let out on bail, and was living with our Consul in Naples. On the whole, these two plebeian victims of despotism may think that a Tory has done more for them than the Great Panjandrum and Bottle-holder, and MR. HODGE will probably concur in their engineering estimate of the comparative value of friends, when he learns that if LORD PALMERSTON had not gone out, he meant to have authorised the Sardinian Government to hand over MR. HODGE to our gallant Allies.

A preliminary squabble about the new Indian Bill indicated the amiable temper in which that measure will be treated. LORD ELLENBOROUGH mentioned that he had that day given the Directors, in strict confidence, a copy of his new scheme. The old bill, it will be remembered, is still before the House of Commons, and who knows but that for fear of a dissolution, it might be preferred to the new one, and the Ministry remitted to Opposition?

MR. DISRAELI indulged himself in a little playfulness about "abstract" and "absolute" questions, declining to reply to one which he called abstract, but which was simply whether, if the law officers considered that the BOMBA Government was wrong about the *Cagliari*, our Government would demand compensation for the Engineers. An absolute question by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as to whether the opinion of those law officers had yet been procured, was answered in the negative. It may reasonably be presumed, that they will not be in too great a hurry to discover that we ought to require amends from Naples. And yet what a chance will the Derbyites throw away if they sneak out of so rightful a cause.

MR. ROEBUCK moved to get rid of the Sham called an Irish Lord-Lieutenant. A debate followed, in which everybody worth listening to agreed that the thing was a humbug, but then it was urged that the Irish like a humbug, and as LORD PALMERSTON said, it was the feeling of Ireland that should settle the question. So the "previous question" was taken, and a decision avoided by 243 to 116; that is to say, in Parliamentary language it was avoided, but if the truth had to be stated it would be that the British House of Commons resolved that the Irish, being great babies, should be allowed to keep their speaking doll, until they grew wiser.

The bill for disfranchising the corrupt freemen of Galway was read a second time, but on the understanding that in committee clauses are to be introduced for punishing the Bribers as well as the Bribed. As LORD CLANRICARDE by his handwriting, and SIR THOMAS BURKE by his confession, admit that they secured Galway for LORD DUNKELLIN, we shall be curious to see whether justice will be really meted out, or whether the old tone, commemorated by POPE, will be adopted:—

> "*P.* The bribing courtier—
> *F.* Now too high you go.
> *P.* The bribed elector—
> *F.* Now you stoop too low."

Friday. Military "Authorities" are terribly incensed at the insolent interference of the dashed Press, and of dashed Civilians, who by dash, Sir, can know nothing of the matters about which they talk such dashed nonsense, and so the protest usual in such cases was made. PANMURE, luckily no longer War Secretary, stood up for what had been done in his time, and scoffed at the statements in the papers, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE found himself unexpectedly placed in the situation of a radical reformer in consequence of recent speeches of his in which he had advocated progressive improvements. However, it was touching to see the Royal courtesy with which H. R. H. hastened to explain that he had never meant that anything was anybody's fault. LORD CARDIGAN was moved to bray about "exaggeration"—we wonder whether he could spell the word at short notice—and the DUKE OF SOMERSET urged the Government to improve the soldier's condition, regardless of expense. The PREMIER promised that the subject should be grappled with in earnest. So that on the whole the dashed Press has done some good, and with that conviction may console itself for the withering displeasure of the Authorities.

In the Commons Mr. Disraeli had the honour of expounding Lord Ellenborough's new Bill for the Government of India. The great difficulty in drawing up this measure was to preserve the principle of Lord Palmerston's, of which the House had approved, while avoiding what is called, when pirates steal inventions, a colourable imitation. John Company, so often reprieved that he has been held to bear a charmed life, is once more delivered over to the executioner, and India is to belong to the Queen. There is to be a Council, with a Minister at its head, but instead of there being only eight members, there are to be eighteen, half to be named by the Government, the other half to be elected. The nominated nine are to be men who have been connected with India, and the names of the first nine are to be put into the Act. The *Press* publishes the names, in proof that it has not become the Evangelical Ordinary of Newdegate, but retains Disraelite confidence. Then comes the new and startling feature. Five cities of the United Kingdom are to choose five of the other nine, who must have traded with or lived in India, and the cities are London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. The Electors are to be those who elect Members of Parliament. The remaining four are to be elected by everybody who has served or lived in India, or holds India Stock to the amount of £1000. The Bill proposes also that a Royal Commission shall go out to inquire into the state of Indian finance.

Not much of consequence was said about the measure. Cox, the Attorney, hastened to signify that he was much pleased with it, and then proceeded to show that he had not understood the statement, by giving a blundering description of the Bill. Lord John complimented Ministers on the labour and thought they had bestowed on the subject. Mr. Roebuck thought the Bill a Sham. Mr. Bright thought the grand feature a Clap-Trap; and the subject stands over until the 19th of April, the Eve of St. Spooner and St. Maynooth.

Parliament then got Up, for the Easter Holidays.

"This world is the rummest of worlds as can be,"
Profoundly observed Mrs. Grundy:
O, who, on Ash-Wednesday, believed we should see
Stout Palmerston Out on Palm Sunday?

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Napoleon the Third (after David) Crossing Shooter's Hill. To be presented to their Emperor by the French Colonels.

THE ULTRAMONTANE ADDER.

Behold how ridiculously the Papists hate us. This is the language of their French organ, the *Univers*:—

"The pride of England is wounded. The wound is an old one; it was caused, we believe, not by the first despatch of our Minister for Foreign Affairs; not by the solemn cry which rose in France against the laboratory of assassinations; not even by the Military Addresses inserted in the *Moniteur* by an error sufficiently explained. The wound was inflicted in the Crimea, at the Alma, at Inkermann, at the Malakoff, everywhere where the French were the first on the field, and penetrated the deepest into the enemy's ranks. St. Arnaud, Bosquet, Canrobert, Pelissier, MacMahon—these are the men who wounded the pride of England. Another wound has been inflicted by the fact that India is in flames while France is in peace; that Kabylia has been added to French Africa while British India is in a decline. Then again, the King of Naples has not been dethroned; he has not begged pardon for having defended his throne, and has not delivered up to the English the ports of Sicily. Moreover, minor wounds have been inflicted in the United States, and even in Persia and Constantinople. All these circumstances ought to have lowered a little of that extreme arrogance which, sooner or later, becomes the weakness of the strong. But John Bull, like the Emperor of China, believes himself to be the son of Heaven, and, like that Sovereign, he has the habit of strangling the messenger who is the bearer of evil tidings."

This hissing of the snake that cannot get at us is very funny. The idle display of fangs, and the waste of venom, are diverting to us objects of the reptile's malice whom it would bite if it could—but can't. In human nature there is nothing like the above sort of writing, but the taunts and invective of a frantic vixen whose hands are withheld from scratching somebody who has exasperated her. Feminality of spite and malice seems characteristic of our papal enemies. Perhaps they are infected with this shrewishness by the sacerdotal petticoats and lace, which they so often wear. The attempt to provoke a quarrel between us and the French is also highly characteristic of the worst and wickedest sort of woman, who owes a grudge to any man, and has influence over some fool. How droll, that all this animosity against John Bull should be owing simply to the fact, that Mr. Bull opposes his substantial person to priestly encroachment upon liberty, and sets Europe an example of resistance to the black party! Probably, if Mr. Bull were really to persecute the Roman Catholic clergy the *Univers* would not abuse him so much. It could hardly vituperate him more. If he were to roast a Jesuit or two alive, and stretch a few Oratorians on the rack, he would at least recognise a principle which the writers in the *Univers*, if not the Ultramontanes in general, would be too happy to apply to his own person. But invective, however rabid, and mockery, however diabolical, will simply amuse John Bull, so long as they are unattended with overt acts. It is not till Sepoys mutiny that they are blown away from guns.

REFORM AND OMNIBUSES.

We have been promised for a long time an improved Omnibus, and yet it is mighty slow in making its appearance. Can any one, with a long sight, spy this Coming Omnibus? It is the same with Reform. For how many years past have we not been promised a New Reform Bill? The Omnibus was to make us socially so comfortable—the Reform Bill was to make us politically so happy. The two vehicles of reform seem to be about equally matched in slowness. It is a fair race of tardiness between them. Now when we can hail the one, then we shall believe in the advent of the other, and not a stage sooner! And who knows, but when the two are fairly started on the road of public favour, that we shall not all be equally disappointed!

A very Slight Mistake.

A Case was tried the other day at Lewes, in which the reverend and notorious Mr. Neale, of Sackville College, poor Miss Scobell's spiritual director, figured conspicuously. The reverend gentleman was erroneously described by counsel as a Roman Catholic priest. He is no more a Roman Catholic priest than a crocodile is an alligator.

A Bit of Green Stuff.

Errors are raised as easily, and as quickly, as mustard-and-cress. And as every man likes best the mustard-and-cress he has raised himself, so in the same way does every one display the greatest fondness for the errors of his own raising. To his taste, the errors of others, though every bit as green, are not half so sweet!

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Jules (who affects English manners and customs). "GOOD—A—BY, OLE—BOY! I GO TO MAKE A PROMENADE IN MY TO-CAR!"
(Which being interpreted means that Jules is going for a drive in his Dog-Cart.)

GOOD CHANCE FOR LORD DERBY.

IF the EARL OF DERBY intends to be guided in his Government of the country by all the suggestions which may be made to him by *Mr. Punch*, LORD PALMERSTON had better take his peerage, LORD JOHN RUSSELL can go down to Woburn and cultivate dahlias, and the "advanced liberals" may take the opportunity of protracted leisure to commence the study of politics and grammar, for none of the PREMIER'S rivals will have a chance of ever coming into office again. It is perhaps too much to hope that the Earl will continue as he has begun, but *Mr. Punch* cheerfully bears testimony to his docility thus far.

In an Imaginary Conversation in which *Mr. Punch* gave the EARL OF DERBY some hints, under the guise of refined and delicate sarcasm, his Lordship was made to say that he intended to give LORD JOHN MANNERS, the new Chief Commissioner of Works, a good chance for popularity; for whereas SIR BENJAMIN HALL had made a park for the people, and built a bridge with a Toll to keep them out of it, LORD JOHN should inaugurate his reign by getting rid of the Toll.

On the evening of Friday, the twenty-seventh ultimo, LORD JOHN MANNERS, in answer to questions about this very Chelsea Bridge, had to state:—

"That, owing to the pressure of business, the Government had been unable to come to any *final* resolution upon the subject of foot tolls. It would be necessary to bring in a Bill after Easter, and in that measure the Government would endeavour to mitigate the tolls upon foot passengers so as to give the greatest amount of relief consistent with a due regard to what they believed to be the claims of public faith."

This is as it should be. In reward, *Mr. Punch* informs LORD JOHN MANNERS, that he may call in Fleet Street any day during the Easter holidays, for further instructions, as *Mr. Punch* is not going out of town.

A TRUTH "TO LET."—Every lodging in London commands a view of the Surrey Hills; every lodging at the Sea-side commands a beautiful view of the Sea!

A SORS HORATIANA!

(Apropos of our present foreign relations.)

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida * * *
* * * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

(Or, in Mr. Punch's vernacular.)

JOHN BULL, in the right, most composedly brooks
The French Colonels' proposal for shooting or sabring him;
He cares not for LOUIS NAPOLEON'S black looks,
And if the cracked *Univers* takes to belab'ring him,
He but shrugs his shoulders, and "go it," says he;
"It seems to please *you*, and it doesn't hurt *me!*"

HINT UPON HIGH-LOWS.

THE following important piece of information appeared the other day among some fashionable announcements:—

"The names of the HON. RALPH DUTTON, M.P., and MRS. DUTTON were accidentally omitted in our list of company present at Northumberland House on Wednesday Evening."

What a puff for the name of DUTTON!—but what can be the use of advertising DUTTON to anybody but MR. DUTTON the shoemaker at Knightsbridge?

THREE THINGS A MAN NEVER GETS TIRED OF LOOKING AT.—The Sky—the Sea—and Women's Faces.—*Our Spooney Contributor.*
And Why?—Because they are never for two days together alike.—*Our Satirical Contributor.*

THE BRITISH BRIGAND (OR INNKEEPER) AWAITS HIS VICTIM.

A HINT TO THE HORSE-GUARDS.

IN a poster lately issued to those "Spirited Young Men," who are anxious to go where glory waits them in the East, a pleasing picture has been drawn of a soldier's life in India, showing the brave hero seated in a palanquin, puffing his chibouque, and sipping a refreshing cup of choicest Mocha coffee. These comforts, it is hinted, are supplied, free of charge, by the Honourable JOHN COMPANY, to all the gallant Sons of Mars, and pa's who serve him; and the prospect of enjoying them is doubtless one inducement which leads the honest HODGE to leave the plough-tail and enlist.

Now, if such a bait as this be found to be a catching one, why not use it also in recruiting for home service? If glory prove more tempting *plus* a cup of coffee, why not make more use of dietary arguments? In persuading Smart Young Men to do as *Hamlet's* father bids, and "'list, oh 'list!" might not it be useful to appeal more to their appetites? The promise of good living would be a clenching postscript to the promise of good pay. Many a hero, who is proof against pecuniary prospects, might be gained by pointing out the famous dinners he'd come in for.

We recommend, then, that, instead of being tempted through their pockets, recruits should be appealed to through the medium of their palates: and, with this view, we suggest that to all placards from the Horse-Guards extracts should be added from the regulation bills of fare. Our military *cuisine*, as at present regulated, would form, we think, the strongest of inducements to enlist. Such a magnet as the mess of a regiment upon home service would draw the lovers of good living by hundreds to the Army. What rustic blest with taste would not rush into the ranks when he knew what appetital luxuries were served there? Who could hesitate to go where badly boiled tough beef as well as glory waited him? "*Udite, rustici*—'list oh 'list, ye clodhoppers!" The eloquent recruiting sergeant might most fitly say: "Friends, *gourmands*, countrymen, lend me your ears. Don't be backward, beef-eaters, in stepping forward. I've a rare opening here for all you nice young men with good strong teeth and appetites. If you're partial to boiled beef, this is the Right Shop for it! Here you'll have it fresh, every day and all days. If you serve for twenty years you'll be served just the same with it. From year's end to year's end, one unchanging round of badly done boiled beef! Think of that, my epicures! If you're partial to variety, here's a rare look out for you!"

Clearly this should be the strain in which to woo the clodhopper. The road to a man's heart, it is said, lies through his stomach. A prospect of boiled beef for every day of every year he may continue in the service! What *gourmand* in corduroys could possibly resist it?

YOUNG FRANCE. A STUDY IN THE STREETS.

A TERRIBLE change has come over Young France. Look at him as he goes there. He is scarcely to be recognised as the same noble youth. He limps, and crawls about listlessly, as if there were nothing in this world to interest him. His sword is still by his side—at least the scabbard is—for it is so long since he has drawn a sword, that he cannot be positive whether he has one or not. His moustache, once so trim and fierce, droops languidly—his long hair, too, has an exhausted turn, and throws itself pell-mell on his back in a fatigued manner, as though it were glad of any resting-place, and would gladly sink into the earth. That back, also, formerly so erect, so defiant, is now curved, "like the arch of a bridge;" and to look at him at a distance, as he leans against that post, and feebly lights a cigarette, you would fancy it was some young man grown prematurely old. His face has a painful history written on it. It reminds one of JOINVILLE in his handsome days, but the features are sunk, or flattened, and appear, like an antique, half-oxidised with neglect, or age, or exposure. As for the eyes, the torch that once blazed in them is completely extinguished. There is more light in two old *reverbères* than you can now find in that couple of hollow sockets.

He saunters idly from street to street, following wherever chance may please to guide him. Evidently he has no design, no thought, no impulse, no ruling principle in life. He *flanes* carelessly along, without having any of the enjoyment of a true *flaneur*. Life seems to be a load to him, which you fancy he would willingly throw down on the bench of the nearest *cabaret*, and barter for a couple of *chopines*. *Pauvre enfant!* Knowing *le beau garçon* (*et aussi brave que beau*) that thou once wert, we pity thee!

See how negligent he has grown in his dress! We recollect him so full of *petits soins* for his much-loved person, that, in lustre and spruceness, it far outrivalled the magnificent gentlemen we are in the habit of admiring in the dainty pages of the *Petit Bijou des Dames*. His beautiful waist, the circumference of which barely exceeded that of a wedding-ring, has bolstered out until he is the same width all the way down, like the shaft to a coal-pit. His clothes are half stuccoed with mud, or inartistically pointed with straw: and though his battered hat is half-cocked on one side, still it is wanting in its old *chique*, and the attempt at swagger is so very weak that, if a feeling of pity did not creep in, one would be disposed to ridicule it. It is clear from the abject despondency that has taken possession of his whole slovenly person, that for some time past Young France has abandoned all notions of *conquêtes*, be they female, military, or otherwise; only it is very sad to see so fine a fellow lose his *amour-propre*.

Let us follow him. See, he buys a journal. He reads a few lines, and then throws it far away from him with disgust. We fancy we see the tears gushing into his melancholy eyes. His hand rushes involuntarily to his sword, but falls again the next moment, heavy as a pendulum by his side, as though the effort were too much for his reduced strength. A big sigh escapes him. Is he thinking of the proud days of French journalism, when giants of the pen like GUIZOT, THIERS, ARMAND CARRELL, and others, dared print what they thought, in defiance of Kings and July *ordonnances*, and made a throne tremble at each vibration of the printing-press?

He stops outside a theatre. They are performing *La Dame aux Camélias*. Anything to distract his thoughts. He will enter. But no—he is no sooner across the threshold than his reason pulls him back again. His heart is already sick. Why should he nauseate it still more with the *pourritures* of the classic literature of modern France?

He passes the *Chambre des Députés*. He shuts his eyes, and rushes blindly on—nearly upsetting a gold-laced Senator, who is coming down the steps, counting in his fat hand that day's Senatorial pay.

He plods on heavily, until he reaches the Bourse. Here the whirl of excitement seizes hold of him. A temporary fever lights up for a moment his jaded features. He listens to miraculous accounts of fabulous fortunes realised in the turn of a minute. All the faces around him are flushed with good fortune. Why should not he have a try of his luck? It is the only one excitement now left to him. He must not meddle in politics. He must not give utterance to any one of his ideas. He must not write, nor speak, nor scarcely listen. He must be deaf and dumb. He has only his eyes and his hands left. The latter are forbidden to hold a pen—(that is to say, anything like a pen that commands a flow of patriotic ideas)—they are still more strongly prohibited to handle a musket—but there is no law to prevent them shaking a dice-box! It would be a *bêtise* to hesitate!

Carried away by these tumultuous feelings, Young France plunges recklessly into the vortex of gambling. He is in the gulf of *Hausse* and *Baisse*. We waited in vain for his return. At one time we thought we saw him dressed in the very topmost height of the Boulevards Fashions, jump into an elegant cabriolet, and prance gaily away in the direction of the *Trois Frères*. Five minutes afterwards, we fancied we recognised the same misguided young man, with a bundle of rags on his back, such as no *chiffonnier* would deign to wear, stooping to pick up a mouldy bone that no famished dog would pause to notice. But it could never be! These visions must have been optical delusions—nothing more than the *Ombres Chinoises* of a darkened imagination.

All we know is, that when we left (and it was a cry of *Vive* NAPOLEON! that made us hurry home, for we did not think it safe then to be out any longer), YOUNG FRANCE WAS STILL IN THE BOURSE!

PRETTY AND APT.

WE make LORD ELLENBOROUGH a present of the following quotation from JUVENAL, to be used in his defence against LORD BROUGHAM's charge of kidnapping Kroomen for service in India:—

"——— Quis enim me, deficiente Crumenâ,
Et crescente gulâ, manet exitus?"

Which may be Englished for the occasion—

"What am I to do, if the consumption of soldiers increases, and I am not to be allowed to enlist Kroomen?"

THE GREAT ARISTOCRATIC FACTION OF THE DAY.

RAREY-faction. It is so widely predominant, that ALBERT SMITH declares he met with it even on the summit of Mont Blanc.

THE DEMOCRAT'S RELIEF.—If we have no Titles ourselves, let us rail at those who have!

"'TWAS PASSING STRANGE!"—The Eclipse, and the very little effect produced by it.

DEBATE ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Smike. "I SAY, BILL, HOW ABOUT THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"

Bill. "OH,-NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! BARRIN' THE PUN!"

THESE THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY.

IN the *Adventures of a Jack-of-all-Trades*, included in MR. CHARLES READE'S last very amusing volume, published under the eccentric title—*Cream*, that ingenious author has allegorised the present position of the Cabinet, under the transparent veil of the misadventures, trials, terrors, and crowning disappointment, of the man who travelled with an Elephant.

The least learned in the political history of the day will at once recognise in the daring *Mr. Loett, Jack-of-all-Trades and Master of none*, our present dashing PREMIER, with his happy-go-lucky temperament, his readiness to change masters, and liveries, his turn for speechifying, and his happy knack of dazzling the country by a grand turn-out, and a lavish display of posters. Nor less recognisable—notwithstanding the change of sex—is a certain well-known Member of the Cabinet, LORD ELL—N—B—R—GH, under the guise of the terrible Elephant, *Mademoiselle Djek*, the object of *Mr. Loett's* hopes and fears, of his coaxing and his curses, alternately—the gifted, but unforgiving animal, which thinks nothing of bearing off a huge pair of gates, of annihilating a whole regiment of Directors, one after another, and invariably winds up its exhibitions by squelching its keepers behind the scenes.

The allegory is published most opportunely. LORD DERBY ought certainly to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest MR. READE'S volume. The lessons it inculcates may save him from being "Djekmated" by his unruly President of the Board of Control, and future Secretary of State for India.

"The Initials."

WE haven't the least thought of calling such a statesman as DISRAELI a goose; but it is a fact, that since his recent spar with BERNAL OSBORNE, if you want to raise his dander, you have only to say B. O.! to him.

"But when they seldom come they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth like rare accidents."

WHEN MR. RAREY'S five hundred ten-guinea pupils are all horse-taming, where will be the *rarity* of the thing?

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. MEETING of long-bearded foreigners outside the Penny Reading-Rooms in Leicester Square, reading the democratic placards outside, before they go in to have their pennyworth.
— Punch and Judy Show in Panton Street, at 3.
— Crowd of boys and thieves round the upsetting of a dirty-linen-cart opposite the Marble Arch. Grand effect of a blackguard holding up a lady's crinoline.
TUES. Kite-flying by Messrs. Johnson and Piggins (aged respectively 8 and 9½) on Hampstead Heath, from 10 to 11.
— Muster of nurserymaids and juvenile *bonnes* to hear the band play in St. James's Park, 11.
— Mob collected by a horse taking fright at the electric light darted across the road from the second-floor window of Dr. Kant's Museum in Coventry Street. Shouts of indignation that such a nuisance should be tolerated, 10½ P.M.
WED. Bathing in the Serpentine from 7 to 8. Sensation created by a little boy coming out of the water as green as a cucumber.
— Meeting between Mrs. Scrimmidge and her husband, for the latter (a policeman in the W. Division) to receive his basket of broken provisions through the area gate, 8½.
— Feline Society, Leicester Square, 2 A.M. Scamper round the Globe in 2 minutes by four-and-twenty cats, pursued by a bull-dog.
THURS. Hydrostatics (with grand display of waterworks on fire-plug by charity boy), 9.
— Old Ladies' Scandal Society on door-step of Mrs. Bomptious, 5, Little Muggins' Rents, Whetstone Park, Holborn, dispersed by some of the husbands coming home to dinner, 1.
— Angry Meeting of Creditors on the landing outside the Comte de Sanschemise's Chambers (adjourned till the Comte's return to town), 3.
— Ethiopian Serenaders', opposite the Scandinavian Stores, Regent Street, 8 to 11.
FRID. Hare-skin buyers, Belgrave Square, 6 A.M.
— Water-cress Sellers, Eaton Square, 7.
— Dust! oh, and Old Clothes! in Grosvenor Place, 8.
— Meeting on the Suspension Bridge in St. James's Park of loiterers of both sexes and all ages to look into the water and feed the ducks, 12.
— Tripe Society, Old Fogey's Hall, 9. Song by Mr. Samuel Hall, "I 'm exceedingly Wulgar." 9½.
— The Ebony Minstrels in the Haymarket, 12.
SAT. Meeting of numerous actors at the various treasuries of the different theatres, 2 P.M.
— Crowd outside Adelphi Theatre, 6½.
— Rush of venerable panting gentlemen to get into the hotels and public-houses before they are closed, 11 h. 55 m.
SAT. Muster of Policemen in all the principal thoroughfares, to see the doors of the public-houses closed, 12.
— Rush of more panting gentlemen, who are late, to the Albion, Simpson's, Evans's, Wellington Café, St. James's Hall, &c. &c., and great indignation forcibly expressed by the same, that they cannot find admission, 12 h. 5 m.

Literary Notice.

"We understand that the *Press* has changed hands, and is henceforth to advocate the doctrines of MR. NEWDEGATE."—*Morning Herald.*

IN "*The Press*," and shortly will be published, in a new and much enlarged edition,

THE NEW(DE)GATE CALENDAR,

Containing a narrative of the lives, crimes, and trials of

EMINENT CRIMINALS,

With highly-coloured Illustrations, and brought down to our own time. This Edition will include the lives of the most notorious Popish, Puseyite, and Political offenders of the day, including the late SIR R. PEEL, BOWYER, H. DRUMMOND, A. B. HOPE, ROEBUCK, RUSSELL, &c. &c. &c.

With a supplement brought up to 1858, in which the Editor hopes to be in a position to include the crimes, and sentences, of DERBY, STANLEY, PAKINGTON, DISRAELI, &c. &c. &c.

Hear, Hear!

WHY can't a gallery for the Reporters be put up immediately behind the Speaker's chair? As it is, the Members of the House of Commons address the country over the Right Hon. Gentleman's shoulder.

MILITARY NICKNAME FOR THE DELHI PRIZE MONEY.—The Light Bobs.

ANIMAL OBSERVATIONS TAKEN IN LONDON DURING THE ECLIPSE.

OUR scientific readers doubtless know as well as we do that many highly curious effects of the Eclipse were observed to be produced upon animated nature. Correspondents from the country have furnished ample evidence to prove the fact, details have been given with much painstaking minuteness of the exact times and places at which sparrows ceased to chirp and cock-robins to whistle. We have heard how at Great Sludgeborough the cows came to be milked, and how a disappointed woodcock was tempted to commit suicide under cover of the darkness, by flying against the steeple of St. Brix-cum-Mortar, Flamshire. But so far as we have seen, no mention has been made in any scientific journal of the ecliptical effects upon the London brute creation, and we are therefore pleased to have it in our power to record the following:—

Exactly nineteen minutes after the first contact, Mr. Green, an amateur astronomer at Brompton, saw, without using his telescope, a cat upon the tiles of Mr. Brown's house opposite; and from the peculiar deportment of the animal, Mr. Green had very little doubt that it imagined night was coming. Without using any instrument beyond a double eye-glass, Mr. Green distinctly saw the cat's mouth open twice; but he did not hear the moll-row, which is the distinctively nocturnal cat-call. Mr. Green, however, thinks his non-perception of the sound might have been occasioned by some cotton in his ears, which he had been induced to place there through the prudence of his wife: his observations being taken at an open attic window, and Mrs. G. fearing he might take cold in the head. At precisely thirteen minutes and three-quarters after noon the cat disappeared behind a stack of chimneys, and in half a jiffy later, timed by Mr. Green's chronometer, a sparrow was seen fluttering from the same direction, and manifesting symptoms of excitement and distress. It will be for scientific persons to decide, whether these marked variations from the bird's normal state were probably occasioned by the cat, or the Eclipse.

Another close observer, Mr. Spoone, of Islington, has recorded in his journal, that at half-past twelve o'clock one of his canary birds suddenly stopped singing, and continued silent for above ten minutes. It is, however, doubtful if the observation can be considered of much value, inasmuch as Master Spoone chanced to give the bird a lump of sugar at the time, and this might have occasioned the effect which was remarked.

A striking proof of the effect produced by the Eclipse upon the brute creation was observed by the wife of Mr. Jollycock, of Clapham. On the plea of having business to attend to in the City, her brute of a husband, leaving her to mind the house, joined a bachelor Eclipse party at the Star and Garter, Richmond. This Mrs. J. discovered by taking a close observation of her husband's pocket-book, when she let him in next morning at half-past 3 A.M.; and although at breakfast time the brute of course began to make an affidavit of an *alibi*, the production by his wife of the discovered dinner-bill proved a bit of evidence too strong to be got over, and an expiatory pilgrimage to Swan and Edgar's was adjudged by way of penance, and has since been carried out.

No mention has been made of any nervous snipes or woodcocks being seen in the darkness to kill themselves by flying against London church-towers. But we are told that Mr. Gabye, a highly scientific gentleman, who has a garret in Greek Street, opposite a bird fancier's, observed that throughout the entire continuance of the Eclipse the larks kept standing upon tiptoe on their grass plots, and hitting their heads violently against the tops of their small cages. This phenomenon, however, Mr. Gabye has observed to be of every-day occurrence, and it is therefore somewhat doubtful if it can be viewed as an ecliptical effect.

It was noted by a neighbour of Mr. Jones at Peckham, that the Cochin China cocks in Mr. Jones's poultry-yard kept crowing as usual, every other minute, the whole day of the Eclipse.

An observation being made to Mr. Tomkins Smith, a *savant* who resides within a hundred yards of Holborn, to the effect that a butcher bird was whistling in his area, Mr. Tomkins Smith at once threw up his parlour window, and although being short-sighted, he failed to see the bird, he distinctly heard the whistle of which he had been told. By listening with some attention to the notes, Mr. Tomkins Smith discovered that they formed a fragment of the *aura popularis*, "*Poor Dog Tray*," and as his curiosity was whetted by the fact, he was induced to make an observation with his eye-glass, by which he ascertained that the presence of the butcher-bird had been incorrectly stated, and that in fact it was a butcher-boy whose whistling he had listened to.

In spite of pricking up our ears to their erectest possible extent, we have not as yet heard of any instances in London in which any cows have been seen going to be milked; but we understand that at the period of the greatest obscuration a milkman was observed by Mr. Lynx of Hammersmith proceeding with some haste in the direction of the pump.

DESPICABLE DEMONSTRATION.

Really we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Men cannot help their resemblance to monkeys, but they are responsible for playing monkeys' tricks; for aping the very apes. The Pope, the other day, created a lot of Cardinals; who, the same evening, held "receptions" on the strength of their promotion. One of these was a Monsignor Mertel, who held his court at the Monte Citorio Palace; where, according to the *Post's* correspondent,—

"Cardinal Antonelli paid a long visit to his *protégé* amidst Prelates, Princesses, Ambassadors, Deputy-Lieutenants, and Officers in Highland uniform, not to speak of the *oi polloi*, whose costumes were less striking. Musicians were stationed in the piazza below, affording, with bonfires and illuminations, amusement to the mob. Dragoons struggled to preserve order amongst the carriages, and the congratulatory crowd ascended through double files of lackeys to the presentation suite of apartments, where the British patronymics of Smith, Brown, and Robinson, announced by stentorian ushers wearing ruffs, silk-stockings, and dress rapiers, echoed along the halls, and afforded an occasional variety amongst the long-winded titles of Roman princes, counts, and *commendatori*."

All this ridiculous parade may be very well for Roman Cardinals, whose uncultivated reason is as yet unable to perceive the absurdity of semi-barbarous and silly display; but surely it is unbecoming an enlightened people to indulge in such vain and childish demonstration. Yet not only are we guilty of this folly in attending masquerades, but in going to Court in ludicrous dresses most of them resembling liveries, without petitioning for deliverance from the necessity of thus disgracing ourselves, and for the abolition of all the powder, plush breeches, and buckles, cocked-hats, and other unchristian accoutrements, trappings and emblems of flunkeydom and beadledom, exhibited on state occasions. Let us put away from us these things, and, when we go to Court, go dressed like rational people, following the example set us by the citizens of the Presidential republic on the other side of the Atlantic. We should leave files of lackeys, fancy costumes, and all the shameful glories of absurd pomp, to Asiatic potentates, and to such European dignitaries as the old flamens or flamingos who run about in red stockings calling themselves the successors of the Apostles.

A Pleasant Prospect.

The agricultural journals inform us, that Lord Rosse has prophesied a summer of extraordinary heat, and has recommended farmers to provide sheds for the shelter of their cattle. Lord Rosse must have founded his prophesy on the meteorology of Ireland, where the extraordinary mildness of the season is proved by the visible sprouting of the orange plant in the Castle conservatories in Dublin, since the appointment of Lord Eglintoun.

The Signal for Retreat.

(An Incident in an Hotel at Ryde).

Coffee-Room Frequenter (looking through a telescope). I can see that an organ-boy and a German Brass Band have just landed from the Steamer at the end of the Pier.

Second Ditto (ringing violently). Here, Waiter! My bill—quick—I must be off instantly.

[*Rushes up-stairs madly, to pack up.*

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.

By a Gentleman confused in his Natural History.

"Here's to the Alliance! And may the French Eagle never be the Gallic Cock of any British Bul-walk!

WHAT PAM HOPES TO BE ABLE TO DO AFTER SIX LESSONS FROM RAREY.

NO JUSTICE FOR WIDOWERS!

"PUNCH,

"I MUST tell you how highly gratified I am by the opposition which the clerical party and their representatives are offering to the Bill for Legalizing Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.

"Many or most of the opponents of the Bill protested, with an eagerness which much amused me, that they did not mean to 'treat the question as a theological one,' and begged to 'deprecate theological discussion.' Aware of the antipathy entertained by the honourable gents who represent the railway and commercial interests to the very name of 'theology,' they availed themselves of that characteristic of the pecuniary mind, to secure their own theological objections to the Bill from exposure and refutation. This is dishonest, and just what I like.

"Everybody, however, knows that the proposed Bill is regarded as a theological question, turning on a certain verse in a certain chapter of a certain book. Hence arises a supposition that the said book is ambiguous in its language on a point of morality; that is, in an essential matter; a supposition I should wish to be generally adopted. The alternative conclusion is, that very many clergymen and serious laymen are enormous fools; an opinion of which the dissemination would please me much; though not so highly as that of the other.

"As to the 'theological question,' it might be disposed of so summarily that its discussion would hardly tire even the members for the Manchester school and the deputies of my friend MAMMON. The question is one of certain Hebrew words. Parliament has only to allow ROTHSCHILD to take his seat in the House of Commons, and refer the controversy to the Levitical Member for London. But this would be acting with justice as well as wisdom; and I hate both.

"Although the question is, in fact, a theological one, properly it ought not to be. It is essentially a physiological question; and of course what is physiologically right is theologically right also. Parliament is not, and ought not to be, a theological assembly; but it ought to legislate on the foundation of the natural laws. I am rejoiced to find that it does not do what it ought; and the natural laws, as well as all other mandates emanating from the same authority, will always meet with my warmest opposition.

"Certainly when parsons and their spokesmen pretend not to oppose the bill on theological grounds, they do not depart quite so widely from the truth as I like to see people in general go. Their opposition is in a great measure simply party-spirited. If their canons had prohibited marriage with a deceased wife's mantuamaker, they would equally strive to maintain the prohibition. Every concession is, with them, the loss of so much power. Therefore they strove to defeat the Divorce Bill, denouncing its sinfulness; notwithstanding which, no benefices that I know of have been resigned by those who remain subject to its provisions. Such resistance and such submission I contemplate with extreme delight, as calculated to bring the ecclesiastical body and their teaching into hatred and contempt.

"One particular reason which has been advanced against the bill I consider beautiful. It is that the persons who are aggrieved by the existing law, and want it altered, are very few. What signifies the oppression of a small number of people? This is an argument which evinces a deficiency in the sense of justice uncommon out of Newgate, or places which correspond to Newgate, inclusive of those regions over which the honour of presiding has been assigned to your celebrated Ancient

"*Parliament Place, March*, 1858." "NICHOLAS."

Memorable Feat.

THE *Univers* (who is certainly a living exemplification of the old suspicious saying, that the "world has gone mad,") raves about France having "wounded England." If there be a wound, and England thrives wonderfully well in spite of it, it must be very much in the same way that the Jackass wounded the sick Lion. The British Lion must have been poorly at the time, and so the Jackass chose the memorable opportunity to dance playfully round him, *à la Française*, and kick him! The asinine beast was so far right,—for the chance may not occur again.

Awful!

A NEW Work is advertised under the ominous title *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*. How could any publisher have undertaken anything so uncharitable!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

OPTICAL PHENOMENA OBSERVED DURING THE ECLIPSE.

I understand that, by observers in Middlesex alone, among the Optical Phenomena attending the Eclipse, upwards of twelve hundred black eyes were discovered; being a full average of nine black eyes per cent. among the amateur astronomers who were engaged in taking sights at the moon during her passage. These phenomena were nearly all of them occasioned through the injudicious handling of the pieces of smoked glass, with which the said astronomers made their observations. As many as eleven hundred and eleven of the eyes are said to have been blackened before 10 o'clock, A.M.; *i.e.*, at least an hour and a half before the moon's first contact; and it appears that nearly ninety blackenings occurred when the clouding of the sun had rendered smoked glass needless. We understand that the phenomena were not a bit more lasting than might have been expected, and that the simple application of the end of a wet towel proved sufficient to remove even the greatest obscuration.

To carry out Professor Airy's fourth "Suggestion," that persons who were "elevated" should "remark the changes of appearance of surrounding objects," Mr. Swipey took a course of bitter beer at breakfast, succeeded by Scotch Ale and bottled Guinness after it, which, by the time when the Eclipse was at its height, duly brought him, as he thought, to the needful state of elevation. The observations which he made were somewhat indistinct; but he noted, that, among the optical phenomena produced by the Eclipse, it made all the objects what surrounded him look double.

The Editor of one of the surviving Paris newspapers, hoped that under cover of the darkness he might print a little news without the Government detecting it. The obscurity however proved too slight to be of service. Although the paragraph was printed in the very smallest type, no fewer than three hundred and eleven spies detected it; and the Editor was warned that he would find himself "suspended" the next time he forgot himself, and printed anything that anyhow might be considered news, or prove of any interest to any of his readers.

A novel optical phenomenon was observed to be produced upon a gentleman at Peckham, who, acting on Professor Airy's third "Suggestion" to "hold a lighted candle nearly between the sun and your eye," in order to "observe at what distance the flame could be seen," contrived while making the experiment to singe off rather more than half of his right eyebrow, the effect of which, we hear, is even now distinctly visible without the aid of any instrument.

LABOURS OF A WELSH HERCULES.

A Welsh Editor, who has transferred his services from one publication to another, and has, as he conceives, been insulted by the proprietor of the first, who has called him a Reporter, publishes, in order to prove what a multifarious responsibility he underwent, a sort of analysis of his duties. It is in itself a Curiosity of Literature, and it is really due to Country Editors in general to show how very hard they work for the benefit of the localities blessed with their presence.

Our friend's first duty was "To arrange the foreign and parliamentary intelligence of the week from the daily papers." The man who can do this fairly and carefully, in two days, is a smart fellow.

Next "To select and cull" (we don't know what culling is, or how it differs from selection, but propose to write and ask Sir Culling Eardley) "miscellaneous paragraphs from the same source." This is a troublesome job, especially as the daily papers select (and cull) from the country papers, and you may be reprinting your own articles or a rival's.

Third. "To arrange a column of literary matter (no magazine or book being afforded me but the *London Journal*, which by the bye was at last stopped)." Arrange means extract, and if the gentleman had to invent a column of extracts, and could do it, his genius ought not to have been left to languish in an obscure Welsh town. We are sorry the *London Journal* was stopped, as it is a most instructive publication; but as the loss could have been made good for a penny, we pass to duty number

Four. "To report all meetings within the town and the district, and sometimes at a distance." Rebecca and her children do not now meet in Wales. But there are plenty of meetings of guardians, overseers, vestries, magistrates, Odd-fellows, and the like, and woe to the editor whose reporter has omitted a single pearl that falls from the lips of a local orator. As, if anybody hisses at a theatre, the manager always says that the wretch has been "sent in," and that it is part of "a conspiracy," and looks under the seat of his carriage for bomb-shells when he goes away, a provincial orator, shortened in report, instantly writes to impute the abbreviation to the most diabolical and underhand plotting on the part of somebody not a hundred miles from somewhere. This work was enough for one individual. But

Fifthly. "To ascertain every incident within the town, and convert it into a paragraph." Surely this is one man's work, and good work. How is a gentleman to be arranging the news of the world, selecting (and culling) paragraphs, inventing literature, and reporting meetings, while he is patrolling the pebbly streets to see what remarkably fine little boys fall into the fire, what new arrangement has been made in the pickles in friend Jobley's window, and how the water-spout was torn down from the stable of Mrs. Miggles, the respected hostess of the Blue Moon, by some fiend in human form, at whom our admired and acute policeman, Starch, has, we hear, a shrewd guess? Our Hercules was ubiquitous, however, and then

Sixthly. "To write occasional letters on local subjects supposed to be interesting to the inhabitants, not in my own name, but from a correspondent." Oh, for shame! What? Then "Vigilans," who sneered at the parson, and "Argus," who scoffed at the Mayor's want of politeness, and "Little Bo-Peep," who wished to know who paid for the champagne at a certain dinner, or indeed if mine host were paid at all, were not real people. Oh, fie! We never have anything of this kind in a London paper—never. But the next is worse.

Seventhly. "To praise, directly and by inuendo, certain personal friends of the publisher, and to write down a certain solicitor, his staff, and everything that was his."

Here we must pause. This is too shocking. We were not prepared for such revelations. They come upon us like a shower-bath, and may hereafter brace us for action, but at the instant they simply overwhelm and make us shudder. We cannot pursue the painful subject. The complainant does. He adds that he had—

"To cut out every paragraph from the *Courant* (not a week old), relating to the Principality, and to insert it in the paper he edited; to re-write everything interesting to the neighbourhood from the columns of a certain contemporary, ditto from a certain other contemporary in the town, should the information not have been obtained before; to write leading articles upon local, district, and general subjects, two or three per week, as the case might be, with sometimes a summary (this I did, with but one exception, for three years and a half); to hunt up advertisements, and write and remodel them; to read the proofs and revise them; and, in short, to make up and write the whole paper, including the revision of illegible manuscripts, and questionable compositions."

It may be so. It sounds a good deal. But, after previous revelations, nothing would surprise us. The American youth eat a rhinoceros for dinner, and then grumbled that tea wasn't ready. We have eaten the Welsh rhinoceros, and can wait for tea. But, O gentle readers, when you take up a country paper, and as you probably and naturally do, two minutes later, throw it down again, think of the duties of an Editor, as described by this Cambrian Hercules.

In Re Pelissier.

Lord John Russell, the boldness of whose Britannic French is well known, has been pleased to enliven the Easter week with the following *bon-mot*. Referring to the appointment of the Duke of Malakoff, his Lordship said: "Louis Napoleon has conquered, after all. He has obtained our consent to introduce his *Police-here*." Woburn Abbey was illuminated that night.

MOMENTOUS BUT DOUBTFUL.

AMONG the Continental Court News in a morning contemporary, we find the following announcement:—

"*Paris, March* 31.—The PRINCE IMPERIAL was taken for exercise yesterday morning to the reserved garden of the Tuileries, and played about there for nearly an hour."

The little Prince was taken to the garden and played. Did play, or was played? Was his Imperial Highness—two feet odd in height—passively played and dandled up and down, backwards and forwards; or did he himself play actively about with a little ball, or a soldier-doll, or any other species of toy?

These may, by some people, be considered frivolous questions; but their gravity will be duly appreciated by all those who regard the fact intended to be conveyed in the above paragraph relative to the Imperial child, as one of sufficient importance for publication.

STATES OF MIND AND LIQUOR.

A NEW name has been invented for those people who used to be briefly denominated sots, or, with greater verbosity, habitual drunkards. They are now called, by medical writers, "dipsomaniacs;" that is to say, maniacs who are thirsty-mad. Now the fact is, that such persons are so far from being thirsty-mad, that, as the nigger phrase is, they "drinkee for drunkee," and do not, at all, in any measure, "drinkee for dry." With real accuracy in view, and etymological propriety out of the question, they might more scientifically be styled tipsymaniacs.

To these unfortunate individuals is now also applied the term "oinomaniacs;" people who are mad on wine. But this phrase is also objectionable, for the maniacs in question evince their madness chiefly by excess in grog; besides which the adulteration of liquor is now carried to such an extent, that there is hardly any wine remaining for any patient predisposed to genuine oinomania to get drunk upon.

Feast on the First Instant.

THE patrons of homœopathy in London and the vicinity, including several noblemen of rank, dined together at the Goose and Gridiron on All Fools' Day.

THE RAG MERCHANT'S ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name and address we do not choose to advertise, but who describes himself as a

"RAG, BONE, METAL AND KITCHEN STUFF MERCHANT,"

and lives near Torrington Place, either thrust, or caused to be thrust, or had thrust for him without his knowledge, under the door of a private residence, a certain handbill addressed

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!"

That is to say, according to the next ensuing specification of the persons meant, "THE COOK," "THE LADIES' MAID," "THE KITCHEN MAID," "THE HOUSE MAID" and "THE FOOTMAN." Howbeit, the document happened to fall into the hands of the Master of the house.

To each of the above-named domestics are addressed a few lines of poetical advice. As, for instance, to

"THE COOK.

Yes Cooks, I wish a word with you, pray all your dripping save
I weigh like Gold, and as for Price most liberally behave;
Weigh it yourselves, if you prefer, I only court a Trial,
Of my honesty, which you will find, is quite beyond denial."

Most housewives are in the habit of recommending their cooks to save dripping—for employment in culinary operations, and not for sale. Mr. Stars says that he courts a trial. Let him take care that he does not encounter one which may, perhaps, result in a conviction. He runs a great risk of receiving stolen goods, and of being considered to have known that they were stolen.

Here are two more specimens of this respectable Merchant's area minstrelsy:—

"THE LADIES' MAID.

When ladies turn their wardrobes out, with such as is your share,
Just hasten off to me, and you will find I use you fair;
I buy old clothes of any kind,—no matter large or small,
The quantity may chance to be, if you 'll but give a call.

"THE KITCHEN MAID.

I say to Kitchen Maids, then whom there 's none works harder,
Take care of every scrap of Fat from scullery or larder;
'A pin a day is a groat a year,' then surely 'twill be found,
That Kitchen stuff at such a time brings many a shining pound,
Of Bones too, let them careful be, to buy which I am willing,
And tho' the value is not great, they 'll bring them oft a shilling."

Mr. Stars' statement that he buys old clothes of any kind is likely to cause a frequent loss of apparel in those families wherein that information is known to the servants. Gentlemen who lost their handkerchiefs in the streets whilst Field Lane was, used oftentimes to go and repurchase them in Field Lane. For missing capes, cuffs, collars, departed crape and muslin, and crinoline flown away, ladies who know of Mr. Stars' establishment, might perhaps judiciously send some proper person or functionary to inquire thereat. The consequences of the search might, as before suggested, be unpleasant to Mr. Stars.

JOHN THOMAS is favoured with the following exhortation:—

"THE FOOTMAN.

Sprightly Footman, list, oh list, pray ever careful be,
Of all the little odds and ends, that comes by right to thee,
The Candle-ends of wax or sperm, old clothes which oft are thine,
Old Livery Buttons and other things, I purchase in my line!
Give me a Trial—and Presto! you quickly will behold,
My mode of changing such like things to bright and sparkling gold."

Candle-ends, old clothes, and livery-buttons, are materials of which, to be capable of conversion into gold, by the alchemy of Mr. Stars, the quantity must be large. The other things, in case they are such things as spoons, might easily enough, if consisting of silver, be transmuted into the more precious metal. Before, however, taking those other things, at least, to the philosopher's laboratory, let MR. JOHN ask himself how he would like to exchange the footboard for the treadmill, and, instead of displaying his calves on the former, to exercise them on the latter?

The author of the foregoing "Advice to Servants" continues his address, by returning his thanks to the "Inhabitants" of his neighbourhood. If his advice has been taken by the servants, the principal inhabitants he has to thank, are those who inhabit the kitchens. To such of the inhabitants as occupy the houses, it may be interesting to know that he—

"Has made arrangements to Collect all kinds of Goods between 7 and 9 o'clock in the Morning, and all Persons wishing to be Called on regularly will oblige by sending orders to that effect."

Possibly, those householders may be apprehensive of being called upon, as some domestics say, "unbeknown to Master and Missis." A policeman may be judiciously engaged to keep an eye on the area-gate between the hours of 7 and 9 A.M.

Mr. Stars' bill concludes with the subjoined tariff:—

"2*d.* to 2½*d.* per pound for Kitchen Stuff. 4½*d.* per pound for Dripping. Halfpenny to Three-farthings for Mixed Rags. And the Highest Prices for every other Article in the Line."

Perhaps the foregoing commixture of poetry and prose may not be intended to tempt domestic servants to rob their employers, but it is very likely, if not expressly calculated, to have that effect. Housekeepers in the neighbourhood of Torrington Place will do well to keep an eye on the larder, review the wardrobe frequently, and at short intervals take stock of the plate. Mistakes may happen in the best regulated families; but, in those not under the strictest regulation, the counsels of such a merchant as Mr. Stars are in great danger of being mistaken—that is to say, if they are honest. In that case, "to all whom it may concern," the misfortune may happen of having to change domestic service for the less comfortable condition of penal servitude.

"FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS INTIMATION."

When the news of General Havelock's death reached America, our neighbours (well, it will soon be only five minutes across) hastened to testify their sense of England's loss. In New York and in Boston the shipping made the signal of mourning, the colours half-mast high, and several church-bells were tolled. We have, also, received a print which, intended for circulation among the masses, may be held to express their feelings—the funeral procession of Havelock is on its march, and a figure symbolic of the United States bends the uncovered head in respectful sympathy.

We owe our cousins a hearty good wish in return for their display of kind feeling. We can hardly wish them better than this; namely, that America may always continue to act more wisely by her children than her mother England has too often done. In that case the Union will be spared the knowledge of the value of a single brave soldier at a time of unexpected disaster. And if it should ever happen—who knows?—somehow the English language, let it be spoken where it may, has a faculty of arousing the enmity of despotism—if it should ever happen that American bayonets should cross steel from the Arsenal of Cronstadt, or Toulon, or Vienna, may the gallant Republicans have a leader like Havelock to show them how to improve their victory So wish England, and

PUNCH.

A COMICAL SUGGESTION.

A good joke appeared the other day in the *Post*, communicated by a Correspondent in a letter on the subject of Church Extension, for which object he makes the following droll proposal:—

"Methinks a sort of rent-charge, in the form of a small per-centage upon the rent of houses and shops in the towns in which trade and manufactures congregate the human beings they call into existence, upon the estimated interest of the capital invested by the manufacturer in his machinery, as analogous to the husbandman's farm, would fully answer the purpose, and would moreover increase with the increasing need."

Methinks—the gentle reader will probably exclaim—methinks I see some serious member of the House of Commons rise and move for leave to bring in a Bill, having for its object the imposition of the Church-tax above recommended, and methinks I hear the roars of laughter with which he would be greeted on all sides of the House. Methinks I see Mr. Bright shaking his sides with guffaws, the tears of fun coursing one another down the cheeks of Mr. Bowyer, and Mr. Roebuck on his back kicking in convulsions of glee.

Unhappily the first of April occurred in Passion week, during the recess, which rendered it impossible that a motion so calculated to amuse Parliament and the public as that above imagined, could have been brought forward on that only day to which it would have been suitable.

JOHN COMPANY, MY JO.

John Company, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Ye were a man o' substance; a name that something meant;
But now ye 're but a myth, John, ye 're just a man o' straw;
Ye 're but the shadow of a shade, John Company, my jo.

John Company, my jo, John, we canna sail together,
One hand must guide the helm, John, if we the storm wad weather.
Nae longer hand in hand, John, can we as partners go,
Sae tak your farewell frae my foot, John Company, my jo.

ALARMING SOLAR PHENOMENON.

To Mr. Punch.

"Sir, "*Nebulous Hall, near Watford, March*, 1858.

"Like most people with little to do, I am an amateur Photographer. I had been considerably excited by the published letters of the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Hinde, and the Secretary of the Photographic Society, on the subject of the late Annular Eclipse. I was delighted to find that my residence was situate very nearly on the central line—I don't mean of railway, but of the impressive celestial phenomenon, and I ventured humbly to hope that I might be able to throw some photographic light on the subject. I was led to believe that very peculiar phenomena would be observed during the obscuration in connection with the spots that have lately broken out on the sun's face. I determined, therefore, to devote myself to taking likenesses of the orb of day during the Eclipse, in spite of the remonstrances of my wife, who has a firm conviction that I shall destroy myself one of these days by the mysterious agency of 'chemicals,' and who objects, moreover, to the wear and tear of clothes caused by my photographic labours. I selected the coach-house as my observatory; my travelling Dollond, poked through the hole cut in the door for the transit of the cats, enabled me to project an image of the face of the God of Day upon a sheet of white paper placed on the ground. I had only to employ my camera, and to substitute a collodion plate for the white screen, to obtain a perfect likeness of the great luminary.

"The Sun shone: the moment indicated by the Astronomer Royal as that of contact between sun and moon was approaching, when suddenly, as I watched the reflected disc intently, I saw a dark object stealing over its upper rim. I held my breath! The Astronomer Royal might have miscalculated the moment of obscuration—or my watch might be wrong. At all events, it was no time for hesitation. To substitute a collodion-plate for my paper-screen—to expose it, and to develope my picture, was the work of a few minutes. Judge of my feelings as the enclosed representation gradually appeared—

"I had been led to expect marvels, but here was something by which red flames, crowns of glory, dark projections from the rim of the moon's shadow, Bailey's beads, and all the other recorded ecliptic phenomena, were cast into the shade. Here was a subject for a letter to the *Times*, and a paper at the Watford Institute! And yet terror was mingled with my triumph. What could this awful creature be, whose huge bulk nearly filled the Sun's disc? All I had ever read of the fabled monsters of classical and mediæval mythology, flashed before my mind's eye. Could there be any foundation in meteorological fact for the wild Norse legend of the dragon that is one day to devour Sun and Moon? I looked eagerly up in my mental questioning, when my eye lighted suddenly on a spider dangling at the end of a rope of his own spinning across the inner end of my telescope! The Sun had been enticed into my coach-house to be eclipsed by a miserable insect! Such are the disappointments which the enthusiastic student of nature is doomed to encounter. I scrunched the insect, and swallowed my mortification. There was but one consolation—if my attempt was baffled, the Eclipse itself was a failure.

"Considering how very scanty has been the crop of phenomena brought to light by the occurrence of the 15th ult., I think that my observation deserves to be recorded. I therefore take the liberty of sending it to you, and am, Sir,

"Your constant reader,

"Copernicus Hazy, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., &c. &c. &c."

The Painter's Calendar.

Artistic Operations for the Month of April.

Now look after purchasers, and "stick" them, if possible, with a picture. Pot your patrons; the greenest are the most profitable for cultivation. Set your new works on walls with a good aspect, sow your invitation-cards broadcast, and clear your rooms for visitors. Earwig critics, and plant puffs judiciously in shady corners, avoiding exposure.

Political Natural History.

Clever Child. What's the difference, Pa, between a Tory and a Conservative?

Savage Father. Precisely the same difference, my dear, that there is between a Crocodile and an Alligator—that's all!

MR. BRIGGS CONTINUES HIS HORSE-TAMING EXPERIMENTS.

TO SHOW WHAT PERFECT CONTROL HE HAS OVER HIS ANIMAL, HE SEATS HIMSELF ON ITS BACK WITH HIS FACE TO ITS TAIL, AND—SUDDENLY OPENS AN UMBRELLA!

INTERNAL VACCINATION.

THE *Bristol Times* publishes the following curious receipt, communicated by a lady, for preventing scars and pits from being left on the skin by small-pox:—

"When the disease is turning, and the eruption dying away, bathe the marks with tripe-liquor moderately warm, several times in the day, and the effect will be gently to remove the spots, and to leave none or very little appearance on the skin. The liquor may be had at any shop where the tripe is boiled, and will be found very relieving to the patient."

If the remedy above described is really efficacious, it suggests a question which is well worth the attention of the College of Physicians. When we consider what tripe is, and what quadruped it is from which the vaccine substance is also derived, we cannot but be struck with the mutual connexion existing between that product and those portions of that animal's organization, together with the combined relation presented by them to small-pox; exemplified by the vaccine fluid in preventing the disease, and by the tripe in removing its effects. The question would be, whether, since the outward application of tripe-lotion cures the results, the internal use of the solid forming the basis of that solution would not prevent the invasion of small-pox? Would not tripe, in short, if taken into the system, have the same effect as the vaccine substance? would not eating tripe answer the same purpose as vaccination? The probability that it would is so strong as at least to warrant any one apprehensive of catching small-pox in trying the experiment, which would not be dangerous, of going through a course, or at least of indulging in a good blow-out, of tripe.

Fact for the Jew Bill.

ACCORDING to the learned MANGNALL, Christianity became the religion of France under CLOVIS THE FIRST; so that the French legislature was positively Christianized instead of being unchristianized in the reign of Old CLOVIS, or, in short, OLD CLO'.

QUI CAPIT ILLE FACIT.

CONTINUING our revelations from the interior of the club, we have to mention, this week, that considerable dissatisfaction has been felt at the way in which MR. JEHOSHAPHAT ANAKIM cuts the mutton, and we think he should remember that there are others to be helped besides himself. How far the gallant SIR LOTHARIO DE JUAN FERNANDEZ told the truth when he said that the *bella donna* who fetched him in the brougham on Thursday was LADY DE J. FERNANDEZ, we know not. We fancy that a broad hint will be given to a certain party that it is not usual to dine in splashed goloshes. It is the fact that a noble lord has proposed young BOTTIBOY BOOTIKINS, of the 19th Hussars, for election, but we should think BOTTY's chances as slender as his finances. Except that RATTY BANKS said a very good thing to CAPTAIN MAELSTROM the other night, which as it related to ladies of the family, it would not perhaps be quite gentlemanlike to publish, we do not know that there has occurred in the club anything more with which the public ought to be made acquainted. We have received a sort of intimation, in reference to our having already written on a subject which was supposed to concern the members and nobody else, that club discussion is imagined to be private among gentlemen. Bah! Bosh! Bother! We pay our money to come and hear it, and what a man buys, he may surely sell. And pray how are we to be hindered?—(*From a Literary Contemporary.*)

Nothing New.

IT has been often remarked, that as our acquaintance with the Celestial Empire enlarges, we find that the most striking European inventions and discoveries have been independently made in China. So it is with printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass. So it would seem, from the letter of the *Times'* Correspondent at Canton, to be with the Prison system of Naples. Though that has hitherto been supposed to be without a parallel, it seems to have been long carried out among the Chinese.

THE RIVAL BLACK DOLLS.

THE INDIAN PUZZLE.

Why, it may be asked, does the Government India Bill seem to resemble a product of Organic Chemistry? The answer is obvious. Because it is a complicated matter. Bisulphocarbonate of oxide of ethyle and potash, and oxychlorocarbonate of oxide of methyle, are tangles, which, however, can be unravelled somehow; but the India measure of the Ministry appears to be an altogether inextricable jumble. So far the Bill may be said to be like an organic chemical compound. But, on the other hand, may also be proposed the question: What remarkable difference is there between a product of Organic Chemistry and the India Bill devised by Her Majesty's Government? This difference, will be the reply of the philosophical politician, if he is also an unscrupulous punster—that a product of Organic Chemistry is a product of the Chemistry of the Compound Radicals, whereas the new India Bill is the work of a Ministry of simple Conservatives. All this may be nonsense; but thus much is certain: that Mr. Disraeli, when he introduced that wonderful scheme of legislation into the House of Commons at least afforded some notion, although he afforded no explanation, of what he meant by the Asiatic Mystery.

JOHN BULL IN PARIS.

(An article supposed to be "communicated" by the Special Gobemouche of one of the Surviving Paris daily prints.)

"We understand that as a *pendant* to the Show of the Bœuf Gras, a Street Sight is in active preparation by the Government, which will quite eclipse in interest that ancient institution. The exhibition will be that of the English Bœuf Maigre, or Wasted (John) Bull, represented in the person of a thin and sickly guardsman: upon whose once vigorous and healthy constitution the usual barrack treatment which is now pursued in England is in active course of bringing all the usual effects.

"In order to ensure a perfect faithfulness to life, application has been formally preferred to England for the temporary loan of a guardsman for the purpose: and to remove all hesitation on the part of the authorities, an autograph letter has been written by the Emperor begging his good friend, the Marquis of Clanricarde to use his influence in getting a consent to the request. There is therefore little doubt that England will comply with so politely urged a wish. However, should she dare insult us by refusing it, the vigilant advisers of the throne of *la belle France* are prepared with means to obviate the failure of their plan. A Government commission will be given to the Theatres to furnish a live proxy for the guardsman in request: and if no French supernumerary can be discovered big enough, permission will be granted to dress up a lay figure in the costume of the veritable British Bœuf Maigre.

"That the dress will in such case be faithful to the pattern, it is very obviously needless to point out. The known fidelity with which English habits are invariably presented by French actors, of course places the success completely out of doubt. But in order to ensure a true physical resemblance, and to make the model bodily a counterpart to life, it is intended to engage an 'own London Correspondent,' under whose direction the show will be produced. By this means the effects of British barrack treatment will be represented as they actually appear: and in case it be discredited that such results are suffered, 'our Own Correspondent' will himself avouch the fact.

"It may rather swell than lessen public interest in the show, if we hint that we believe it will be got up by the Government not without an eye to a political effect. By presenting the guardsman as he actually appears, in the shrunk and wasted figure of this English-grown Bœuf Maigre, there will be of course a stop put to the magnified conceptions which have somehow got abroad of his stature and his strength. A glance at the life-model, as thus got up for the occasion, will be sufficient to dispel some most preposterous delusions under which our gallant countrymen have far too long been labouring. It will be seen that there is less of substance than of show in him, and that though he may look big, he is in reality so only at a distance. His clothes make him loom large, but there is little to be feared in them, so wasted are his sinews by sickness and bad living. The mammoth bones remain, but the life-flesh has been stripped off them, thanks to fetid housing and innutritious diet. In short it will be seen that the animal is formidable only in the retrospect, being now so much reduced as to be quite past fighting.

"To ensure a proper notice being taken of this fact, a Government official will officiate as showman, and at every hundred yards or so, will pull up the procession and direct the crowd's attention to the weakness of the beast. Spectators will be asked to observe his sunken eye and hollow pallid cheek, and to notice how laboriously he draws his sickened breath. They will also be requested to remark how loosely his clothes now hang about him, and how he clearly is more fit to go into the hospital than into active service. All this, it will be mentioned, is the 'regulation' state which the 'regulation' treatment is certain to produce. Want of air and exercise, overcrowded sleeping-rooms, monotony of work, and of innutritious diet, these are the enemies with whom he has been fighting, and by whose combined attacks he is now put *hors de combat* with any healthy foe. No foreigner need therefore stand the least in awe of him. Thanks to the good care which the authorities have taken of him, the animal, it will be shown, is now completely harmless.

"The inference thus left upon the minds of the spectators will of course be strengthened by the writers of the press: from whose unbiassed pens a full account of the procession will be 'expected' (under pain of suspension) by Government. The propriety of giving a strong 'leader' on the subject, pointing out the manifest defencelessness of England will also, it is thought, be officially 'suggested,' and with an Editor, of course, the mildest hint will be sufficient. To those who have no guiding of popular opinion, a wink is as good as an Imperial nod. Thus, without the least appearance of coercion, or in the slightest manner biassing the free voice of the press, expression will be given to the wishes of the Government, that the state of English soldiers should be generally known, and that the weakness of the forces of our excellent Ally should be impressed upon the mind of every son of Mars in France. Especial care will be taken to have plenty of these Newspapers distributed in all our military camps, and private orders will be given that the men who cannot read shall have the details read aloud and thoroughly explained to them. Care will also be observed to reprint in the same journals the soul-stirring addresses of those brave and gallant colonels, who have lately done distinguished service to the State by the proofs they have afforded of their courage and good sense. Of course, if the procession, or the uses it is put to, be regarded by our sensitive and over-touchy neighbour in the utterly preposterous light of an offence, it will be easy to explain that the show of *le Bœuf Maigre* was got up solely out of compliment and deep respect for England: and that if any doubtful comments on it had, in over-press of business, somehow crept into our Newspapers, the Emperor himself would publicly apologise (in England) for the accident."

THE LAY OF LORD CARDIGAN.

There is a certain point,
I mean the soldier's joint,
Whereon great misapprehension prevails.
They say 'tis only boiled,
And consequently spoiled,
But they tell the most ridiculous tales.

Most regiments of the line
Luxuriously dine,
For they very often club for a bake.
'Tisn't true, then, that their victuals
Are cooked in pots and kettles,
And there never was so great a mistake!

POLITICAL CHRISTIANS.

"Mr. Punch,

"What 's the meanun of all this talk we hears about unchristianizun of the legislature? Be um a gwaiun to turn Parliament into a pigsty or a stable? I doan't zee how they can unchristianize the Houses of Lords and Commons, 'cept by turnun the Christians out, and villun up their pleaces wi' dumb animals. I be, reverend Sur, your aggericultural reader,

"*Clodsdale, April*, 1858. "John Hobbes."

Mr. Hobbes is a philosopher—as his name will suggest. In sound political zoology, as in his nomenclature, living creatures are divided into Christians and dumb animals, and Christian is simply synonymous with human being.

THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

CERTAINLY in one respect, at any rate, we agree with a contemporary that the new St. James's Hall has been

"— most promisingly opened, and the occasion gave betokenment and sign of a new era in our musical entertainments."

The respect which we refer to is that on the night of the Inauguration Concert the programme was gone through without there being an encore. As far as our experience enables us to judge, this fact is unparalleled in concerts now-a-nights; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the opening of the Hall deserves a special mention in our world-read columns. A performance of such promise reflects a like credit upon all who took a part in it, whether vocally or instrumentally, or indeed auricularly. The audience did their parts as well as band and singers, and the result was a success beyond the wildest hopes of the well-wishers of the Hall. To inaugurate a Concert-room without suffering an encore is an achievement such as even the most sanguine would have hardly dared to dream of; and every one of those who had a hand or voice or ear in it, we heartily congratulate upon the triumph they have won.

Encores are not solely matters of bad taste. They result from greediness more even than from ignorance. People have a tendency to try and get as much as they are able for their money, and are especially delighted if they can manage to get something more than what they've paid for. Your shop-huntress is charmed with half-an-ounce of over-weight, or an inch or two of ribbon more than has been charged her; and persons who contrive to swindle an encore are gratified by thinking that they've got a something given in, and are apt to pride themselves upon their sharpness in so doing. Now it may do these people good to take this ill conceit out of them; and the best cure for their cheating is to show their fancied sharpness only proves them to be flats. It may be assumed that the getters up of Concerts know pretty well the money's worth of what they have to offer; and make allowance in their estimates for the chance of being asked to give a trifle over-measure. Caterers of music, in drawing up their programmes, reckon the encores as part of the performance, and so shorten their selection, in order to make room for them. They have to pay their *artistes* for a fixed amount of work, and of course must keep the quantity within the stipulated limits.

HERR SPLITTSCKULL is engaged to sing four songs per night, and as he's sure to be encored, he is announced to sing two only. HERR SPLITTSCKULL knows the current value of his notes, and of course will not part with them without their aureous equivalent. He is not a whit more likely to give a song in *gratis*, than a pastry-cook would be to let the buyer of a bath-bun take another without paying for it. In persisting therefore to encore the Herr, the public in reality gains worse than nothing. It gets two songs sung twice over, instead of four distinct and fresh ones. It thinks to cheat the Herr, whilst in fact it cheats itself, getting two stale buns and paying for two new ones; and the verdict we should bring in would be, Serve it right.

We perfectly agree with our contemporary aforesaid that—

"MR. OWEN JONES has shown both taste and skill in the internal decoration, and the St. James's Hall may be pronounced by far the most complete and highly ornamented Concert-room in London."

Nevertheless, as there is nothing which *Punch* could not improve, if allowed to take his way with it, we think if MR. OWEN JONES had consulted us beforehand, we could have suggested an amendment in the way of decoration which might have pleased the audience as well as the spectators. We should have proposed that on the walls and ceiling of the Hall, and especially conspicuous upon the Orchestra and Organ, the words should be enscrolled—

"No Encores Allowed."

All caterers of Concerts should take this as their motto, and emblazon it on all their programmes and admission tickets; and efficient M.C.s should attend at the performances, to take care that the rule be strictly carried out. Anybody wilfully demanding an encore, or aiding and abetting any swindler who might do so, should be taken up and sentenced to attend the House of Commons every evening for a week, to cure him of his wish to hear the same things over twice. If this tremendous punishment were rigorously enforced, we think that the Encore Nuisance would speedily be checked; and *Mr. Punch* and other sensible and rightly thinking persons might find it possible to go to Concert-rooms in peace, without their having nightly to do battle with the fools who clamour for encores.

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOLMASTER TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

NOW DISRAELI, come, Sir, come,
Take your slate and do your sum;
Rule your lines, and let the school
See how nicely you can rule.
Here's the question you are set:
Solve it, and renown you'll get.

A. has income only, B.
Ditto, plus fixed property,
Since A.'s capital is nought,
Find what Income-tax he ought
Less than richer B. to pay,
So that you shall not rob A.

Reproduce your Indian theme;
Show me its amended scheme;
All the faults which were erased
Having been with sense replaced;
Make your task what I may pass:
And I'll hear you with your class.

Let me then have cause to say,
You have earned your holiday.
Put your books away, you chaps,
Chuck your hats up and your caps,
To your friends with credit go,
And your marks and prizes show.

May I not be forced to call
You a set of dunces all,
And the trouble and the pain
Have of giving you the cane,
And such marks alone as MARS,
Leaves where Honour bears no scars!

AN AIREY STYLE.

UNDER the heading of "Horse Guards Grammar," a correspondent of the *Times*, professing himself to be the ghost of LINDLEY MURRAY, quotes the subjoined certificate:—

"MR. J. S. RAREY having himself instructed me in the art of subduing any horse, whether entirely unbroken or *one* accustomed to the usual training and management, according to the *peculiar* means discovered by him, I am enabled to testify, from my own knowledge, that this extraordinary result is obtained without the use of any drug or mesmeric influence whatever, *or by any means at all injurious to the animal, and perfectly humane.*

"RICHARD AIREY, *Quartermaster General.*"

The parts of speech in the "Horse Guards Grammar," of which the above composition is a specimen, may perhaps claim the description which SWIFT applied to the vowels of ordinary language:—

"We are little airy creatures."

To be sure, "airy" is an adjective, whereas "AIREY" is a proper name. So much the better. The confusion is appropriate, and the orthographical difference between the two words heightens the fitness of it. But let us not be too hard on a gallant officer. No doubt SIR RICHARD AIREY is capable of throwing the QUEEN'S enemies into more desperate disorder even than that into which he has thrown the QUEEN'S English.

Chinese Etymology.

THE Mandarin PE-QWEI has probably been selected to administer Canton under the conquerors, because it is so necessary to make the turbulent and tricky inhabitants mind their P.s and Q.s; in other words, keep Peace and Quiet in the streets.

GENEROUS EXCUSE FOR POOR SUNDAY TRADERS.—"*Laborare est Orare.*"

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND."

"Sir,

"I have lived to see and hear a great many strange things, but I never expected to live to hear an English poet singing the praises of the North-East Wind, as I am amazed to find the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been doing. What does the man mean? Has he a nerve in his body? Is he susceptible of catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, and the other ills that miserable flesh is heir to in this climate? Has he a constitution of cast iron, a skin of triple brass, and muscles of steel wire? Does he not know what it is, as he lies in bed of a morning, to feel that twinge of indescribable all-overishness, which announces that the East Wind is blowing outside the house? Does he not feel his eyes smart, his skin scorch and shrivel, his every limb ache, appetite go, and his temper break down altogether, whenever this same abominable wind prevails, as it does three days out of four in this infernal climate of ours?

"I say again, what does the man mean by it? I am told he is the poet of a school of muscular Christians! I hate your muscular people—they are, as a rule, impudent, blustering, loud, and overbearing. They grate on one's nerves. They act upon one a good deal as the East Wind itself does—set one longing to be wrapped up warm, and rolled away into a corner, or at all events buried, it matters little how, out of the misery of this dreary world—and as if it is not enough to have to *endure* the East Wind, I must submit to have it sung, celebrated, praised, rejoiced in, made much of! No, Sir, if we are to have a song of the North East Wind, I submit that mine is more the thing than Mr. Kingsley's, and therefore beg to enclose it for your journal, which has occasionally, though at distant intervals, beguiled a miserable half-hour for, *Mr. Punch*

"Your dyspeptic reader,
"Miserrimus Meagreson."

MY SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

Hang thee, vile North Easter:
Other things may be
Very bad to bear with,
Nothing equals thee.
Grim and grey North Easter,
From each Essex-bog,
From the Plaistow marshes,
Rolling London fog—
"Tired we are of summer"
Kingsley may declare,
I give the assertion,
Contradiction bare;
I, in bed, this morning
Felt thee, as I lay:
"There's a vile North Easter
Out of doors to-day!"
Set the dust-clouds blowing
Till each face they strike,
With the blacks is growing
Chimney-sweeper like.
Fill our rooms with smoke-gusts
From the chimney-pipe,
Fill our eyes with water,
That defies the wipe.
Through the draughty passage
Whistle loud and high,
Making door and windows
Rattle, flap and fly;
Hark, that vile North Easter
Roaring up the vent,
Nipping soul and body,
Breeding discontent!

Squall, my noisy children;
Smoke, my parlour grate;
Scold, my shrewish partner;
I accept my fate.
All is quite in tune with
This North Eastern blast;
Who can look for comfort
Till this wind be past?
If all goes contrary,
Who can feel surprise,
With this rude North Easter
In his teeth and eyes?
It blows much too often,
Nine days out of ten,
Yet we boast our climate,
Like true English men!
In their soft South Easters
Could I bask at ease,
I'd let France and Naples
Bully as they please.
But while this North Easter
In one's teeth is hurled,
Liberty seems worth just
Nothing in the world.
Come, as came our fathers
Heralded by thee,
Blasting, blighting, burning
Out of Normandie.
Come and flay and skin us,
And dry up our blood—
All to have a Kingsley
Swear it does him good!

LIFE AND LIMB VALUATION FOR RAILWAYS.

The compensation-money paid by railway companies in case of accidents arising from their mismanagement, is, as the *Times* remarks, measured by the pecuniary circumstances of the parties maimed or killed. Thus, for the breakage of a prosperous physician's or barrister's limbs or neck, they would have to pay a much larger amount than the damages they would incur on account of the same fractures inflicted on a common labourer or mechanic. This state of things must necessarily tend to make directors very particular in their precautions for insuring the safety of the express train, and rather economical in their provisions for the protection of the parliamentary. If the law is really no respecter of persons, it ought to charge as much for one man's life or limbs as it does for another's; and the excess, if any, of the sum charged, over the value of the poor man's limbs to himself, or that of his life to his family, might go to the Crown, or to the County Hospital.

Juries, however, make sometimes a very moderate estimate of the value of limbs, as limbs. What diamond that could possibly be worn on any human finger is worth the finger? Yet many a dozen of men in a box would award to a plaintiff a greater compensation for a diamond ring lost by the fault of certain defendants, than what they would grant for the finger lost without the ring. If the worth of anything is what it will fetch, mutilations ought to be rated in some measure according to the marketable value of the member or the feature spoiled. If, for example, a young lady's face is her fortune, she may reasonably claim an almost indefinite amount of compensation for its disfigurement through railway mismanagement. Who shall say that the destruction of her beauty has not prevented her marrying a millionnaire; and if her shapely ankles were crushed on some ill-conducted line, would not justice require that they should be appraised much more highly than the knobbed lower extremities of an old fogy?

A CHANSON FOR CANTON.

John Chinaman a rogue is born,
The laws of truth he holds in scorn;
About as great a brute as can
Encumber the Earth is John Chinaman.
Sing Yeh, my cruel John Chinaman,
Sing Yeo, my stubborn John Chinaman;
Not Cobden himself can take off the ban
By humanity laid on John Chinaman.

With their little pig-eyes and their large pig-tails,
And their diet of rats, dogs, slugs, and snails,
All seems to be game in the frying-pan
Of that nasty feeder, John Chinaman.
Sing lie-tea, my sly John Chinaman,
No fightee, my coward John Chinaman:
John Bull has a chance—let him, if he can,
Somewhat open the eyes of John Chinaman.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

A Rural Correspondent complains of having been mystified by some of our contemporaries in their accounts of the recent eclipse of the Sun. He observes that those narratives contained numerous allusions to the "limbs" of the Sun and Moon. Now, he says, that the Moon, indeed, has eyes, nose, and mouth; a fact which is discernible by the naked eye: and, that being the case, he can very well believe that the Sun possesses the same features; so that the ordinary public-house sign-board representation of that luminary is correct. But he contends that the Sun and Moon are all face more strictly than even tomb-stone cherubs; so that, although they both of them rise and set, to sit is wholly impossible for either, and people who talk about the limbs of those celestial bodies, have not, themselves, a leg to stand upon.

A BYE-DAY AT EASTER.

Youth (quite at home for the holidays). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD BOY; IF THE FOX BREAKS AT THIS CORNER, DON'T YOU HOLLER TILL HE GETS WELL AWAY!"—(*N.B. The old Nimrod is the* MASTER *himself.*)

LETTER FROM AN OLD LADY.

"SIR,

"As an hotel-keeper I may be a She-Brigand, as *per* your last, but that is neither here nor there. I say nothing. When *gentlemen* travelled in a *gentlemanly* way, viz., carriage and post-horses, the hotel-keeper's charges was in keeping with the rest of the business, and *gentlemen* never found fault. Now, when well-dressed folks, for the breed of gentlemen is exstink, sneak along at twopence a mile (less than used to be give the post-boy) in locked vans (a gentleman of *honour and spirit* locked in!) with any tag-rag and bobtail, of course they want to find the hotel charges cut down to the same mean and paltry rates. Not in the Dragon and Warmingpan, I can tell you; but never mind that.

"What I wish to say, (and as you have given the Trade some hard knocks, I suppose you will not mind doing one a good turn by publishing it,) is this. It seems that these Foreign Hotels are so much better and cheaper than English ones. And I hear that people will be obliged to travel in England this year, on account of BONYPARTY. Well, Sir, (though it goes against my feelings,) I have determined to march with the times, and therefore I have put the Dragon and Warming pan into French disguise, as I may say. I have hired a garsong, which is English, but lived in Paris and knows its ways, and I propose to make everything so French in my hotel, that people who use it shall fancy they are in the Roo Frivolous. Heaven only knows whether it will break my old heart.

"Among the improvements (as I call 'em, with a blush on my cheek) are these. I've took down all the noble old four-posters that has held half the lords and ladies of the land, married and single, for these seventy or eighty years, in my time and that of my mother before me, and I've put a lot of naked-looking beds about big enough for a good-sized doll, with spring mattrasses, that, if you move, fling you out of bed and half across the room. I've took away all my spacious crockery, my big basons and ewers, foot-bath, sponge-bath, toilet-pail, and all that means washing, and I've put a saucer and a cream-jug in each room, instead. I've given warning to five as pretty, modest girls as you've seen, and hired the same number of men to make the beds and answer the ladies' bells. I've tore up all my warm carpets, and put a bit of Indy matting in the middle of the rooms. I've taken down all my old prints, my *Woodman Going Out*, my *Cottage Saturday Night*, and my *County Members*, and my views of Seats, and I've hung the house over with coloured French things chiefly representing what is called 'La Figure,' but which seems to me a lot of bold-eyed young females who haven't had time to complete their twilight. And I've had prices put to the bill of fare, and the garsong, whose name is to be ROBARE, but was christened BOB, will make it out, if preferred, in francs and centipedes. Likewise an ordinary (fancy an ordinary at the Dragon and Warmingpan, and fancy real gentlemen and ladies sitting down without knowing their company!) will be held, and I've bought a lot of artificial flowers to stick about the table in some old silver urns of mine, and heartily am I ashamed of such Bartemy-fair trash. But we must all live, and hotel-keepers among the rest, and so, *Mr. Punch*, I hope you will recommend me customers. I enclose some cards.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"*To Mr. Punch.*" "MARY BONIFACE."

The Illustrated Moniteur.

THE *Moniteur* ought to come out as an illustrated paper. The following passage in that journal is admirably suitable for artistic treatment:—

"Malevolence endeavours to excite Disquietude on the application of the law of general security by misrepresenting the intentions of the Government."

A portrait of Malevolence, as she appeared in endeavouring to excite Disquietude, and a likeness of Disquietude excited by the instigation of Malevolence, would form a splendid embellishment for the columns of our Imperial contemporary.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 10, 1858.

THE DOMESTIC OPERA.

Observing, with great satisfaction, that it is intended this season (as it is always intended every season) to "make a struggle for English Opera," *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to English composers whether, instead of causing their poets to ransack foolish or immoral French books for objectionable plots, and wedding their melodies to disreputable matter, it would not be better to try to carry their music to the homes and hearts of the audience. In order to assist in this carrying process, *Mr. Punch* has framed the *libretto* of an English Domestic Opera, and he proposes that it shall represent An English Morning at Home. The subject, treated as the exquisite poetry deserves, will ensure the composer's immortality, and any *Maestro* desirous of illustrating the manners and customs of English Society, can apply by letter, postpaid, for the terms on which the following may become his.

The Overture should commence with a series of dissonant sounds, representing a few of the street noises which make it impossible to sleep after 7 o'clock; the yell of the water-creeeeeses women, the shriek of the milkman, and the howl of the pot-boy. Then pleasanter passages, descriptive of bells ringing for hot-water, children emerging from their rooms, and jumping about the stairs, the hissing of ham, or sausages, mewing of kittens, songs of canaries, &c., and then generally harmonious and agreeable music should indicate the matutinal meal.

Aria d'intrata.

Papa (*preparing to go*). The hat-brush, pray,
Who takes away?
Each day I make the same complaint;
To find it took
From off its hook,
And not put back, would vex a Saint.

While *Papa* (a baritone) brushes his hat, *Mamma* improves the opportunity.

Duetto.

Mamma. My dear, there 's one thing you forget,
So often, that 'tis really funny.
I would not put you in a pet,
But could you let me have some money?

Papa. I thought you 'd cleared away each debt:
I find the subject no ways funny:
So oft you ask, I 'd really bet
A woman thinks one 's made of money.
Mamma. A hat for *Sue*, new boots for *Loo*,
That nice new hutch for *Bobby's* bunny—
Papa. Well, there 's five pounds, I hope 'twill do:
Throw in a kiss for all that money.

The affectionate father having gone, and the breakfast things being cleared away, the two elder girls sit down to the pianoforte, and begin to practise an impossibly brilliant piece, which may be called the *Cataract of Pearls*, or anything else likely to attract. *Mamma*, reading the *Times*, has nevertheless an ear for her girls.

Terzetto.

Mamma. Too fast, too fast, *Louisa*;
You slurred that passage through.
Louisa. Mamma, it 's such a teaser,
I hate the thing, I do.
Susan. Mamma, the real fact is,
She ought to have a smack;
Louisa will not practise
Unless you 're at her back.
Louisa. O you story, O you story,
Telling fibs is all your glory,
On your tongue I see a blister.
Mamma. Lor, my love, restrain your passion,
Really that is not the fashion
To address your elder sister.
Susan. O Mamma, she 's only joking,
What she means for fun is poking:
There, Mamma, you see I 've kissed her.

The *Cataract of Pearls* is resumed, and after a few more brilliancies, a single knock is heard.

Enter the Servant, Mary.

Preghiera.

Mary. Before the door there stands the man
Who slays the sheep and cow;
Disguise the feeling as I can,
I feel I can't tell how.
The stalwart man who wears the steel
Has stole my heart away;
But now he Prays you to reveal
What you will have to-day.

Pezzo Concertato.

Susan. Mamma! we 'll have mutton.
Louisa. Mamma! we 'll have beef.
Mary. His lamb is exceedingly fine.
Mamma. No, from joints, my dear girls, we 'll for once have relief,
As your father don't come home to dine;
(*To Mary.*) Let him bring home a heart.
Mary. How I wish that the thief
Would bring home that poor heart of mine!

The extreme popularity of songs sung by an invisible minstrel has been remarked. In the ugliness of most vocalists, and the hideous faces they make, this may usually be accounted for; but not always, for who but regrets that the divine Mario should not Comb it Genteelly before the audience? With a view to this popular effect, the manly bass of the *Butcher* might now be heard through the open window:—

Serenade.

Butcher. A very good butcher am I,
And a jolly young butcher am I;
I cuts from the prime,
And I sends home in time,
And my joints they are never too high.

Yes, an honest young butcher am I,
And the public 's delighted to buy;
They lays out their coins
On my legs and my loins,
And they praises their dinner sky-high.

In contrast with the bold bellow of the butcher might now be introduced the beautiful bleat of the *Baby*. It is brought down dressed to go out, and the music might represent its squeals for a few moments. Then (in a high, queer voice, supposed to be acceptable to the infant ear):—

Aria.

Mamma (*to Baby*). O! there 's a face, O what a face,
O, isn't it a piteous case,
What *is* ums grievance now;
And don't it want, a tootums sweet,
To see the jee-jees in the street,
And pat the nice bow-wow?

Baby being pacified with a Savoy cake, the *Nurse* takes up the wondrous tale.

ARIA.

Nurse. He 's very fractious, M'm, to day,
I almost think a powder grey
Would do the darling good.
The slightest thing, M'm, makes him cry,
He rubs his fingers in his eye,
And spits out all his food.

DUETTO.

Mamma. Well, Nurse, we must watch him as wakeful as weasels:
I hope he 's not sickening, dear pet, for the measles,
Although it 's a very good time of the year.
Nurse. Indeed I 'm afraid, M'm, it may be the measles:
Those children as nursed him, I mean LADY TEAZLE'S,
On Tuesday, was looking remarkably queer.

An accidental visit from the family *Doctor*, who happened to be passing, and thought he would look in, would again introduce a baritone voice.

CAVATINA.

Doctor. My little man, let 's see your tongue,
Nay, never turn your head from me,
I was the first to whom you clung,
And friends I hope we 'll ever be.
When halcyon days no more are bright,
And dreams of joy in sorrow end,
Send round to me, by day or night,
The Doctor is your constant Friend.

The world is but a gilded Pill,
The breeze of fame a sweetened draught,
And when they fail you, as they will,
You 'll know what hollow spells you 've quaffed.
But in the hour of grief and blight,
When darkest visions near thee blend,
Send round for me, by day or night,
The Doctor is your constant Friend.

[*Note.* These beautiful words are strictly copyright, and would make a composer's fortune, as every medical man with any pretension to a voice would instantly learn them as a song. Music publishers will be pleased to copy the address, 85, Fleet Street.]

Baby having nothing the matter with him, or, if preferred, being pronounced to have hooping-cough, scarlatina, and chicken-pock, and going on favourably with all three, he is sent out for a walk, and a tenor voice should now be introduced. There are several ways of doing this. A lover might easily be found for one of the young ladies, only love is such a hackneyed business. Or a professor of singing might come to instruct them, and *he* might be a tenor, or a tenor visitor might look in and chat in a scena. But perhaps it would be more novel and domestic to introduce the young Puseyite clergyman of the district.

BACCANALE.

Will you come to the Bower we have shaded for you?
Though I call it a bower, I of course mean a Pew;
Our Church looks so lovely with garlands and flowers,
Sure never a Church was as pretty as ours,
And PIESSE and LUBIN (O, I was not to tell)
Have invented an incense 'tis heavenly to smell.

To-morrow 's the feast of S. ALICAMPANE,
Archangel and Martyr, by heretics slain:
We light up ten tall extra candles, a flame
For each letter composing the holy saint's name;
We 've a lovely new altar-cloth, spangled with blue,
Will you come to the Bower we have shaded for you?

The *Curate* will make a sensation. As he retires, various lady Visitors are introduced, and a capital and varied scene occurs. After such melodies as may suit each, with duetts and trios between the Visitors and the young ladies, the piece should end with—

CORO E FINALE.

Away, and away, where our children are munching,
What the darlings call dinner, though we call it lunching:
We like to be present, those servants are bears;
They manage so badly, dividing the victual,
Give one child too much, and another too little,
And think that discretion 's no business of theirs.
One likes to see children with clean hands and faces,
Not eating with knives, nor forgetting their Graces,
Returning their chairs, when they 've done, to their places:
O, where is the end of a good mother's cares?

Curtain.

TWO TAXES CHEERFULLY ASSENTED TO.

ENTERTAINING HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, on Easter Monday, the LORD MAYOR said that he hoped the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would discover a tax that "nobody would object to." Such a discovery is well nigh impossible, for there is something in the nature of taxation that carries with it to the breasts and breeches-pockets of nearly everybody a strong feeling of aversion; and JOHN BULL, though he has had more to do with taxation than any other gentleman in the world, has not been able to get over this feeling yet. However, a talented lady of our acquaintance suggests the creation of two new taxes that neither man nor woman would possibly object to. The first is a Tax on Beauty; the second, a Tax on Intellect.

The Beauty Tax would be cheerfully paid by all ladies, even by those who might be exempted, either from old age, obliquity of vision, freckles, or any other disqualification; and the Intellect Tax would meet with the same large success amongst men. You would find intellectual dwarfs and pigmies—persons who believe in the lies of quack doctors, or put faith in the prospectuses of bubble banks and cheap clothes (the one bursting just as quickly as the other), and the like class of weak-minded fools and idiots—all paying their contributions with a smiling countenance, sooner than be suspected of possessing no intellect at all.

As a general rule, the uglier the women, and the stupider the men, the greater pleasure they would have in paying. In fact, so productive would the revenue of these two taxes prove, that it is our opinion that taxation might begin and end there. With our taxes simplified to the two heads of Beauty and Intellect, we really believe you might safely abolish every other tax in the Kingdom. Every woman would naturally give in her countenance to Beauty; every man would just as readily hold up his head for Intellect.

NICE PEOPLE AT NEW YORK.

A GENTLEMAN named PAT M'LAUGHLIN, *alias* "PAUDEEN," described by the *New York Journal of Commerce* as "the notorious ruffian and pugilist," is related by the same newspaper to have had a difficulty with DANIEL CUNNINGHAM, *alias* "DAD CUNNINGHAM," another fighting man; but a light-weight, and a smaller and weaker man than PAUDEEN. The difficulty consisted in the reception by PAUDEEN of a revolver-bullet in the chest at the hands of DAD, whom MR. PAUDEEN had persisted in bullying. His difficulty seems to have been an insurmountable one, as he was not expected to get over it. He will be rather a loss to Society should his difficulty prove too great for him. PAUDEEN, according to our New York Contemporary, had been concerned in at least one homicide, for which he was not brought to trial, and moreover,

"He had his nose bitten off some years ago in a fight with MIKE MURRAY, now alderman of the first ward."

What an idea of the openness of the commercial career to talent in New York is suggested by the above short and expressive statement! By what a long chalk MIKE MURRAY stumps DICK WHITTINGTON! To rise from biting an adversary's nose off to serving the office of Alderman, is to ascend from a very low beginning, indeed. Our own Aldermen bark occasionally, but none of them were ever known to bite, and their antecedents, if animal, have not been absolutely canine.

THE CUSTOMER TO THE BRITISH WINE-MERCHANT.—"What is (s)Port to you is Death to us!"

FEBRUARY UNDER OUR FEET.

A LETTER quoted in the *Times*, dated from Adelaide on the 11th of last February, records that the temperature on that day, in the shade, at noon, rose from 136° to 146°. If the heat was thus high in the shade, what must it have been in the sun? Such, doubtless, that to put a chop out of window on a gridiron, or to suspend a leg of mutton from a jack, would have been sufficient to roast the one and to broil the other. It had been already proved that the living human frame is capable of existing in an oven whilst a piece of meat is being baked in that same oven, but if this fact had not been previously known, its equivalent would have been discovered at Adelaide. But for the power of life to resist heat, the soles of those who tread the soil of Adelaide would be fried soles. The emigrant to South Australia will repair to at least a hospitable shore if he goes thither in February, since he may count on meeting with a warm reception: and he who gets a colonial appointment there will find it a very warm berth.

THE GERMANIC LISZT CONFEDERATION.

THERE seems to be in the continental papers a grand Germanic confederation to praise LISZT. It is *toujours* LISZT, as with the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*. It is the rule, apparently, with all Teutonic editors, if there happens to be a crack, or a small cranny, in their paper, that wants filling up, to dab in, invariably, a bit of LISZT. This prevalence of the same commodity, that German editors resort to as often as their wits are woolgathering, reminds one of an invalid's room. The constant look, and monotonous sound, of the thing begins to weary one.

However, we are not indisposed to believe all the magnificent things that are being perpetually ding-donged in honour of this wonderful Kapelmeister. On the contrary, we are most anxious to open our ears wide to every stunning peal of praise that his followers are daily ringing in commemoration of his victorious merits. It is one glorious privilege, attached to the happy fact of being a musician, that the homage addressed to him is always of the most superlative kind. There are no pigmies in the art; they are all giants. What a musician of the most gigantic proportions is WAGNER! what a Titan of music is LISZT! The old Titans, we believe, tried to take Heaven by means of ladders. But these stupendous Titans of the fiddle and the pianoforte are in the habit of running up monster scales to Heaven, and bringing down with them on the tips of their fingers all the melody and music that is stored there in the keeping of the angels. At least, this is what their mad pupils tell you, and what we are consequently bound to believe. The Future, too, sings to them, years in advance of other mortals; and so quick are they of hearing, that, like *Finecar*, who was a member of *Fortunio's* celebrated band, they have only to put their ears to the ground, and they will hear sounds such as no one else can hear. In this way, they listen to operas ten, fifteen, fifty years before the rest of the world; but it pains us to state that these favoured giants, with their *oreilles* in a future world, are rather apt to get angry, because the world is weak enough to prefer good music of the present day to bad music that will be popular half-a-century hence. When we are fifty years older, perhaps we shall know better.

We will now take up again the golden thread that we had dropped for a few sentences, of our great admiration for LISZT. To prove how credulous we are in his noble favour, and only too ready to believe every incredible thing that is drivelled about him, we have written, and with no small amount of pleasure, the following startling paragraphs, all of which bear record to his surpassing genius. We present them cordially to the German editors, and they are at liberty to use every one of them:—

"LISZT wears out a piano every day. If it were not for his colossal fortune, he would not be able to do this."

"At the coronation of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, ALEXANDER walked before LISZT; the gifted young composer was so hurt at this, that he got up instantly and left the church. He has never forgiven the insult to the present day."

"It is a libel to say that LISZT's hair is two yards long. It is true that it is of such a length that, on state occasions, a beautiful young Gräfin walks with conscious pride behind him, and is enabled to hold it up, as a page does the train of a lady's dress. The fact is that, not being able to endure the *cuisson* of the hair-cutter's scissors, he does not have his hair cut oftener than once every fifteen years. The effect of that operation on his sensitive nature is such that he cries for weeks afterwards. However, if his hair is a yard and a half long, it is to the full as much as it *is*; but then when I saw it, it was only in its sixth year."

"To show how nice he is in his distinctions, he calls himself the RAPHAEL of music, and WAGNER the MICHAEL ANGELO."

"He will not endure the slightest affront paid to his art. One day the GRAND DUKE OF GROSSBLUNDERBOSHEN accidentally put his hat on the lid of his piano. It was his cherished piano—the one that he would allow no one to touch but himself. Instantly LISZT seized hold of the recreant *chapeau*, and, with a frenzy that almost made his long hair stand bolt upright, he flung it out of window. The next day he had the piano (it was made of sandal-wood, ornamented with turquoises, and standing on spiral legs of malachite) chopped up for faggots for the poor. Notwithstanding the most abject apologies, he would never permit the Grand Duke to enter into his presence again."

"As a proof of the wonderful spell he exercises over all listeners, we can mention the following well-authenticated fact. One night he was playing on the balcony of the *Goldene Gans* at Prague. An immense crowd was collected below—all Prague, in fact. With the greatest good-nature, he played for several hours, though the weather was intensely cold. The mob seemed never to tire of listening to him. What was the lamentable consequence? The next morning, three peasants, nineteen market-women, a Field-Marshal, and a dog, were found frozen to death on the spot! Since then, not all the entreaties in the world will ever induce LISZT to play for more than half-an-hour at a time."

"LISZT's influence over the fair sex is too well known to be doubted by any one Ladies have disguised themselves as water-carriers, as porters, even as chimney-sweeps, to gain admission into his divine presence. Sometimes he is obliged to have the police pull the women away from his house, before he has been able to get in at the street door. On each finger, LISZT has a valuable ring—each ring was the gift of an Empress, a Queen, or a crowned Princess. He will not take any more rings now. He will give as many as you like—but he 's too proud to receive an obligation from any one. It was from BERLIOZ we think, that he once took a horn of beer; but the Grand Dowager Duchess, FLYBBHITHIJIBÖISKI, had to go on her knees to get LISZT to accept of her a pearl that was almost as big as a swan's egg! It was valued at several thousands of pounds, but imprudently he sat upon it one day, and smashed it! He has an immense box of love-letters: they are from countesses, washerwomen, poetesses, little school pupils, actresses, even from beggar-girls. Appreciating the spirit that dictates the homage of them all, he has deigned to receive *billets-doux* from the poorest, or the highest, or the most degraded! Well, before LISZT sits down to compose, he dips his hands into this trunk full of letters, and allows them to remain there for at least half-an-hour, steeped up to his elbows, in the electric current of the tender epistles. He says it permeates his fingers to the very tips with the purest inspiration! He calls it his Fountain of Jouvence—his Egeria of love."

"LISZT has made more money, perhaps, than any one else in the World. To show what little value he places on wealth, he has been known to throw big handfuls of gold into the pit of the Opera. It has been calculated that if all the princely sums he has received in exchange for the exercise of his sublime talents, were changed into gold Napoleons, and placed side by side, that they would make an auriferous pavement round the circumference of the Globe more than sufficiently wide to allow a couple of Saloon Omnibuses to drive about upon it. Change the same enormous sums into £5 Bank notes, and you could paste the Wall of China all over with them, and in addition, have several park-palings to spare. It is certainly stupendous!"

THE GOOD LORD MAYOR.

OLD Daddy Longlegs, our infancy was taught,
Wouldn't perform his devotions as he ought;
Upon his head the sentence was therefore meetly passed.
That, taken by the left leg, down-stairs he should be cast.

The LORD MAYOR of London, on the contrary, has grace,
And into his hat seems quite prone to put his face,
From a fact at Easter Monday's grand feast that he proclaimed.
And of such an acknowledgment he needn't be ashamed.

He prayed, as Civic Monarch if ever he should reign,
He might the EARL OF DERBY as Premier entertain;
"And now my prayer is granted; for there, my friends," said he,
"Is the noble Lord enjoying calipash and calipee."

Our LORD MAYOR CARDEN does say his prayers,
Take him by the right hand and lead him up-stairs,
Light him to his chamber, and leave him there to pray,
Then somebody that we know may dine with him one day.

A Fact, and the Reason for it.

A SPECIAL Providence seems to watch over the lives of drunken men. It is rarely that a drunken man is drowned. And why *can't* a drunken man be drowned? The reason is, because his head is sure to swim.

SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE-TAMER.

Stout Party (who weighs about ten sacks of flour and a cartload of bricks). "REALLY NOW, AND SO YOU HAVE BEEN INITIATED, AND IT'S ALL RIGHT, EH? WELL, I CERTAINLY MUST TAKE SOME LESSONS, AND BECOME A HORSE-TAMER MYSELF!"

PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

HEARTLESS CASE OF CHILD-DROPPING.

THREE slang-looking persons, two of advanced, and one of middle age, with a strongly-marked Jewish physiognomy, who gave the respective names of RUPERT (supposed to be assumed), LAW, and BENJAMIN, were brought up before *Mr. Punch*, charged with having deserted a child, at the door of the St. Stephen's Head, a well-known Public-house in Westminster. LAW and BENJAMIN, it appeared from the evidence of Inspectors BRIGHT and ROEBUCK, have long been well known to the Police. The former goes by the flash name of "Elephant," and the latter has had innumerable aliases at different times. Besides his present ostensible occupation of dealer in old clothes (in which character there is a charge at present against him for a robbery from Cambridge House, the residence of LORD PALMERSTON), he is well known as one of the most active of a *troupe* of street mountebanks, whose performances in the public thoroughfares are a mere pretext to draw together a crowd, for the operations of the pickpockets, their associates.

Inspector BRIGHT spoke to finding the child. It was about eight o'clock on the night of Friday, the 26th of March. Had observed the prisoner BENJAMIN with the child in his arms for some time previous. Saw the older prisoners lurking about near another place in the neighbourhood, which he knew to be their house of call. Is well acquainted with most of the bad and suspicious characters about Westminster, and generally has his eye on them. The St. Stephen's Head is a notorious haunt of such characters. Has frequented the house himself, in the discharge of his duty, and knows most of the customers, but had not been there much lately, having been off duty in consequence of illness.

The worthy Magistrate expressed his regret that so active an officer should have been disabled by bad health. He hoped the Inspector was quite strong again. The Inspector modestly thanked the worthy Magistrate, and said he was coming round, the doctors told him. His night-duty had been a little too heavy for him; but still he hoped there was a good deal of work in him yet. When he first saw the prisoner BENJAMIN with the child in his arms, it was closely wrapped up. He and Inspector ROEBUCK both thought, at first, it was what was known in the street-beggar's slang as a "dummy,"—that is, a bundle made up like a child, for the purpose of exciting compassion—a sham-baby in fact. He saw the prisoners together several times that night before he took them into custody. They were evidently acting in concert. The prisoner BENJAMIN is a well-known "chaffer," or "patterer." That is the name given to the class of street-mendicants, who go about making appeals to the public in a loud voice, in quiet thoroughfares. It is considered the most productive branch of the mendicant's calling. The prisoner RUPERT follows the same line of business, and is also connected with the turf, frequenting races, the Corner, betting-rooms, and such places. The prisoner LAW is notorious for his impudence, and occasional violence. He was formerly in the Indian service, but was discharged for insubordination. Since then he has been a "patterer" too. The prisoner BENJAMIN was "pattering" that night, and was using the child for the purpose of exciting compassion. Did not observe any one give him anything. He believed that the prisoners had stolen the child, for the purposes of their calling, but finding it troublesome, and weakly, that they had deserted it, where it was found by the police.

The worthy Magistrate expressed a wish to see the child, which was produced. It was a half-caste, or Indian child; apparently about a fortnight old, much deformed, with an enormous head and very diminutive extremities, and evidently in the last stage of weakness. It had a ticket with the name "Bill" about its neck, and was clumsily wrapped up in some fragments of a very old imitation Indian shawl outside, and under this a large piece of Liverpool cotton bagging, a remnant of Manchester print, and a bit of Belfast linen almost new, all which the Inspector said he believed had been stolen. The clothes had evidently not been made for the child, but were carelessly huddled about it, so tight that the poor little thing could hardly breathe, though it was, at the same time, most imperfectly protected from the

"EVERY ONE THINKS THEIR OWN CROW THE FAIREST."

cold. The appearance of the poor little wretch caused a thrill of horror in Court. Anything more truly deplorable it would be difficult to imagine.

The worthy Magistrate seemed much affected, and said he had never witnessed a more painful sight. Had inquiries been made as to the real parentage of the child?

The Inspector said the police had made every inquiry; but though several persons had called at the station-house, in the hopes of identifying it, no one would own the poor little thing.

An elderly man from the body of the Court, who gave his name as TEMPLE, here came forward, and said he had lately lost an Indian baby, which had been entrusted to him by its parents. He asked leave to examine the foundling. After carefully looking at it, he said that, though in colour, and in some of the features, it was rather like the baby he had missed, it was not the same. His was a handsomer, and better proportioned baby altogether. He knew the prisoners, whom he had ordered off from his own door some weeks ago, but without effect. They had assaulted him on that occasion, and he was still suffering from their violence. They had not this child with them at that time. They had certainly used the most horrible threats against his Indian child, and the prisoner BENJAMIN in particular, shook his fist at it, and called it names, and swore he should never rear it. He thought, in consequence of their conduct on that occasion, that this might be his child, which they had kidnapped, but he was now satisfied it was not.

The Magistrate inquired if he was quite clear that it was not the same child, and asked whether the differences in appearance to which he spoke might not be owing to ill-treatment by the prisoners?

TEMPLE said he did not think so. It was certainly *not* his child. He would not own it at any price.

The Prisoners on being called on for their defence, prevaricated at first, but at last admitted the desertion. BENJAMIN said it was the child of the prisoner LAW; that RUPERT and he had helped LAW to dress it; but that the clothes it wore were LAW's own; they were things he had by him; that the child had no mother living, but that they had done their best by it. RUPERT said that they had dropped it where it was found, because it was ailing, and they didn't think it would live, and had no means of getting medicine for it, and they thought, if they dropped it, it would be taken up by some charitable Christian or other, and taken care of, that was all they wanted. They were very fond of the child, bless its little heart. While saying this the prisoner pretended to shed tears.

The worthy Magistrate sternly told him not to add hypocrisy to cruelty. He was afraid that in taking the child out in this way, at this very inclement season, weak and ill-provided with clothes, as it was, they had thought of nothing but how to use it for their own advantage, and as a means of levying contributions upon the public with more success. The wretched child certainly seemed very likely to die if left in their hands, but that was no reason why its natural protectors should throw the burden of its support, education and bringing up, upon the public. He would commit the prisoners for trial. It would be for a jury to say whether in dropping the child as they had done, they had acted with perfect indifference to its fate, or really with the intention of getting it into the hands of persons more able and willing to rear it than themselves. Certainly the much frequented character of the place where they had dropped it might be thought to be in favour of the more charitable view, and he hoped for the prisoners' sakes it would be so considered by a jury of their countrymen.

The prisoners were fully committed for trial at the approaching Sessions. LAW was very violent when the officers were removing him, but RUPERT treated the matter with levity. The prisoner BENJAMIN, after declaring that his business would be ruined, and repeatedly asking to be allowed to speak to the worthy Magistrate in private, was conveyed to the van, apparently much dejected.

THE ONE THING LEFT FOR RAREY.

RAREY has tamed *Cruiser*. This is his *experimentum cruiseris*, but the *experimentum crucis* still remains.

He has yet to try his hand on the only animal more unruly and vicious than LORD DORCHESTER'S notorious stallion.

He has not yet tamed that terror of the St. Stephen's stables—ROEBUCK—graphically described by the well-known trainer, old HAYTER, as "the viciousest, varmintest, kickingest, bitingest, boltingest, buttingest, and altogether uncomfortablest 'oss that ever broke a trainer's 'eart."

It is supposed to have been in order to try his hand on ROEBUCK, that LORD PALMERSTON took lessons of MR. RAREY. But notwithstanding the Bottle-holder's well known pluck and cleverness, it is to be feared that the task is beyond any pupil of the illustrious horse-tamer's.

MISS LILIAN TO MR. LUMLEY.

"O THANK you, MR. LUMLEY, for the pretty shiny book,
Between whose glittering covers we 're so glad to take a look,
To be in the *Libro d'Oro* proved an old Italian's claims;
But I'm sure your Silver Book holds much more nice Italian names.

"And so, dear Sir, you open with the famous *Huguenots*,
New scenes, new dresses, everything that makes a splendid show?
And though it 's April, never mind, if TITIENS turns out fine,
We shall all be very happy to receive your *Valentine*.

"And little PICCOLOMINI, *la jolie petite Reine*,
What happiness to see your list contains her name again!
To hear her I'd walk any time a distance in the wet:
She 's a duck, a dear, a diamond, and a darling, and a pet.

"Then, MR. LUMLEY, exquisite GIUGLINI comes. Well, there!
If you'd him and PICCOLOMINI alone, I wouldn't care.
Of course upon subscription nights we 'll never stop away,
And on the Thursdays I must try to get Mamma to pay.

"You 've got the great ALBONI too, with that contralto voice,
Which she should never alter, Sir, if I could have my choice,
I love her for her happy face, that seems so good and true,
Dear MR. LUMLEY, *Il Segreto*, make her sing it, do.

"POCCHINI dances splendidly, so firm, and quick, and bold,
I wish they made more dancers of such vigour and such mould,
And I see you 've got a new one, called ORSINI; if she 's nice,
You 'll have a Ballet for the two, at least that 's my advice.

"I mean a real Ballet, don't you know, a lovely sight,
With stars, and clouds, and waterfalls, and sylphs, and coloured light:
You used to do it, *that* I know, when I was quite a child—
Eothen—no, 'twas *Eoline* that nearly drove me wild.

"But you 'll do all that 's possible, you 're such a darling dear.
And graceful TAGLIONI and ROSATI will be here:
And the *programme* of your season has a most inviting look,
So thank you, MR. LUMLEY, for your pretty shiny book."

"*Violet Lodge.*" "LILIAN."

THE CONVICT, JOHN COMPANY.

WE regret to state that JOHN COMPANY, now lying under sentence, in the Leadenhall Street House of Detention, evinces no signs of penitence for his innumerable crimes; but on the contrary, has during the last few days displayed great irritation of manner, and used much abusive language. So far from confessing, he asserts his entire innocence of every offence imputed to him, and showers upon the witnesses, the jury, and the excellent judge, MR. JUSTICE BULL, who tried him, the coarsest epithets, charging against them perjury, ignorance, and the receipt of bribes. The REV. MR. PALMERSTON, late Ordinary, endeavoured to deal with the culprit, but was assailed with taunts, and on its being known to the prisoner that the reverend gentleman had resigned his situation, COMPANY expressed the most savage delight at one of his persecutors, as he calls them, meeting a reverse. The new official, the REV. MR. DERBY, who has an extremely fluent and winning address, has not been more successful, and on Wednesday last the prisoner violently sprang upon and tore to pieces an elaborate essay, carefully framed by the worthy minister, with the hope of reconciling the condemned man to his situation.

With all his vindictiveness, however, the prisoner, as is frequently remarked in the case of those who have committed great crimes, is exceedingly superstitious, and talks incessantly of a Black Man, to whom he represents himself to have rendered immense benefits, and who can prove his innocence, while at other times he speaks remorsefully of this personage, with whom some dark story is, we fear, connected. The convict seems much enraged that no friends come to him, the only visits he receives being from a few lawyers who had known him before his apprehension, and who helped him to get up his defence. On Easter Monday the LORD MAYOR, with his usual kindness, amended, from his own hospitable table, the diet of the prisoner; but such attentions, though accepted, are unthankfully received by the hardened being on whom they are thrown away. It is to be hoped, rather than expected, that the culprit may be brought to a more fitting state of mind. No day is yet fixed for the completion of the law, though workmen are busily engaged in preparing new posts, and the prisoner is said to indulge in the hope of another reprieve, but such a course would be manifestly opposed to the interests of humanity. Not a single petition has been presented in his behalf, which speaks volumes for the general sense of his enormities.

A NEW SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS.

WE CANNOT too highly commend the patriotism of a noble Scotch Duke, determined, in spite of much personal difficulty, to make himself of some use to his country; that is not merely to Scotland, but to the whole United Kingdom. This estimable nobleman, whose name we will not pain his modesty by trumpeting, has been deeply impressed with the fact that the Camp at Aldershott is, in one essential particular, not answering its purpose, inasmuch as its neighbourhood does not afford the soldiers the means of learning how to forage. His Grace has also been strongly moved by the reflection that, in depopulating the Highlands, and supplying the place of men with deer, certain ducal proprietors have done as much as they could to prevent the maintenance of the British army. Considering these things, the truly noble Duke has, with a generosity which seems scarcely credible, offered to place at the disposal of the Government an extensive brae, for the site of another camp. To this brae, a clear and sparkling burn is closely contiguous, running through a glen tenanted by numerous deer; whilst an adjoining muir abounds with no end of grouse. Will it be believed? the Duke of What 's-his-name has actually gone so far in liberality as to authorize HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to station troops on his brae, with liberty to procure themselves food by shooting in his glen and on his muir, and by fishing in his burn, which contains plenty of fine trout. Such an example cannot be too highly praised, nor too generally imitated.

MR. PUNCH ON THE CASE OF THE "CAGLIARI."

(Being further Correspondence, in addition to that presented to both Houses of Parliament by command.)

No. 158.—MR. E. HAMMOND *to* MR. PUNCH.

"SIR, "*Foreign Office, April 1st*, 1858.

"I AM desired by LORD MALMESBURY to forward to you the enclosed correspondence in relation to the *Cagliari*, with a request that you will peruse the same, and report to LORD MALMESBURY, at your earliest convenience, your opinion on this correspondence, and as to the course which HER MAJESTY'S Government should adopt under all the circumstances of the case to which these papers refer.

"I have, &c.,

"(Signed) E. HAMMOND."

No. 159.—MR. PUNCH *to* LORD MALMESBURY.

MY LORD, *Fleet Street, April 9th*, 1858.

I AM honoured by your Lordship's commands—signified in MR. HAMMOND'S letter of the 1st instant, forwarding to me the Correspondence in the case of the *Cagliari*—that I would peruse, and report at my earliest convenience to your Lordship my opinion on, that Correspondence, and as to the course which HER MAJESTY'S Government should adopt under the circumstances.

In obedience to your Lordship's commands, I have taken these papers into my consideration, and have the honour to report—

That the first and most important fact which results from their perusal, is that two British subjects appear to have been confined for nine months, under circumstances of the greatest hardship and indignity, on a charge in support of which there does not appear to be a shadow of evidence, and under an arrest which is clearly illegal, on every admitted principle of international law.

The only results of this illegal arrest and subsequent imprisonment up to this time, appear to have been a diplomatic Correspondence, occupying 137 printed pages, the insanity of one of the prisoners, the destruction of the health of the other, and the admission of both to bail. It appears, further, that HER MAJESTY'S late Government, having at their command the services of an Attorney and Solicitor-General, and a Queen's Advocate, were satisfied with the opinion of two out of three of these gentlemen, to the effect that HER MAJESTY'S Government were not *clearly* justified in making a demand for the delivery of the two British subjects; the opinion of the other, and most distinguished of these law officers,* SIR R. BETHELL, being at the same time, that even if the seizure of the *Cagliari* was lawful, the Neapolitan tribunals had no jurisdiction to try, and the KING OF NAPLES no right to punish, the persons arrested on board of her, who being the subjects of a foreign power, must on requisition be given up to that power, in whose Courts the trial must be had, and justice administered. I am at a loss to understand how, when two of the three law officers of the Crown had a doubt, the unfortunate prisoners were not allowed to have the benefit of that doubt, according to the well-known maxim of the law.

I am still more at a loss to understand how, with SIR R. BETHELL'S opinion before them, HER MAJESTY'S late Government did not at once require the release of these British subjects into the hands of HER MAJESTY'S representative at Naples. But I am even more astonished to find that from June, when the capture of the *Cagliari* took place, till December, it does not seem to have occurred either to HER MAJESTY'S late Government, or to the law officers whom that Government consulted, that it was important to ascertain exactly the circumstances of the capture.

Had they done so, it appears to me beyond dispute that its illegality must have been clear even to the hazy apprehensions of MR. J. D. HARDING and MR. H. S. KEATING, and that this once established could have drawn after it the illegality of all the acts following on the capture.

I am aware that this may be too simple a way of looking at the case for highly cultivated legal apprehensions, though it seems to be the view which, all through the affair, has guided the action of the Sardinian Government. It appears, further, that the only one of HER MAJESTY'S representatives who has acted throughout this matter with invariable good sense, promptitude, and due regard for humanity, is MR. LEWIS J. BARBAR, HER MAJESTY'S Acting Consul at Naples. This gentleman, notwithstanding his name, appears to have abstained from that far too liberal use of soap in his intercourse with the Neapolitan authorities, which is observable in the communications of his diplomatic superiors in the service of HER MAJESTY.

I would venture to submit that Acting Consul L. J. BARBAR has earned any advancement it may be in your Lordship's power to bestow. I would further submit that the REV. GILES PUGH, both from his very rose-coloured report† on the condition of the prisoners, and his subsequent insinuations against Acting Consul BARBAR,‡ appears to come fairly under the general prejudice as to the existence of *pews* in the Church.

I would also submit to your Lordship, that though MR. ERSKINE appears, in his communication of January 5, to have departed from the instructions of LORD CLARENDON, and to have altered the draft approved by SIR J. HUDSON, such departure and alteration were clearly an improvement in such instructions and draft, and that though MR. ERSKINE may deserve a wigging, on the ground of diplomatic subordination, he deserves commendation on the higher ground of National feeling.

On the whole, it appears to me clear, that HER MAJESTY'S Government have only one course open to them on the facts stated, viz., to support Sardinia, vigorously, in all her demands upon the Neapolitan Government, to require moreover of that Government the immediate annulling of all proceedings against the unfortunate men, WATT and PARK, and to exact whatever compensation HER MAJESTY'S Government may think proper for the alienated reason of the one, and the ruined health of the other. If these demands should be resisted, HER MAJESTY'S Government will, in my opinion, be justified in resorting to ulterior operations, and I beg to tender your Lordship my assurance that the verdict of this country in the event of the worst that can befall the Government of Naples will be "Serve 'em right."

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

PUNCH.

* See Opinion No. 72 of Correspondence.
† See No. 55 of Correspondence.
‡ See No. 94 of Correspondence.

A Paragraph to be Avoided by Every One.

READING the papers daily, weekly, and almost hourly, as we generally do, we find that robbery and assassination have been committed by the Arabs at Aden. That pleasant country seems to be what the French Colonels were pleased to characterise England as being, viz:—"A—den of Assassins!"

DISAGREEABLE DANCING.

To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Dear Spurgeon,

"You have not been making much noise lately. I hope you are quiet for some other reason than because you are ill. Much of your eloquence is well aimed, and calculated to convince rogues of roguery and its ultimate look-out, by laying down the law of spiritual gravitation in strong terms.

"I don't quite agree with you about dancing. Dancing is poor exercise. You had better leap or run; and men should fence, or wrestle, or box together — not dance. We dance simply to please young girls—why not dance with them as well as sit still? In some churches they seat all the women by themselves, which is a practical pun, representing them as the opposite sex. On reflection, I think you will perceive that this is not more wise than witty.

"No doubt dancing must be admitted to be a sort of playing the fool. To dance is suitable to the character of a dandy: unsuitable to that of a philosopher or divine: to see a bishop or a judge waltzing would be ridiculous, and we should laugh at the sight of the Lord Chancellor exposing himself as a *cavalier seul*. The more grave is any man's profession, the more dignified his office, the more odd and strange is the idea of that man dancing. I grant you that though artists often delineate devils dancing, they never represent angels cutting capers. However, a heathen poet says that 'tis nice to play the fool in season; and we read elsewhere that there is 'a time to dance.'

"But certainly, my friend Spurgeon, there is also a time not to dance, and I cannot contradict you, if you say that such a time is a tragic time like this; a time for not dancing very publicly at least; a time of war and slaughter, actual and imminent, with a noise of shrieks and groans in the distance, and our ears still ringing with the stroke of the guillotine. At such a time one seems to feel that dancing should be rather private, except as regards the opera-stage, the booth, and the casino.

"Now, Spurgeon, what do you think of the fancy ball which took place the other evening at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs at Paris? Let me quote you a few passages out of the description of that festival from the pen of the *Morning Post's* correspondent; who informs us that:—

"The ladies all wore powder, and dressed their hair as we see the softer sex in those miniature enamels of a hundred years ago and less. Bright eyes, under such circumstances, look brighter, and fair skins much fairer. The female mind, even in our day, under such circumstances, becomes reconciled to otherwise unmentionable toilet mysteries; white powder and rouge and black patches are employed without hesitation; and the natural vanity and pride of women may be seen, unchecked by custom, fashion, and prejudice, and bravely paraded, asking male admiration to fall down and worship, and female jealousy to live."

"I cannot help feeling that hair-powder just now presents a not very pleasing contrast to the gunpowder which has been blazing of late, and particularly to the fulminating powder that has recently exploded. And certainly I will confess that the essential folly of wearing powder, patches, and rouge is very much aggravated by dancing under such decorations. I see no difference but that of gender between the powdered head of the countess and the whitened face of the Clown: and patches added to rouge are in my mind only proper additional ornaments for the visage of a zany. All this kind of thing is surely a little unseasonable.

"You will also, perhaps, be edified by the following account of the *Pierettes*, and *Pierrots* who figured in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of the French, in the Count and Countess of Walewski's masquerade:—

"Now the *Pierrot*, according to French authority, is a *paysan comique et niais*. Those of last night were exceedingly well-bred, and clever, and sprightly. The man wears a somewhat tight-fitting dress of white satin, decorated with bright cherry-coloured rosettes and knots; the cap is also white, and banded with ribbons. The lady is equally in white and ruby satin costume—the dress being sufficiently short to discover pretty feet, and something more. Her head-dress is a triangular white cap, coquettishly placed on the powdered hair."

"You will probably disapprove of a head-dress put on under any circumstances, 'coquettishly.' Still such a head-dress becomes some heads. It corresponds in those cases to the worthlessness of the contents of the skull. As worn on such an occasion, however, as the Walewski's ball, it seems to indicate a hollowness of heart inconsistent with the possibility that the heart could bleed, as the poet says, for another. The idea of bleeding, indeed, appears to have been quite remote from the imaginations of the *Pierettes* and *Pierrots*, to judge by the indication of their white and ruby costume. Had they considered the colour of which the tide of public affairs has been lately running, the ruby on the white might have struck them as unpleasantly glaring.

"Wishing you may be shortly invited to the Tuileries to preach on the subject of *la danse*, believe me, my dear Spurgeon, "Your occasional hearer, John Bull."

"P.S. I don't object to the regular ballet, neither need you. Therein the women dance almost entirely alone; and, moreover, go in for serious dancing."

THE TWO IMPERIAL REGIMES.

"Look on this picture and on that!"

How must History's Muse stand aghast,
With all her proud claims to foresee men,
Now that France turns her freemen to serfs,
And Russia her serfs turns to freemen!

With his planting, park-making, and all,
Napoleon with flowers masks the curb he
Employs in the effort to make
Each Parisian a tame "*Russ in urbe*."

"Scratch a Russ, out barbarian will peep,"
Said his uncle: and Louis, that martyr
To avuncular models, too deep
Scratching Frenchmen may chance catch a Tartar.

THE ORDER OF BOILED BEEF.

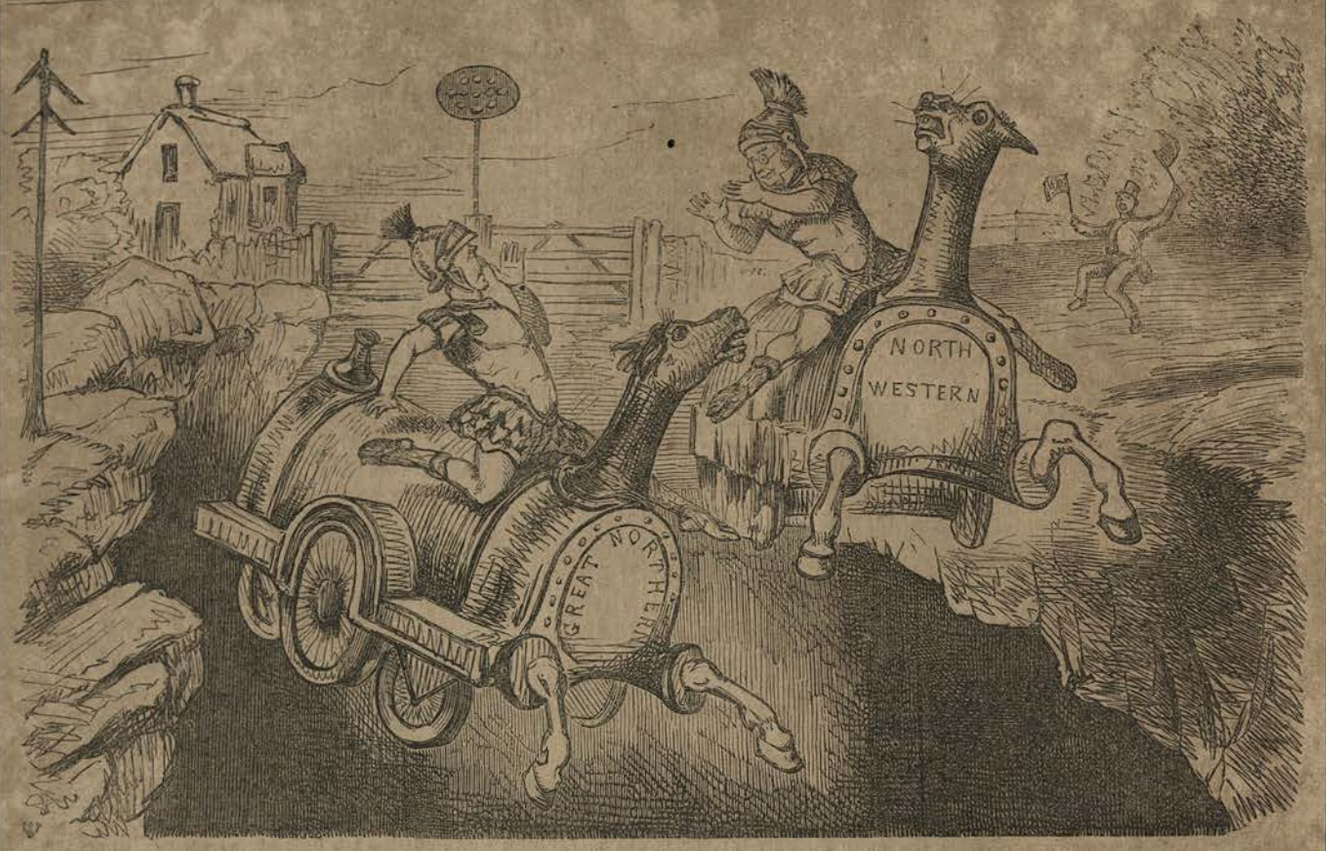
We propose the Institution of a new Order of Valour, the Order of Boiled Beef.

It being ascertained that recruits, upon the average, enlist for three-and-twenty years of daily dining off boiled beef, we think that the bare act of their enlistment alone is such an act of bravery as ought no longer to be honourless. The prospect of eight thousand dinners of boiled beef (and that appalling total allows of near four hundred exceptions to the rule) is enough to daunt the courage even of the pluckiest. *Toujours perdrix* would be a bad enough look-out, but *toujours bouilli* is an infinitely worse one. A man must be desperate, indeed, to face it. The valour that can brave the everyday attacking of a lump of hard boiled beef is such as no forlorn hope ever could intimidate. Our fancy fails to picture courage more heroic.

The decoration we propose will in one respect at any rate find favour at the Horse Guards. It will be sown broadcast through the British ranks, and not be given so as to imply distinctive merit. At the end of his first twelvemonth every private soldier will be as of course entitled, *ipso facto*, to the Order. Being then a hero of above three hundred fights with beefy indigestion, his valour will be deemed sufficiently attested, and he will be esteemed in future *bouilli*-proof.

In devising the best form in which the order may be worn, we must own that our invention has been put upon the stretch. To be approved by the authorities it seemed requisite, of course, to think of something ugly. The Victoria Cross might perhaps in this respect have been a fitting model; but we have too much self-respect to commit a wilful plagiary, and we would never stoop to borrow an idea if by any sacrifice we could get one otherwise. Being too much occupied by day to think upon the matter, we have purposely of late been eating sausages for supper, in order that we might keep ourselves awake at night to ruminate: and we are happy to announce that, after passing a whole sleepless week, we think that we have hit upon a suitable device.

It being only fair that the decoration should be useful, if it mayn't be ornamental, we fancy that perhaps the most fitting thing to give would be a serviceable set of the strongest made false teeth, which when not in active service might be worn suspended by a ribbon from the buttonhole. Considering the toughness of the stringy meat supplied them, it may be reasonably assumed that long before their three-and-twenty years are up, our boiled beef eaters must sadly want new dental apparatus: and their teeth having been injured in the service of their country, of course the country ought to make a reparation of the damage.



THE RIVAL CURTII.

SONG OF A PUFF.

(*See Advertisements.*)

MARIA JOLLY,
Forgive my folly,
Thou pretty POLLY,
Of Wortham, Diss.

With deepest feeling,
The puff appealing,
Thine ills revealing,
I daily kiss.

Dyspepsia seized thee,
And asthma teased thee,
And nothing eased thee,
Or did thee good.

From pills repeating,
Till no help meeting,
Thou took'st to eating
That wondrous food.

Alleviation
Of irritation
In respiration
Thou couldst not find,

Until that diet,
When thou didst try it,
Thy cough did quiet,
And eased thy wind.

Spasmodic action,
With tumefaction,
And strong contraction,
Thou didst endure.

For ever grieving,
With constant heaving,
Past all believing,
Thought past all cure.

Thy nerves distressed thee,
And qualms possessed thee,
And pangs oppressed thee,
For fifty years.

They nigh had floored thee;
That grub restored thee,
Did health afford thee,
And dry thy tears.

MARIA JOLLY,
My melancholy,
And tender folly,
Will it remove?

Spare thy derision;
Will that provision,
That food Elysian,
Allay my love?

NEARLY READY.—AN IMPROMPTU. By BERNAL OSBORNE, ESQ. It has been for several weeks past in preparation, and is expected to be perfectly finished, point and all, by the next time that MR. DISRAELI is daring enough to attack the Honourable Member for Dover. Enquire daily of the Parliamentary Debates, or of B. O., Opposition Benches, St. Stephen's.

LORD ROSSE'S PREDICTION OF EXCESSIVE POLITICAL HEAT.

FOR some time past, absurd rumours have been flying about the smoking-rooms of the different Clubs, to the effect that the EARL OF ROSSE had declared it as his belief that the approaching session would be about one of the hottest ever known in Parliament. It is a lamentable evidence of credulity, even amongst educated people, such as the usual frequenters of a smoking-room in a Club are supposed to be, when we find these ridiculous stories being greedily devoured. The appetite of some *gobemouches* is beyond all satiety! But the prediction is now completely knocked on the head by the following communication which we have this very afternoon received from his Lordship:—

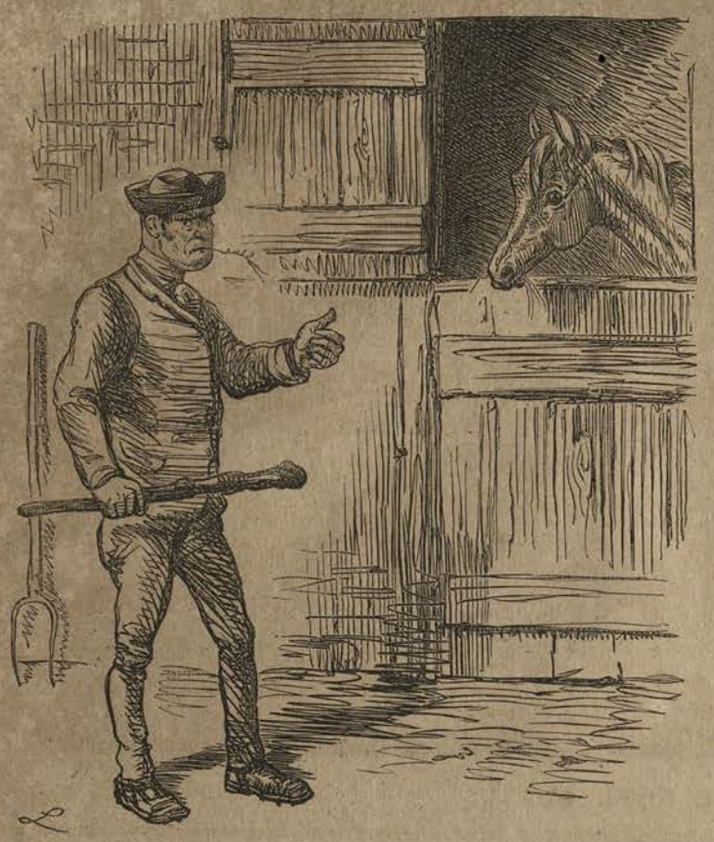
"*The Castle, Parsonstown, April* 14, 1858.

"LORD ROSSE presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs of him, like a good fellow, to contradict all the nonsensical reports in connection with the excessive heat of the forthcoming session. LORD ROSSE never said anything of the sort, for he does not anticipate anything of the kind. On the contrary, it is LORD ROSSE's private opinion, backed up by the testimony of his Telescope, which enables him to look into the middle of several weeks to come, that the session of 1858 will be about one of the mildest known for years. The EARL OF DERBY will take things very coolly, and it is even doubtful whether, judging from the extreme backwardness of things, the Debates even will be characterised by any particular warmth. Besides, the breezes with France, which of late have been very strong, will materially tend to allay any tendency to explosion at home!"

A Sensible Purchase.

THE sanctimonious proprietors of Exeter Hall have purchased a complete set of shutters for their establishment, as they cannot help thinking that they will very shortly want them in consequence of the successful opening of St. James's Hall. The above is about the wisest provision we have ever known the Proprietors make for the accommodation of the public.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 17, 1858.



UPON ONE OF THESE CREATURES MR. RAREY'S METHOD CAN MAKE NO IMPRESSION!

POLITICAL ADVICE GRATIS.

IF the worst comes to the worst, LORD DERBY, it is whispered, thinks of going to the country. Now, if his Lordship would accept a bit of our advice, we would dissuade him strongly from taking such a step. We cannot see that it would be in any way approaching to the right direction. When the experiment was tried in 1852, but very little benefit resulted from the trial; and it would puzzle us to say on what grounds to expect that the result would now be different. His Lordship might perhaps acquire some slight increase of strength, and might, it is just possible, infuse somehow a drop or two of new blood in his system. But the effects of such a tonic would very soon pass off, and would be wholly insufficient to prevent his sinking.

What LORD DERBY wants is something more than change of air, which is usually the chief gain in going to the country. Change of principles we think would do him much more good; and for this he should go through a course of alterative medicine. If we were honoured with the post of his political physician, we should prescribe him some strong purgatives to drive out by degrees all his party prejudices. If cured of his Conservatism, he would very speedily begin to pick up strength. If his Lordship would but take more kindly to the Jews, and make his mind up like a man to swallow a Reform pill without waiting till next Session, we think the chance of his political demise would be much lessened. In the exceedingly weak state to which his Lordship is reduced, it will not do to put off any treatment that may strengthen him. Unless taken quite in time, a tonic will prove useless.

It is purely out of charity we tender this advice. Our heart always yearns to succour the afflicted; and we cannot see a Premier so weak as poor LORD DERBY, without our bosom beating with the hope that we may help him. A good strong dose of *Punch*, taken once a week, would be sure to do him good, if he but put a proper faith in it. In the medicine we prepare there is never any quackism. Though the mixture is our own, it can't be called a *nostrum*. In all political diseases *Punch* is now considered the only sure corrective. It is in fact the true elixir of political existence. No statesman, it is clear, should ever be without it.

A STOUT BRITISH SAILOR.—SIR CHARLES NAPIER stated in the House a few nights ago, that "the other day he was made a full admiral." We are glad to hear it. May his shadow never be less.

KEEP UP THE CHANNEL FLEET.

HIS army our Ally has made
Six hundred thousand strong,
Of that we need not feel afraid;
Suspicion would be wrong:
Raised fifty thousand sailors more,
True news if we repeat.
Though he may not threat England's shore,
Keep up your Channel Fleet!

A lot of new screw ships of war,
Too, he has built of late,
We need not ask what they are for,
Nor our opinion state:
Yet our own Navy to increase
It likewise will be meet:
For all the hope you have of peace,
Keep up your Channel Fleet!

All seamen under forty years,
Are levied by our friend;
That measure need not rouse our fears,
To nothing can it tend.
But preparations also should
On our side be complete;
If you regard your country's good,
Keep up your Channel Fleet.

No naval Power has France to dread,
None menaces her coast;
What put it in her ruler's head
To swell her naval host?
Has he been arming, Russian schemes
Of conquest to defeat?
Though likely that suggestion seems,
Keep up your Channel Fleet.

The Yankee Filibusters may
Have waked his anxious care,
Lest GENERAL WALKER should, some day,
To land at Cherbourg, dare,
Unless a mighty force marine
Compelled him to retreat.
Still, Ministers of England's QUEEN,
Keep up your Channel Fleet.

VEUILLOT, that frenzied fool, or knave,
That minion of the Pope,
At England may but idly rave
With vain malicious hope.
He says we soon shall with "supreme
Humiliation" meet:
The brute though you an ass may deem,
Keep up your Channel Fleet.

And keep your Army up as well,
Although at some expense;
For what may chance we cannot tell
Within a few days hence.
But keep, we chiefly do beseech,
Beg, pray, implore, entreat,
Our wooden walls without a breach;
Keep up your Channel Fleet.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

LORD CLARENDON wished to go round about the bush. MR. ERSKINE preferred going slap through it. LORD CLARENDON wished to put his own arguments into the mouth of Sardinia, without committing England to truth and common sense on the case of the *Cagliari*. MR. ERSKINE preferred committing England to truth and common sense, and did it.

Therein MR. ERSKINE was insubordinate, as NELSON was when he stuck his glass to his blind eye, and swore he could not see the signal of recal flying at the mast-head of the Admiral commanding him.

But if MR. ERSKINE deserves suspension, for forgetting official subordination, surely hanging would not be too bad for LORD CLARENDON, who has sacrificed National dignity, and the rights of British subjects.

DIVORCE.—Cutting for fresh partners.

A NEW IDEA FOR THE ALDERMEN.

Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ALLOW me a place in your inestimable columns, that I may call the attention of the LORD MAYOR to a most interesting statement, which was published the other day in the *Times*:—

"MOST UNFAIR IN APRIL.—The attention of several provincial botanists has been called within the past few days, to a fungus of a remarkable and, it is believed, unprecedented development now growing in a tunnel in a sandstone rock in the immediate vicinity of Doncaster. The plant is 13 ft. 6 in. in diameter, and very much resembles a white lace skirt with a richly embroidered border spread out flat. It has been referred to the *Hydnum barba Jovis*, but much uncertainty prevails as to its true classification, as nothing like it is on record, and its peculiar growth is believed to have been due to the singular conditions under which it has been produced."

"Now, my dear Sir, I believe you are aware that a great many of these fungi, commonly called toadstools, and supposed to be poisonous, are, in fact, wholesome, and uncommonly good eating. The fungus above described may belong to a hitherto unknown genus; but it may also be a mere variety of a recognised one. If it is a *Hydnum*, it may be good to eat, like the *Hydnum repandum*, which, when stewed, forms an excellent dish, with a slight flavour of oysters—and just consider what an adjunct this would be to cod's-head and shoulders. Its appearance, described as that of 'a white lace skirt with a richly embroidered border,' must be very inviting, and, had I access to it, I should be strongly tempted to impair its beauty a little for the sake of testing its flavour. You cannot think—nor does the LORD MAYOR suspect—how nice some of these things are.

"The concluding portion of the account of this mycological curiosity conveys a still more vivid idea of its enticing look:—

"'The plant has attained its present size in 10 months, and is still growing vigorously. It at present extends nearly over the roof, and half-way down the side of the tunnel, and, when examined with a lighted candle, the fibres radiating from the roof to the outer circle shine like threads of silver, while the thick deep border of snowy white substance sparkles as if set with brilliants. It is altogether a very striking and beautiful object, and great numbers of persons have been to view it. The root of the plant is attached to an oak beam, which supports the top of the tunnel, and which is well saturated with moisture from the soil above."

"The *Fistulina hepatica*—which looks like a calf's liver, and, when sliced and fried, tastes like it too, smacking also as though of a squeeze of lemon—grows out of the oak, but out of the living oak; still there is no reason why esculent fungi should not grow out of oak beams. The *Agaricus ostreatus* grows on dead trees, and is eatable, though it has nothing in common with oysters but the shape of their shell. The Doncaster tunnel fungus seems to look rather like a gigantic specimen of the *Polyporus frondosus*; but this does not grow in the dark, but in hedges and at the roots of trees; it is delicious. It is the gigantic size of the fungus of Doncaster tunnel which makes me desirous of notifying its existence to the LORD MAYOR. Suppose it to be as good as it is great. What a splendid addition it would then make to the two or three hundred tureens of real turtle that are consumed at a civic feast! where the guests, by the bye, eat peacocks, swans, and all manner of odd things. Truffles are merely a sort of subterraneous toadstools.

"Let me, then, suggest to his civic Majesty the LORD MAYOR, how desirable it would be to try the magnificent toadstool which is now growing in the Doncaster tunnel, and, but for the passing of the trains, might soon fill it, as the fungus which grew out of the cask of wine bunged up SIR JOSEPH BANKS's cellar. To preclude the development of preternatural excrescences on the noses of Aldermen, or any other evil consequences which might arise from excessive indulgence in the new luxury, the toadstool might first be tried on lower animals than the Corporation—may I say pigs?* They also are omnivorous feeders, and the experiment, tried on them without injury to pork, might be safely repeated on the corporate body. Believe me, a living example of impunity, after devouring many such a dish as that which I propose for the Mansion House table.

"*Boletus Cottage, April*, 1858." "MYCOPHAGUS."

* Put some of it in their wash.

HOW SOCIETY IS REPORTED.—When a reputation is wrung in the drawing-room, the report of it soon makes itself heard in the kitchen.—*The House I Live In.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BLARNEY STONE.

"THE Groves of Blarney, they are so charming,"
Sure the place and the po'me we all of us knows:
But more iligant posies and shuparior roses,
Henceforward will bloom in the sweet Rock-close.
Since the hope of the nation for recreation
To it condiscinded to repair,
The daffydowndillies, likewise the lilies,
Houlds their heads a dale higher in the open air.

If LADY JEFFREYS still graced the nation,
'Twould rise her dandther, to think this royal flower
Should n't be attinded wid more considtheration,
Of his lofty station, climbin' up the tower.
Sure 'twas a blundther, that might confound her,
That a Queen's son should wandther like a private gent,
And visit Killarney and the Groves of Blarney,
Wid GIBBS, that larned him his rudiment.

And CAPTAIN DE ROS, too, it 's well he was close to
The Royal Offspring his legs to secure,
While BIDDY CASEY, that keeps the kays, she
Was takin' it aisy on the second flure.
Little she was dthramin, how the Prince was schamin,
To be let hang craning down over the wall,
For a kiss o' the stone there, which it 's well known there,
Makes a man a deludther, for good and all.

But though his Highness, for all his slyness,
Wasn't let to jine his lips to that stone,
Sure in Cork or Dublin, without much throublin,
He 'll find its ennoblin' effects well shown.
It 's they that can carney and tip the blarney,
In every bar'ny from Cloyne to Cork,
And lick his shoes, Sir, wid salaams and kotoos, Sir,
Like any Sepoy, or Chinese Turk.

To rank and quol'ty, let alone to Roy'lty,
Sure it's Erin's loy'lty that knows what 's due:
Your Saxon snobs, Sir, may hide their nobs, Sir,
It 's our Irish mob, Sir, bates them black and blue.
Their own kings one't, Sir, Connaught and Munster,
Likewise Ulsther and Leinsther, they did enjoy,
And till ejected, it 's they wor respected,
From BRIAN BORU to the prisint Viceroy.

If he thinks he 's goin, Sir, quite unbeknown, Sir,
Lave Ireland alone, Sir, to spoil that game.
Not a Kingston carman, or a Lea-road barman,
To LORD BANDON in armine, but would think it shame.
Let him walk or ride, oh, on every side, oh,
Like Venus or Dido, he would shine out;
Spite of GIBBS's dthryness, and DE ROS's shyness,
"Long live his Highness" it 's meself 'ud shout.

When a town he 'd arrive at, I 'd not lave him private,
His cyar I 'd drive at—the Royal Boy—
With shouts obstropolous, from Cork's metropolis
To the Giant's Causeway, sure I 'd wish him joy.
Oh, was I a herald, or S. FITZGERALD,
Or SIR BERNARD BURKE, the Ulsther King-at-Arms,
He 'd be hard of hearin' e'er he left Green Erin,
What wid shouts and cheerin' and big guns' alarms.

The Qualifications of Property.

WE have often been told that "Property has its duties as well as its rights." We little suspected, as proved by the Property Qualification humbug in Parliament, that one of its Duties was to cheat, and dissemble, and commit perjury by swearing to estates it never possessed, merely to obtain the Right of adding two parliamentary initials to its name. The great qualification of Property, judged by these unworthy facts, is to induce needy Members to perjure themselves. In fact, the M.P., under such misrepresentations, might stand for "Member Perjured," or "Master of Perjury."

STOPPED AND STAYED.

IF MR. RICARDO's account of the Stade duties is borne out by the inquiries of the Select Committee on the subject, the sooner these duties become stopped, as well as Stade, the better for British merchants, and British tax-payers.

THE ZOOLOGICAL NEMESIS OF FAITH.

To Mr. Punch.

Sir,—I am an elderly man, unmarried, and a lover of the brute creation. In my childhood an illustrated natural history was my most popular picture-book: Bingley's *Anecdotes*, and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* my favourite reading. From these simple pages I learnt to respect the dignified and sagacious elephant, the patient and laborious camel, the noble and terrible lion. As I grew up, I well remember, I frequented Exeter-Change, and bitter was my suffering over the madness and massacre of poor Chuny, Mr. Cross's magnificent elephant, in that building. I can still recal with vivid satisfaction the imposing pictures of the wild beasts in Exeter-Street, and the stalwart beefeater who used to stand at the door and marshal the visitors to the menagerie. I remember, too, the lions in the Tower, and I must say my impression is, that they were nobler animals than the lions I see nowadays. I was in early manhood when Exeter Hall was dismantled, and Mr. Cross's collection was transferred to the King's Mews, on the site of the present National Gallery. I never go in to see the pictures now but I recal the wild beasts of other days. Mr. Cross didn't keep his animals quite as clean as the Trustees do the pictures, I think, but I am certain they were less over-crowded, and, such as they were, they were genuine: there were no lions vamped up in Wardour Street, nor royal-tigers restored in Soho. And then, when the King's Mews gave way to the National Gallery, and the Birmingham show-cloths outside were replaced by show-canvases—not without their share of Brummagem—within, and the 'wonderful works of nature'—as the beefeater used to call them—retreated before the wonderful works of art, I became a fellow of the Zoological Society, and a subscriber to the Zoological Gardens; where I may be found two or three days a-week, besides Sundays. But I should be departing from the truth if I said that I derive the same pleasure from the animals in their quarters in the Regent's Park, as I used to do from the denizens of Exeter Change and the Tower, in days gone by. Not but what Mr. Mitchell's *protégés* are better seen, better fed, better lodged, better cared for in every way, than my close-cabined, ill-ventilated, strong-smelling, old favourites. But the melancholy fact is, Sir, *that my faith in the animals is shaken.* Not an article of the Zoological creed, which I devoutly imbibed from Bingley and Goldsmith, and Bewick, at my mother's knee, but has been shaken to its foundations. I once believed in the elephant, as the best as well as wisest of brutes. Mr. Charles Reade tells me, in his *Autobiography of a Jack of all Trades*, that the elephant is at once the most cruel, treacherous, and cowardly of quadrupeds. I reverenced the camel, as the most long-suffering, meek, and patient of creatures; here is Mr. W. Russell, in the *Times*, who does not scruple to speak of my once-venerated friend, the ship of the desert, as 'a horribly necessary animal, ungainly in his gait, disagreeable in his disposition, misanthropical and dyspeptic, sharp and unaccountable in his bites, fantastic in his likings and dislikings, querulous and morose.' I used to give in my allegiance to the lion, as the King of Beasts: the South African travellers, Cumming, Livingston, and others, speak of him with easy contempt, as a sneaking, cowardly, night-prowling creature, and an immeasurably less formidable antagonist to the hunter than the buffalo. I once regarded the hyena, with mingled horror and dread, as the incarnation of all that was untameable, ferocious, and bloodthirsty: I am now assured that he is the most docile, timid, and tameable of the brute species. But a re-established hyena, you will admit, is a sorry substitute for a degraded elephant, camel, and lion. In short, Sir, my zoological beliefs, as I said, are turned topsy-turvy, and my peace of mind has gone with the unquestioning, child-like faith of my infancy in Bingley and Goldsmith:

"I do not know that there is any remedy for this, but it is at least a relief to have poured my griefs out to you, and to confess myself one of what I firmly believe to be a very numerous class:

"A disenchanted, and therefore, disconsolate,

"Zoologist."

Early Rising.—I hold that it is not natural. With men, as with peas, early rising is all a matter of forcing.—*Pelham Le Second.*

RABELAIS AT THE TUILERIES.

Paris has been splendidly improved by its present master, and wide and magnificent streets have been opened in its worst parts. France pays for this, and the provincials grumble that they are taxed to improve the capital. The same nonsense is sometimes emitted by British provincials when the very trifling outlay which a Government ventures in favour of London is in question. But here the answer is, that every Englishman ought to be proud of London, that it is kept for the benefit of country-folk as well as for that of ourselves, that its beauty brings over foreigners and improves the trade of the nation, and divers other amiable reasons of more or less weight are assigned. But what answer makes the Emperor to the rustic remonstrants of France?

"My dear subjects, don't fall into a mistake. Do you think that I am making these beautiful wide streets to please the Parisians? *Diable un Morceau.* They are Military Roads, my dear friends, along which cavalry can gallop and artillery thunder, without fear of those infernal barricades. It 's for your good, *mes enfans*, and in the interest of a strong Government that can preserve peace and order and (real) liberty that I cut these Boulevards."

And the country is satisfied, no doubt. The Emperor has been reading *Rabelais*, and profiting by one of his hints. When *Gargantua* goes to Paris—the name of which he derives from the Greek word signifying boldness and liberty of speech, he finds "all the city risen up in sedition, they being, as you know, upon any slight occasion, so ready to uproars and insurrections that foreign nations wonder at the patience of the Kings of France, who do not by good justice restrain them from such tumultuous courses. *Would to God I knew the shop where are forged these factious combinations.*"

Worthy *Alcofribas!* Most Shaksperianly enduring are thy lessons and thy irony.

BELGRAVIAN MAXIMS.

BY A FASHIONABLE VALET.

The real essence of a gentleman is Perfume.

You know the snob by his hands—the gentleman by his boots.

It is easier to pardon a hole in a person's manners than one in his coat.

In the noblest park there are mushrooms.

One grows rich, but one is born elegant.

With men, as with monuments, position is everything.

We make our money in London, but we spend it in Paris.

Society has but little faith, except in scandal.

Joke with an inferior, and you tumble to the level of that inferior.

There are many stylish men, but very few men of style.

Shopkeepers are the counters in the game of life. When we have no ready money, we are only too glad to use them.

A lady is an angel that ought never to touch the earth, excepting when she is stepping from the door to her carriage.

Anything that reveals a compromise with one's pocket is inelegant, as for instance, Berlin gloves. In my opinion, naked-handed poverty is a thousand times preferable.

You can generally tell "a son of the soil" by the amount he carries in his nails.

England gives us meat, and France sends us cooks.

The gentleman is known at once by his walk, the lady by her carriage.

Credit is the homage that Trade pays (and sometimes pays very dearly) to Rank.

"Ow orrid!"

"The Manchester Town Council have adopted Petitions to both Houses of Parliament praying for the removal of Jewish disabilities."—*Times.*

This is very proper. But there is one disability under which most Manchester people suffer in common with the persecuted Hebrews, for aids to the removal of which the sufferers should rather apply to the Education Board than to Parliament; namely, the disability to sound the eighth letter of the alphabet. However, we must respect all Aspirations for liberty.

AN UNCHRISTIAN CONTRAST.

The Jew will not enter Parliament, because he refuses to take a false oath.

The Christian, to enter Parliament, does not scruple to take a false oath, when he swears to estates and property he does not possess!

ITALIAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

Sotto voce.—The voice in which a man speaks when he is drunk.

What we go in for.—France goes in for *l'Égalité*—England for Legality.

RESULT OF ALLOWING LADIES TO WITNESS RAREY'S HORSE-TAMING EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Blanch. "I ASSURE YOU, MY LOVE, HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL. HE NEVER TALKS NOW OF SUCH A THING AS GOING TO HIS CLUB OR DINING AT GREENWICH WITH HIS BACHELOR FRIENDS, AND HE WILL READ TO ME WHILE I WORK, FOR THE HOUR TOGETHER."

Mrs. Catherine. "OH, I MUST CERTAINLY LEARN THE ART, FOR MY AUGUSTUS IS REALLY DREADFUL!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *April* 12. Parliament met after the holidays. The first thing the Lords did was a ridiculous one. In defiance of the opinion of the very greatest property lawyer they ever had among them, LORD ST. LEONARD'S, they mercilessly mangled to death a measure for cheapening Conveyancing. He thought that if a man could show a Thirty Years' title to his land, it was enough in all conscience. But the others could not see it, and having sliced off a dozen of the clauses of the bill, the mutilated body was cast out.

MR. B. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that having mixed up a great quantity of soap and water in a large basin, he should, on the following Monday, perform the feat of blowing a gigantic bubble, which he proposed to call a Budget.

Then took place a performance which must have been so utterly incomprehensible to the uninitiate, and which will be so entirely a mystery to the future historian, that *Mr. Punch* must explain it in a very unceremonious manner.

PAM and JOHNNY RUSSELL are enemies. They both profess to be Liberals. JOHNNY particularly detests PAM for having set up as a Parliamentary Reformer. An accident has put the Tories into office, and JOHN is determined to keep them in as long as he can, in order to prevent the return of his foe, PAM. The Tories and PAM have each an India Bill before the House. If the latter decides in favour of PAM'S Bill, as it probably would, this would be a damaging if not a death blow to the Tories, and PAM would come back. Therefore JOHN devises a plan to avoid a collision, and proposes that the House should decide on neither Bill, but should discuss some general resolutions on the subject, and have an Indian constitution framed accordingly. DIZZY jumps, with laughable alacrity, at this—never was a life buoy more welcome to a floundering swimmer—and he actually asks LORD JOHN to be so good in the plentiful bounteousness of his generosity to prepare the resolutions himself. But this is a little too strong, and so Government is really obliged to take the trouble to do its own work. No question of DIZZY being a representative of "England," for (as was said of a certain parson) he "expects every man to do *His* duty." Of course PAM saw through the affair, but was decorously grave and argumentative.

The House went into Supply on the Navy Estimates, after a pig-headed attempt by VISCOUNT WILLIAMS to prevent it—161 to 24 showed what the House thought of him—and a great deal of uneasy discussion took place. The questions which have actually come before the British Parliament are, whether our Ally next door is likely to make a sudden and burglarious onslaught upon us, and if so, whether we have not sent away so many of our ships to help niggers, and on other amiable missions, that it will take us a good while before we can assemble a force enough to annihilate his fleet and march upon Paris.

The Jew Bill passed, LORD JOHN seeing it to the door with a melancholy look, as he sent it on to certain death. Exactly at the moment Houndsditch clock struck midnight, with an extra touch of sadness in the toll.

Tuesday. The Lords were asked whether any person who felt himself aggrieved by a speech at a public meeting ought to be permitted to

A RUSSELL TO THE RESCUE!

revenge himself on the newspaper that reported such speech, instead of confining his vengeance to the original offender. Their Lordships decided that things should remain as they are. In other words, they rejected LORD CAMPBELL'S Libel Bill by 35 to 7. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the world understands this question. Suppose that five donkeys were grazing on Barnes Common, and VISCOUNT WILLIAMS were passing that way, and the six took that opportunity of holding a meeting, and braying in a most obnoxious manner against some sensible man, whom we will call TITIUS. *Mr. Punch* takes a stick, whacks the six donkeys, dissolves the meeting, and next week records the circumstance, mentioning the offensive sentiments uttered by the Brothers WILLIAMS. If TITIUS pleases, he may bring an action against *Mr. Punch*, for publishing this report of the proceedings. This state of things the Lords will not alter, which may make the irreverent think that MR. WILLIAMS, or any other member of the above imaginary meeting, is not unfit, after all, to be a Lord.

MR. DISRAELI intimated that MR. ERSKINE, Secretary of Legation at Turin, was to be suspended for putting (certainly a little irregularly) some rather more straightforward and English language into a despatch than the tortuous rules of diplomacy warrant. His superior, SIR JAMES HUDSON, whose responsibility was ten times greater, was to escape quite scot-free. In strictness, and having regard to the relative positions of the two, if ERSKINE ought to be "suspended," HUDSON ought to be hanged.

In both houses the despatch was read announcing that, on the 19th of March, SIR COLIN CAMPBELL was master of Lucknow. Everybody cheered. Is it nobody's business to look up a peerage, or something, for the Pride of the Highlands, who has been fighting for us all over the world for exactly fifty years?

SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY wanted the House to pass a resolution, declaring it a breach of privilege for a Member of Parliament, as such, to take any species of reward in consideration of the exercise of his influence. But the Commons received the proposition very coldly, and thought that the general feeling of the House upon such subjects was sufficient to enable it to deal with any cases that might arise. The worst thing that was said against the House was uttered by MR. J. D. FITZGERALD, who stated that it had never expelled a barrister. What did BEN. JONSON say when somebody remarked that SHAKSPEARE had never blotted out a line? "Would he had blotted out a thousand!" But MR. FITZGERALD is all wrong, for *Mr. Punch* quite well remembers having voted for expelling BARBOUR, a lawyer and the Recorder of Wells, in CHARLES THE FIRST'S time; and *Mr. Punch* was also one of the 131 to 71 who expelled ATTORNEY-GENERAL SAWYER in 1689. Many other similar abatements of nuisances have been made.

Wednesday. Irish bosh.

Thursday. The Passport Nuisance was discussed. LORD MALMESBURY declared that he thought most "contemptuously" of the system, and had done all he could to make it easy. Passports would now be two shillings only, and anybody could get one who knew a magistrate, a banker, a preacher, a doctor, or a lawyer. Certainly this seems to meet all cases. We have yet to meet the fortunate individual who has never had occasion to know one or more of these folks.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, a sailor, attacked our present system of Sea Lights and Buoys. A Royal Commission of Inquiry is to issue, and ought to be put on board a yacht and left to circumnavigate these islands, with the aid of the *Little Sea Torch* and such like works. If the vessel ever got back we should have the coasts lit up with gas like Regent Street, in six months from the Commissioners reaching (we mean arriving at) the *optata arena*.

To SIR WILLIAM FRASER, who put a silly question, LORD JOHN MANNERS returned a silly answer. The former wanted to know whether New Westminster Bridge should not be called Sebastopol Bridge, in memory of the grand feat of the Russian war, and the latter replied No, because we were beginning to forget the Russian War in consequence of the interest taken in that of India. On this principle LORD JOHN should pull down LORD NELSON from the Trafalgar Square column, and run up the HAVELOCK statue there. But we concur in the impropriety of changing the old name of Westminster Bridge, which belongs to the locality, but don't see why the name of the bridge at Battersea should not be lengthened into Batter-Sebastopol, as that would remind us of what we did, and did in good style.

Friday. Lots of petitions were laid on the floor of the House of Lords, to trip up the poor Jew Bill when it comes tottering in.

MR. DISRAELI made an announcement which *Mr. Punch* hereby calls on the nation to receive with three cheers. The opinion of HER MAJESTY'S Tory Law Officers is opposed to that of HER MAJESTY'S late Liberal Law Officers, for the Tories certify that to keep innocent men languishing for ten months in a filthy Neapolitan prison is an illegal proceeding. For this the Tory Government has Demanded Compensation from BOMBA. *Mr. Punch* is not aware that he is frantically in love with Conservatism, but from no Minister who acts like an Englishman and a *Punch* will he withhold his plaudit. Go it, MALMESBURY, go it, MAM!

TOM DUNCOMBE wanted to see LORD PALMERSTON'S Reform Bill, so long promised, and PAM was obliged to explain, that though the late Government had thought a great deal about the subject, when riding on omnibuses, having three pennyworth of steamboat, and at other odd times, nobody had exactly taken pen and ink and made a bill. (Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight grins by J. R.)

The state of the Nelson Column was brought up, and MR. DISRAELI admitted that its non-completion was a disgrace, and he actually promised, on the part of Government, to take steps for finishing it. And, still more remarkably, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS expressed similar sentiments. We cannot account for this lapse into good sense, unless it is that the fire-new aristocracy of WILLIAMS makes him feel for his brother Viscount, NELSON.

The Army and Navy Estimates have been Taken, and therefore if unexpected war should Awaken, England's supremacy will remain Unshaken; in fact, she will put forth the inconceivable might of the Kraken, and fortunate indeed will be the enemy who saves his Bacon.

TEMPERANCE SAVAGES.

THOSE weak notoriety-hunting busybodies who go about the country agitating for the abolition of beer, might have derived some useful information from a lecture delivered the other evening at the United Service Institution, by MR. JOHN CRAUFURD, on "India as connected with a native army." In the course of his remarks, MR. CRAUFURD stated that—

"Most of the high caste Sepoys are very soldier-like, being taller than the English generally, and well conducted in the ranks. They possess also the excellent qualities of frugality and abstinence, no Hindoo being ever seen drunk; yet, notwithstanding their admirable appearance on parade, experience has proved that in fighting they are far inferior to Europeans. . . . One hundred European soldiers he considered to be more than equal to 400 Sepoys, whilst the cost of the former was only double that of the latter, so that in a financial point of view there would be a decided saving in supplanting native troops by Europeans."

The teetotalism of the Sepoys, whether Hindoos or Mahometans, has not exactly borne that sort of fruit which, we have been so confidently assured, is grown upon water. Crime, in the Bengal army at least, has not been caused by the use of fermented liquors. Let the Pumps of total abstinence reconcile the Indian Mutiny and massacres with the figures and statistics with which they pester us. Their jugs may hold water, but their theories will not. We might hope that their spouting on behalf of the enactment of a Maine Law would now cease, if we were not too well aware of their uncontrollable propensity to pour forth streams of diluted and insignificant eloquence. This, perhaps, is the way in which Nature prompts these poor creatures to relieve themselves of water on the brain.

GERMAN MANNERS.—"Here, Kellner, bring me a toothpick!" To the Englishman's astonishment, the waiter handed him a fork.

"BLESS US AND SAVE US!"

THERE were a good many rich things said as well as eaten at the great Easter Monday banquet at the Mansion House; but perhaps the richest of remarks which were made on that occasion was that which fell in these words from the lips of the Chief Magistrate himself:—

"There might be differences of opinion as to the form of our Government, but for his own part, it had always been his prayer, as it was now his pride, that when he became the head of the City of London, he might have the honour of entertaining the EARL OF DERBY as Prime Minister of England. (*Cheers and a laugh.*) He was most thankful that his prayer had been answered, for he most sincerely believed that the Conservatives would save the country."

LORD DERBY'S visits to the Mansion House, in the office coat of Premier, have been so angelically few and far between, that an Alderman must have the strongest faith in his vitality to expect to live to be LORD MAYOR on such occasion. We think if SIR R. CARDEN had been a betting man, and had backed himself a few years since to do what he had prayed to do, he might have easily commanded almost any odds against the ever happening of the "double event."

The LORD MAYOR'S creed that the Conservatives will save the country is a belief that we cannot quite consent to pin our faith to; inasmuch as we have no clear comprehension what it means. Of what are we in danger that LORD DERBY is to save us from? Is it a dark hint at the chance of a French rupture with which the LORD MAYOR CARDEN thinks he may old-bogy-fy us. His Lordship surely cannot mean to trump up that stale Gallic Cock and John Bull story. If the Conservatives proved saving in an economic point of view, and saved the country from all needless waste of money in its Government, we should be as thankful as his Mayorship to see them keep in office. But when told in this vague way that the Derbyanddisraelites will "save the country," without at the same time its being said in what, we are tempted to regard the saving as a myth; and without intending the least shade of disrespect, to count these mythic saviours with the legendary geese which are fabled to have worked the saving of a Capitol.

A Kingly Prediction.

"LIBERTY (says KING FERDINAND OF NAPLES in one of his letters,) is fatal to the Bourbons."

Now, BOMBA is a Bourbon, and a Bourbon of the very worst Bourbonesque class; and if BOMBA does not take care, Liberty will one of these days be fatal to him. It may be this very fear, that makes BOMBA keep Liberty out of his kingdom as much as possible.

MOTTO FOR THE MINISTRY.

"SUFFERANCE is the badge of all our tribe." (*To be quoted by the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER).

THE PATENT EAR PROTECTOR,

AND ANTI ORGAN-NUISANCE.

WE have much pleasure in inviting the attention of those numerous readers of ours, who labour under the intolerable irritation and distraction occasioned by the Italian organ-grinders, to an instrument which has been invented for the purpose of protection against the annoyance inflicted by those tormentors. It consists of an arched band or strip of wood about an inch broad, in form resembling the letter ∩ inverted, having, just above either of its extremities, on each side, a perforation, through which passes a wooden screw, headed at its inner end with an ivory knob. The instrument is made to be worn over the crown of the head; and the two screws correspond to the two ears, and their respective knobs to the external auditory opening of each ear. The moment an organ-grinder begins to play, the apparatus is clapped on, when the screws, being turned, close the external *meatus* with any degree of tightness that may be desired, and effectually exclude all sound whatever, "*Keemo Kimo*," "*Bobbing Around*," and the "*Hundredth Psalm*" inclusive.

This instrument may also be recommended to the Paterfamilias whose children are addicted to squalling, or whose wife is troubled with an habitual cough, or is prone to anger, and obstreperous. To any such gentleman it will prove an invaluable blessing, calculated, if anything can, to make home happy.

Another remedy against organ-grinding has been communicated to us by a friend. This is of the nature of an antidote. It lies in the counter-demonstration made against the music in the street by a Skye terrier in our friend's possession, who, as soon as the Italian commences grinding, begins to howl. He thus drowns the worse discord with the more tolerable noise, and overpowers the greater evil with the less; but with an evil so much the less, that his master regards him as an invaluable treasure, and would take no money for him, although he has lost his teeth, and much of his coat, and is infested with fleas, which cause him to scratch himself from morning to night.

MONUMENTAL NOMENCLATURE.

SIR W. FRASER, in the House of Commons, asked LORD JOHN MANNERS whether there was any objection to the bridge about to be erected over the Thames next above Waterloo-bridge being called Sebastopol-bridge. There is one—in addition to the objections which LORD JOHN mentioned. A siege or a battle is a horrible necessity imposed upon us by our enemies. They oblige us to take the trouble and accept the danger of destroying their strongholds and themselves: a glorious work for our soldiers and sailors because it is dangerous, and to ourselves because it is expensive. Battles and sieges are wholesale executions; but the personal risk to which the combatants are exposed makes some difference between those on the wrong side and brigands, and a vast difference between those on the right side and hangmen. Glory to our heroes for their courage and self-sacrifice; glory to the tax-payer: glory for ever; but otherwise no glory! If we wish to perpetuate the memory of our victories, which may be desirable for the admonition of our enemies, let us give the names which they are called by to our gaols. Had the time not gone by, and had Newgate now to be rebuilt, it might be well enough, perhaps, to change the name of Newgate to that of Sebastopol Prison.

SHALL THE HUDSONS HAVE A STATUE?

THE name of HUDSON is destined to live in British history. There is GEORGE HUDSON, once Railway King, and now "a dim, discrowned monarch"—a Mammon mulcted of his money-bags—a Calf upset from its pedestal, with the gold plating rudely torn off, and the worshippers wanting. Then there is the once famous HUDSON—the "hurried HUDSON" of his day—the QUEEN'S messenger, who travelled to Rome like a flash of lightning, and was back, with SIR ROBERT PEEL at his heels, ere one could say, "it lightens." And now turns up another, and a still more impetuous HUDSON—SIR JAMES, our Minister at Turin—as dexterous in "making things pleasant" as the ex-Railway King; as quick in getting over business as the QUEEN'S Messenger in getting over ground: so "hurried" a HUDSON, indeed, that he has not even time to read his despatches before signing them; and whose words, if not his deeds, are written in the "Correspondence on the case of the *Cagliari*," just published. If the memory of GEORGE HUDSON is for ever linked with that of the steam-engine, that of JAMES is not less closely connected with the name of its inventor—WATT.

BRANDY IN A BAD WAY.

COMMERCIAL intelligence from Paris states that "Brandies give no sign of life." If that is the case, Brandy appears to be in danger of losing the title of *Eau de Vie*.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

(THE TWO ARMIES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.)

"MARSHAL VAILLANT, how many men can you bring into the field within two months?" asked LOUIS NAPOLEON. "Seven Hundred Thousand," was the Marshal's reply.

As a noble parallel to the above, we are proud to have it in our power to quote the following:—"In the event of an invasion, my good Cousin," inquired the QUEEN of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, "how many men, do you think, I could safely reckon upon?"—"The Entire Kingdom, your beloved Majesty!" was the Commander-in-Chief's inspired reply; and saying so, you should have seen the Prince: he looked like a second St. George about to slay the Dragon.

WANTED—A FEW SMART YOUNG MEN,

Of distinguished *tournure*, and agreeable manners, from the Ages of 18 to 32, inclusive,

AS PARTNERS TO JOIN IN "LA DANSE."

They must have a recommendation from their last *Soirée* and command a ready flow of all the most charming common places of

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Apply any evening, when company is invited, at any of the *Grandes Maisons* in the Chaussée D'Antin, or the Faubourg St. Germain.

☞ *A handsome supper, and all expenses paid, including an embroidered shirt from one of the most illustrious Chemisiers.*

FROM private and public sources, we are informed that in Paris there is no more dancing, excepting *la danse* is *sur un volcan*, on the part of one LOUIS NAPOLEON. However, we are alluding, not to political, but to social dancing. Young France has grown, either so very intellectual, or so extremely melancholy, that he will no longer lend his legs to the fatiguing graces of the Terpsichorean art. Many a quadrille has to stand still for the want of partners to complete the set. All the Lancers now in Society are exclusively female Lancers. Not a *jeune Monsieur* can be persuaded to enlist in the saltatory corps. All the young swells of the French capital seemingly belong to the famous Tenth, of English renown, which, as the old anecdote informs us, prided itself on never dancing. BYRON would be delighted to witness the example of such refined fastidiousness, set by the most elegant of Parisian purists resolutely refusing to take a hand—or a waist, rather—in the mazes of the giddy waltz. The only male dancing to be seen in France, at present, is in a ballet. Perhaps, it is the sorry exhibition that a man generally makes in such entertainments that has deterred the young men from putting themselves in a like ridiculous position. The belief has apparently got possession of the principal *salons*, that a man never looks less *spirituel* than when he is twisting his body into curious shapes at the bidding of a piano-forte, assisted by a harp and a cornet-à-piston. The consequence is, old Mammas are ready to tear their false locks with vexation over the cruel desertion of their daughters—and the poor daughters look demure, and study their disconsolate features in the looking-glass floors, over which no one invites them to trip (and frequently fall, in consequence of their slippery polish) on "the light fantastic toe." In bitter truth, the toe has grown so exceedingly "fantastic," that it declines to dance at all. So great has the difficulty become of procuring partners at any sacrifice, that it is not unusual to see written at the bottom of the porcelain invitation cards, the following cautious intimation:—*On Dansera—si on peut.*

On many occasions, the givers of evening parties, and the maternal proprietors of many daughters, have been reduced to the most distressing dilemmas, more than sufficient from their agonising nature to *fendre le cœur* of a spring cabbage. We have heard of an instance, where the neglected young ladies, sooner than remain in the position of wallflowers any longer, have rushed home prematurely early in a bunch, ready, in their rage, to sting any one that came across their path, like a bunch of nettles.

There was another occasion, when the *belles* of the evening, tired of dancing with each other, sent up a petition to the leader of the band (a fascinating JULLIEN in his way) to join them. The Orpheus of the *soirée* stept from his pedestal, and selected a perfumed few of his instruments to follow him. The Flute (an elegant *jeune Premier* out of engagement at one of the *banlieue* theatres) gave his hand to a Marquise of the Faubourg St. Germain—the Piccolo (a fine young *blond* of 22) had the honour of dividing the pleasure of a most palpitating polka with one of the prettiest specimens of the Court of EUGENIE. At last, the great illustrations of the Bayard-like (or, in this instance, Boyard-like) gallantry of France was scandalised at this sacrilegious act of female preference, and, driving the musicians back to their music-stands, took their places.

All this is very sad, and should the repugnance continue to take up its abode in the breasts of the male moiety of the *beau monde*, it is as clear as one of FÉLIX's jellies, that there must soon be an end to all balls in Paris. They will die of inanition, from the mere want of dancers to keep them alive. Poor VESTRIS! How he would have been mortified to contemplate this *décadence* of his favourite art—and in a country, too, where the art used to be worshipped with the greatest frenzy, where *la Danse* (of which he was the self-crowned *Dieu*) was followed up at one time with a degree of fanaticism that elevated the pleasure into a high *culte* such as the Dancing Dervishes themselves would have been proud of. It implies something very "rotten in the state of" the Gallic Empire, *quand on ne danse plus*. We look upon the Fall and Decline of the Quadrille in France as one of the most dangerous signs of the times, and we implore LOUIS NAPOLEON, as he values the safety of Europe, to look seriously to it. He may be sure that when Frenchmen are not dancing, they are conspiring. It is when the legs of France are idle, that the head is most in a ferment. The peace of the Continent (it is a most humiliating confession) is locked up to a great extent in a French fiddle-case.

In the meantime, a Comtesse of the new Imperial *réyime* intends, with the harmonious desire of putting things on a more peaceful footing, to institute a series of prizes and *récompenses honnêtes* to each cavalier, every time he condescends to dance. We hope to be in a position to publish an interesting account of the First Distribution of these Prizes next week. *Communiqué.**

* By the obliging Correspondent of the *Zéphyr des Portières.*

A SPECIMEN OF MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF DIPLOMATIC DEFINITIONS.

PASSPORT. A contrivance to prevent ports from being passed.

CONSUL. An officer expressly forbid to offer consolation to British subjects in trouble.

CHANCERY (OF A LEGATION). That part of the office into which when once papers get, nothing ever comes of them.

AMBASSADOR. Should be written *Em*bassador, *quasi*, "*en bas-odeur*,"—from the French *en bas*, "below"—one who is below—either the demands of his office, or the dignity of the nation he represents. The essence of the embassadorial mission, etymologically as well as practically, is therefore, *sub*mission.

DIPLOMACY. From the Greek δίπλος, meaning double; the science of duplicity.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. The very poorest relations, to judge by recently published correspondence, that ever disgraced the family of nations.

PROTOCOL. From the Greek πρῶτος, first, and κόλλος, glue. The most superficial cement by which nations can be held together.

Moral on the Marble Arch.

"X. Y. Z." informs the nation in the *Times* that, the other morning he observed the dial of a clock, stuck, experimentally and for approval as he supposes, on the face of the Marble Arch. This exhibition of peculiar taste is not, perhaps, quite unaccountable. LORD JOHN MANNERS, penetrated by an apprehension of the short duration of the Cabinet, may have meant, by sticking up a clock in a place where it would look so conspicuously ill, to express his strong sense of the value of Time.

Maintenant Donc.

We've got a great artist, a lady named TITIENS,
Whose praises we'd sing, but her name will not rhyme.
Stuff! HORACE reminds you, with "*Tantalus sitiens*,"
We've Thirsted for music like hers a long time.

A Constitutional Maxim.

(BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.)

YOU must travel through a despotic country so as fully to understand what the inappreciable luxury of liberty means; in the same way, as, in order to appreciate the real blessing of health, there is nothing like walking through a hospital!

OLD MR. B. HAS FOUND OUT THAT THE OIL OF RHODIUM SYSTEM IS ALL NONSENSE, AND HAS BEEN INITIATED BY MR. RAREY. WHENEVER HE GETS SPILT, AND LOSES HIS HAT (AS HE DID THE VERY LAST DAY OF THE SEASON), HE JUST SAYS TO HIS HORSE, "FETCH IT, OLD BOY!" AND THE THING IS DONE!

THE LATEST TURN OF SCIENCE.

OUR Yankee cousins have been inventing a mechanical curl-paper. It seems that the heads of all American ladies are full of this new invention, which consists of a metal tube with an elastic band to fasten it. With the aid of this simple piece of machinery, a New York beauty is enabled to come down to breakfast with her ringlets as systematically arranged as a sheet of pins. Every curl, every hair is as evenly, as regularly in its place as though a mathematical steam-engine had been the *coiffeur* that had assisted at the *toilette*. This is a great improvement, effecting not only a great saving of time, but ensuring also a large addition of tidiness, without which beauty might as well be disfigured by the small-pox. We should like to see a patent taken out for another piece of mechanical ingenuity; and that is, for some extraordinary machine that would enable ladies to put their bonnets on in less than five minutes. The want of some such female-assistant was severely felt at Lucknow, where SIR COLIN CAMPBELL had to wait, until the ladies were properly equipped, before they could leave the citadel with flying colours. Fancy the march of a victorious general being stopped by a few ladies' bonnets! A barricade of band-boxes is a new impediment to the progress of a conquering CÆSAR! However, if science can turn out any mechanical expedient that will have the chance of achieving the above difficulty in less than the time usually consumed in front of the looking-glass before the proper touch of female perfection is attained—say, thirty minutes—we are positive that the invention would meet with the ready patronage of every husband, rich or poor, in the United Kingdom. Ladies, also, would derive no small advantage from its general adoption, as their husbands, delighted at being detained only half an hour, instead of the customary indefinite period of "five minutes," would be beaming with good humour, and consequently would be all the more inclined to open their purse-strings whenever they accompanied their wives out shopping.

THE TEST OF VULGARITY.—The man who would *encore* a song is fully capable of sending up his plate twice for soup.—*Jeames.*

A LIKELY JOKE.

THE following advertisement has appeared in the *Times* more than once:—

SHOULD THIS ADVERTISEMENT MEET the EYE of the GENTLEMAN who was riding in a BROUGHAM, with a gray horse, coachman wearing a drab coat, and who KNOCKED DOWN an OLD WOMAN at the corner of Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, on the morning of Monday, the 29th March, he is requested to SEND his ADDRESS to Mr. Roland, Chemist, Tottenham Court Road.

This is an invitation which would probably be published many times without obtaining any response. The gentleman appealed to might feel disinclined to place himself in a position of liability for the unknown consequences of his coachman's fault or misfortune in knocking an old woman down—though the mere wording of the advertisement accuses the gentleman of having knocked her down himself, in which case he would naturally feel still less disposed to afford the required information. Suppose, however, the accusation to relate to the coachman; still the gentleman might entertain an insuperable objection to letting himself in for an action, likely to be contemplated by some acute solicitor. He might be wholly unwilling to trust himself in the hands of a British jury of the common kind, well aware that the verdict of a common British jury, in a case wherein a poor person sues somebody better off, is generally less remarkable for strict justice between the parties than for a benevolent sympathy with the plaintiff.

The advertiser should have stated the damage done to the poor old woman, and named her place of abode, in order that the gentleman might send her compensation if he thought proper, as he might think, supposing her to have been injured by his servant. Then the advertisement might perhaps have received an answer, and the old woman a bank-note.

BITTER IRONY FOR THE SHIPPING INTEREST.

ACCORDING to the statement of LORD CLARENCE PAGET in his speech on the subject of lighthouses, the light dues of the United Kingdom are a vast deal too heavy.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 24, 1858.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *April* 19. His Grace the *Duke of Norfolk*, in SHAKSPEARE'S meritorious play of *Richard II.*, is described as—

> "Turning from his country's Light,
> To dwell in solemn shades of endless night."

It is to be regretted that the present representative of the name does the same thing, and instead of looking at matters by the light of good English sense, shuts himself up in a Popish atmosphere which very considerably spoils his eyesight. Else, he would not have given way to terrors lest the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund should misuse that noble fund raised for the benefit of the British soldiery. His Grace, either prompted by his own pious fears for his faith, or instructed by some of its priests, intimates that the Commissioners want to proselytise. The answer was perfectly complete, and the charge can only be excused on the ground that it is most natural that a Roman Catholic should dread any attempt to impart real instruction to members of his church.

Behold, to-night came the Budget, even the Budget of BENJAMIN, the son of ISAAC, of the House of ISRAELI, and it was in this wise :—

Air.

(MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.)

I dare not touch the Income Tax,
It now must fall from Seven to Five,
Nor on the people's laden backs
Add weight, nor in their purses dive:
And yet resources must be found,
To raise, this year, four million pound.

Methinks I see a skilful plan,
Old birds are sometimes caught with chaff;
I spy a mode by which I can
Procure a million and a half.
This to the Sinking Fund is owed;
Keep it; the Sinking Fund be blowed.

A noble thought; my bosom swells.
Let 's do more business in that way;
A gallant gentleman rebels
At paying debts; base slaves may pay.
On the Exchequer Bonds we 've Two
Millions to pay—we 'll leave them due.

Does whiskey-swilling Paddy think
Longer his grog half-taxed shall flow?
We 'll equalise upon his drink
The duties, now a cup too low.
FAGAN avourneen! BRINE astore!
This gives me half a million more.

It were enough, I 'm not the chap
With needless grasp your souls to vex,
But for a margin, let me clap
A penny tax on bankers' cheques:
My friend TOM BARING says 'twill show
Three hundred thousand pounds, or so.

My task is done, the plan I 've brought
Can scarce excite the least demur:
Surely I 've ventilated nought
To hasten our expulsion, Sir.
No windier Budget will you find
Since great ULYSSES bagged the wind.

It would have been worse than cruelty to fire a shot at such a bubble. Three ex-Chancellors, LEWIS, GLADSTONE, and BARING, indulgently applauded it, and except that an Irish member or two growled mechanically at any mention of Ireland paying anything, there was no opposition. LORD JOHN RUSSELL complimented his interesting *protégé* on having acquitted himself so well.

MR. DISRAELI having done the Money Trick, next reverted to the Indian Sceptre exercise, and laid on the table fourteen Resolutions on the India question, on which he proposes to take the opinion of the House. They chiefly differ from the Government Bill in the mention of that exceedingly amusing device by which gentlemen of Indian experience were to be discovered and elected by five large English Cities. On the second performance of a farce, a discreet stage-manager cuts any clap-trap that has missed fire. The Government Bill itself is thrown over, whereat there hath been furious brandishing of an Elephantine trunk.

Tuesday. The great Organ Nuisance came before their Lordships, LORD WESTMEATH presenting a petition on the subject signed by 400 householders of Belgravia and Pimlico. LORD DUNGANNON affected to sneer at a complaint about "trifles." The calibre of this Puseyistic Lord's intellect may be gauged by his speech on the following Friday, when he proclaimed his conviction that a clergyman who was poor could have little influence with his flock. Yet the Puseyites claim for their priests a direct succession from the Apostles, pastors who were rather looked up to, though sacred history omits to mention where PAUL'S Palace was, and even states that he lived in a "hired house," and though we imagine that BARNABAS would have been a good deal astonished at the splendour of his temple in Pimlico.

Great fun in the Commons. Cox the Attorney got up a lot of names and dates which his copying clerk had taken out of PINNOCK'S *Catechism of English History*, and brought them forward in support of a motion to abolish the Septennial Act and have Triangular Parliaments. HADFIELD, the other attorney, seconded him. Of course MR. WALPOLE, who happens to have been educated, tumbled the "gents" over and over, but they would have a division, which gave 254 to 57 against them. *Mr. Punch* ought to mention that HADFIELD, like a rude old dissenting country attorney, heaped epithets of abuse on the late SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, although he was an ancestor of the SECRETARY OF STATE. In the good days, the latter would have pinked HADFIELD behind the British Museum next morning, or sent a black footman to wop him, but MR. WALPOLE only laughed.

On a discussion about Indian Railways, the impenitent MANGLES declared that it had taken two Bills and fourteen resolutions to kill the India Company, and he did not believe its extinction was near, even yet. It is true that the patience of JOB is sometimes exhibited by the Party who tormented him, but that Party gets his own given him at last.

MR. WALPOLE materially improved the chance of doing justice in Galway by carrying an "instruction" to insert the Bribers as well as the Bribed in the list of folks to be disfranchised. But why are not the former to be prosecuted?

Wednesday. The Church Rate question made some progress, and MR. BRIGHT says that the House could, had it divided, have carried the Abolition of the Rate by a majority of 70, against Government and the two Lords, PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, who brought up their contingents to the rescue. But MR. DISRAELI wants the matter to stand over until the Government can settle it, a date supposed to be remote.

Thursday. Into the House of Lords came the doomed Jew Bill, led by the venerable LYNDHURST. Feudal treachery was displayed *in excelsis*, for the measure was actually read a second time, though an amendment to kill it in Committee is lying on the table, hid under LORD DERBY'S pocket-handkerchief.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, Attorney-General, announced that M. BERNARD having been acquitted of the attempt to murder the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, it was not intended to proceed against him on the minor charge. The law-officer of the late Government taunted his successor with his clumsiness in indicting a man on a capital charge which it was clear could not be maintained, whereas the late officials would only have gone in for conspiracy, and would most likely have bagged BERNARD. But all this is bosh. The Tories maintained that our law was sufficient in such cases, and they turned out PALMERSTON on that very point; and therefore, in mere logic, they were bound to hang BERNARD if they could, as that gentleman himself must admit.

Certain Irish priests allege that there is much destitution in Donegal, and inquiry is prayed. But as everything Irish is a matter of party, there was a faction fight on the subject. MR. MAGUIRE (whom, for his laudation of Rome, the inimitable and implacable wit who writes from Paris to the *Globe* the sharpest things, except *Mr. Punch's*, that are embalmed in rags and lampblack—*prout cuique libido est*—calls Maguirotto, after an Italian *laudator* of the same order) asserts that these poor Donegalians are eating sea-weed, having nothing else to eat. Civilisation works remarkably well, and you can get a most beautiful dinner at the Albion, or the London Tavern, for a guinea a head or so; but there seems some little inequality in our social arrangements, when one of Heaven's creatures dines off clear turtle, lamprey *au vin de Bourdeaux*, *vol au vent des huitres*, *boudins de volaille à la Bechamelle*, duckling, prawns, punch jelly, *Charlotte à la Bohémienne*, St. Clair pudding, dessert, five delicious wines, *liqueur*, and coffee, *chez* STAPLES, while the other dines off a bundle of bitter sea-

weed, *chez* NEPTUNE. But no doubt a bishop can explain to us that it is all right.

Friday. The BISHOP OF EXETER made an eloquent appeal upon the want of church accommodation for the people. He says that to seat only 58 per cent. of the inhabitants of London, we want 670,000 new sittings. And his Lordship, upon whom, in his advanced age (as with LORD LYNDHURST), descend gleams of real liberality, denounced the Pew system, and declared it illegal. This is indeed an Exeter Change.

Ministers, taunted with having abused LORD CANNING, declared that they had abused him hypothetically, and, as they now think the hypothesis untenable, the abuse evaporates. As "Oude is pacified" (or was, on the 21st ult.), the Government has written to tell CANNING to be merciful. We hope he will not interpret this into a hint to retract SIR COLIN'S bid of 50,000 rupees for the head of NANA SAHIB, which, indeed, we may hope has already been knocked down, or knocked off, to the gallant Highland Chief.

There was going to be a great demonstration against the Penny Stamp on Cheques, alluded to in the above exquisite poem. But, as it seemed to be nobody's business to begin, MR. DISRAELI quietly got the resolution passed, and left its intended opponents staring like members of the porcine race when the death-stab has been inflicted.

TEA-POT AND TEA-KETTLE.

BSTINENCE, or the profession of it, does not prevent the avoider, real or pretended, of strong drink, from indulging in very strong language. MR. GOUGH, the Temperance orator, applied to the Court of Queen's Bench the other day, for a criminal information against one DR. LEES, another teetotal agitator, for having falsely accused him, in writing, of intoxicating himself with opium, having called him a "rank hypocrite," and "as wicked a man as breathed in the QUEEN'S dominions," and having said, in allusion to him, that the "marks of the beast could not be so easily eradicated."

MR. GOUGH belongs to the "National Temperance League," which limits its impertinence to moral suasion, whilst DR. LEES is the champion of a rival society called "The Alliance," which attempts to constitute itself a greater nuisance than the other, by trying to get a Maine law introduced into this country. The Court refused MR. GOUGH'S application—naturally thinking that a charge of libel, brought by one teetotaller against another for having accused him of drunkenness, was too ridiculous to be entertained. The high Court of Queen's Bench is not the tribunal to adjudicate on a trumpery affair like that. A matter so small and petty would properly constitute a police-case—the defendant being had up on the charge of having been sober and abusive, unless it could be proved that he had, in fact, been drunk and abusive; and, whether in the former case or the latter, the demands of justice would be satisfied by fining the man 5*s*.

THE REV. LOLA MONTES.

AMONG the recent American news there is a statement that—

"LOLA MONTES gave, as a lecture at Hope Chapel, New York, a portion of her Autobiography. The audience nearly filled the chapel."

Have our kinsmen the Americans no sense, or a very strong sense, of oddity and incongruity? When they rush to a chapel to hear LOLA MONTES, is it because the notion of LOLA MONTES in the pulpit strikes them as being particularly odd, or because they see nothing particular in it, and simply want to hear her? We are not informed whether the experiences which LOLA related were of a spiritual or a general nature; that they were of the former kind, we believe does not follow from the fact that they were delivered in a Yankee chapel. JONATHAN appears to have little notion of what we call a sacred edifice; and LOLA'S discourse is as likely to have been comic as serious. No doubt, however, it was instructive enough in its way; more so, perhaps, than the customary sermon of the REV. ELIHU SNUFFLES; and let us hope that the congregation that sat under LOLA MONTES were edified.

Absit Omen.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has built himself a house in Paris, on the model of the House of DIOMEDE, in Pompeii. When does he expect the lava from the Mountain?

THE BLOCKADE OF THE BANDBOXES.

WE learn through the *Times* that brave SIR COLIN CAMPBELL has had his gallantry put most severely to the test. The ladies whom he left at Agra with their luggage, have made a very formidable trial of his fortitude. Encamped behind their bandboxes, their dislodgment was most difficult. SIR COLIN'S boldest Highlanders flinched to face the petticoats. The entire British Army was, in fact, kept in check by them. This is what the *Times* says of the Battle of the Bonnets:—

"The Agra convoy came in to Cawnpore to-day, and thus one great cause of anxiety has been removed from the mind of the chief. These ladies and their little ones have been a most embarrassing ingredient in his calculations. At Lucknow he was in a fever at the various small delays which they considered necessary, and, courteous as he is to women, he for once was obliged to be 'a little stern' when he found the dear creatures a little unreasonable. In order to make a proper effect, most of the ladies came out in their best gowns and bonnets. SIR COLIN got fidgety when he found himself made a *maître d'étiquette* and an *arbiter morum* among piles of bandboxes, 'best bonnets,' and 'these few little clothes trunks;' but he sustained his position with unflinching fortitude, till at length, when he thought he had 'seen the last of them' out of the place, two young ladies came trippingly in, whisked about the Residency for a short time, and then, with nods and smiles, departed, saying graciously, 'We'll be back again presently.' 'No, ladies, no; you'll be good enough to do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed he; 'you have been here quite long enough I am sure, and I have had quite enough trouble in getting you out of it.' The Agra ladies ought to have been ready long ago. They were warned over and over again, but—Well, it 's the old story. It is rather a joke—too common to be appreciated—to keep a husband waiting while 'one is putting on one's bonnet,' but when the cares of the toilette prove an obstacle which an army cannot overcome, which frustrate strategic combinations, delay great sieges, and affect the fortunes of a whole campaign, it is sufficient to make generals, at all events, wish that good Mother EVE'S earlier style was now in fashion among her daughters."

Waiting for these Agra ladies was really Agra-waiting; and we can't wonder at SIR COLIN getting out of temper at it. As HANNIBAL used vinegar in getting through the Alps, so, in cutting out his way through these mountains of luggage, SIR COLIN was obliged to try a little sourness. Bandboxes are quite a new *matériel* in warfare, and it would puzzle any general to know what best to do with such *impedimenta*. Our troops might have been led to several more victories, had not the toilettes of these ladies in (Agra)waiting stopped the way.

We should expect to be called a wretch for our barbarity, if we hinted that in future, on any such occasion, it would really almost serve such ladies right not to wait for them. Surrounded by their baggage, they might be left in perfect safety till the army came that way again. An Englishwoman's crinoline may now be deemed her castle. Were a row of good stiff petticoats thrown up by way of outworks, the position of the ladies would be rendered quite impregnable. Except by actual bombardment, no enemy could force it; and the heaviest of battering-trains would almost be out-metalled.

STRAIGHTFORWARD DIPLOMACY.

WALEWSKI *to* MALMESBURY.

(*Translated.*)

Now what do you say to the integrity of your British Jury? They have acquitted BERNARD, although the evidence proved, as plain as a pikestaff, that he forwarded ORSINI his bombs, procured the materials of his fulminating powder, probably made it, and hired RUDIO to serve him. What have you got to say to that?

MALMESBURY *to* WALEWSKI.

The Jury were bound to give BERNARD the benefit of any doubt. They had some little doubt whether he meant to abet the murder of anybody in particular. They conceived it possible that he thought the bombs were wanted for general insurrectionary purposes.

WALEWSKI *to* MALMESBURY.

But they knew that he was a conspirator; and a dangerous fellow; that he meant mischief of some sort; that ten to one he did know very well that ORSINI meant to kill the EMPEROR: that, at any rate, he deserved to be hanged, whether the indictment against him could be precisely proved, or not. They ought to have found him guilty without standing on a point which was nice and doubtful, and did not much signify.

MALMESBURY *to* WALEWSKI.

We don't do things in that kind of way in this country.

The Purification of Misfortune.

A REFINED SIMILE, BY MR. BRAIDWOOD, OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

A GRAND Disaster often has the effect of eliciting that which is truly valuable out of a man. It is like a "fearful conflagration," at which the only thing picked out of the ruins are the solid lumps of gold.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

FINANCIER DISRAELI proposes an act of common justice towards Ireland, and of course the Irish members all oppose his proposition. Clamorous as they have long been for the article, they will never accept justice when not given at their dictation. As well in Parliament as out of it they have long been crying out that the Irish and the English ought to stand on the same footing, and that every distinction between them should be levelled. Yet as soon as any move is made in this direction, they view it as an insult and oppose the motion.

MR. DISRAELI proposes to equalise the spirit duties, and to do away with the difference of twenty pence per gallon which exists at present between England and her sister. As the difference implies that the English are the richer, and can therefore afford to have their pockets deeper dipped in, sure every Irishman of spirit must feel that his let off is a purse-onal affront, and regard his lighter duty with his heaviest indignation. Descended from the kings, and with the rich blood of royalty still flowing in his veins, is it not an outrage to twit him with his poverty, and keep up this distinction between him and the Saxon? We are satisfied this feeling must have long been rankling in the Irish breast, and it accounts in a great measure for the wrathful ebullitions which have thence proceeded. How can any son of Ecin feel himself identified as equal of the Saxon, while there exists this distinction at the Custom-house between them? If property has its rights it also has its duties, and he may surely claim for his an equality of both. We feel certain it must tend to elevate the Irish, if we raise them to the same spirit level with ourselves. High-spirited as they are now, and always have been, with the twenty pence laid on their spirits would be higher: and their unanimity with us would to a certainty be cordial.

THE MINISTER AND THE MAYOR.

SCENE—*A Room in St. James's Square. An* EARL *at breakfast. Enter to him* LORD MAYOR CARDAMUMS, *bowing ecstatically.*

Mayor. O, my Lord, my Lord! That I should ever have the honour of being invited to your Lordship's serene and august breakfast-table is an event—

Earl. Which hasn't happened yet, MR. MAYOR. I sent for you to speak to you.

Mayor. That your Lordship should pay me the compliment of consulting me upon any subject is—

Earl. Another of the improbable events, MR. MAYOR. Be so good as to listen to me.

Mayor. Who can help listening to your Lordship, when your Lordship condescends to emit the eloquent language which falls from your Lordship's lips like honey.

Earl. More like whacks, sometimes, MR. MAYOR, as you'll feel.

[MAYOR *falls on the floor in an agony of laughter.*

When you have quite done playing the acrobat, CARDAMUMS, be obliging enough to attend to what I say. (*The* MAYOR *resumes his vertical posture*). That banquet of yours at the what d'ye call it—Munching House—(*the* MAYOR *evinces symptoms of intention to tumble down again, but is kept up by a warning gesture,*) well, how came you to make such an awful goose of yourself upon that occasion?

Mayor. In the presence of your Lordship's intellect, most men must seem geese. But I was not aware that I had been a—

Earl. Been a greater goose than usual. Well, I don't know that you were. I don't know that I am prepared to lay that to your charge. When I have time to look at the police reports, I generally notice some specimen of your wisdom which prevents my saying that. But, Sir, you ought to keep your foolishness for the Aldermen, and the culprits at your bar, and not intrude it when your betters are present.

Mayor (*astounded*). My dear Lord, if ever there was anything on which I piqued myself—O, my Lord, if there was anything that ever was my earnest Prayer—

Earl. Confound you, Sir, how dare you have any earnest prayers; or at least how dare you mix up my name in them, and without asking whether it would be agreeable to me? That was just what you said at your abominable dinner. You had prayed all your life that I might come and dine with you, and your one petition had been fulfilled. I expected next that you 'd be telling HARKER to cry, "Gentlemen, pray Silence for the Doxology." Don't you know that such things are devilish profane, and likewise very bad manners.

Mayor. My Lord, you strike me all of a heap.

Earl. Uriah Heep, Sir, I fancy. His humbug is a little in your line. Well, I sent for you to tell you that I was very much dissatisfied with your ridiculous behaviour. We expect a Mayor to be an ass—what are you grinning at, Sir?

Mayor (*with humble mirth*). Your Lordship is so witty. A mare to be an ass! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Earl. Do you think I meant a threadbare old pun like that, CARDAMUMS? What a dreadful old pump you are (*softening*). It is impossible to be seriously angry with you, but mind you don't give me cause to blow you up again.

Mayor. O my Lord, I swear—

Earl. More shame for you, CARDAMUMS, and you a chief magistrate. How dare you, Sir? It was only the other day I read that you scolded an unfortunate prisoner because he had not told a lie, and given a false name.

Mayor. If your Lordship pleases—it was a sad case. I told him it would have been more to his credit to have given some other name than his family's.

Earl. Told a lie, I repeat.

Mayor. But, my Lord, consider his Family. His father was a—a Baronet, my Lord.

Earl (*who dates from* 1485). What 's that? Something in the Beadle line, I believe. And I remember you told him that a baronet's son could move in almost the first circles of Society! You 're a rum old bird, CARDAMUMS, that 's a fact. Well, be off with you, and mind what I have said, and if we ever give you another chance of making a fool of yourself, take care how you avail yourself of it. Good bye.

Mayor. My Lord, I umbly thank your goodness, and I have the honour to remain, my Lord, your most obedient and very umble servant—O!

[*Retiring backwards runs against a slim gentleman of Hebraic visage, who enters with a despatch box.*

The Gentleman. I am adverse to the use of unamiable language, but you are an inconceivably awkward megatherium.

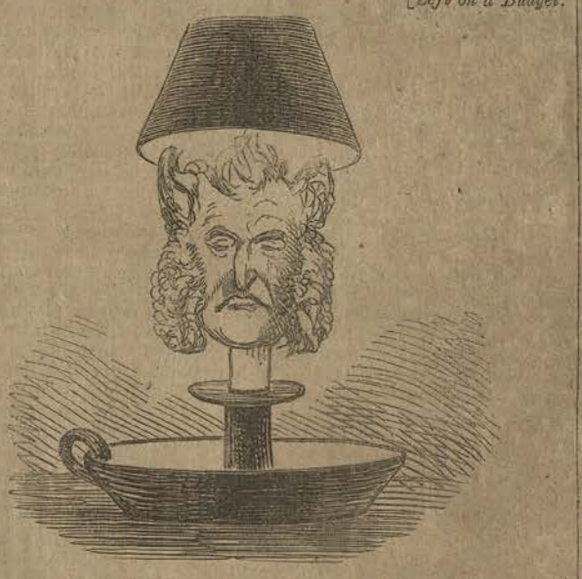
[*Exit* MAYOR, *with a profusion of apologies.*

Is it your shoemaker, my Lord?

Earl. Eh? Didn't you recognise your host of the Mansion House?

The Gentleman. Lord! Do you let such people in here? Well, now, as regards those Exchequer Bonds———

[*Left on a Budget.*



THE BUDGET IN BRIEF.

JOHN BULL *to* B. DISRAELI.

"I'VE sixty-seven millions to pay,
And sixty-three millions to pay it;
'Retrench' is the cry of the day,
And I've come to ask you to essay it."

B. DISRAELI *to* JOHN BULL.

"'Retrench' my dear JOHN? no—not you!
What 's the odds between *meum* and *tuum?*
You 've four millions of bills coming due—
Well, what are bills meant for?—Renew 'em!"

The End of Every Deputation.

To thank the Minister for its very courteous reception.

After that, the Deputation retires, having gained nothing but a few official smiles, and a vague circumlocutory promise to look into the matter.

ITALIAN PERSECUTION. (A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.)

A QUIET STREET IN LONDON. TIME—NIGHT; HALF-PAST TEN.

In a Bed-room a Mother is tending a sick boy, who is suffering from nervous fever. At the door PATERFAMILIAS *is expostulating with an Organ-grinder, who is defying him with extreme insolence, alternated with performances on the instrument of torture.* POLICEMAN (*unseen*) *is in the kitchen considering whether* SUSAN'S *cooking, or* MARY'S *savings' bank-money would be the best investment.*

Pater. Go away, Sir. Be off, Sir. I have told you that there is a sick person here.

Organist. Eh! You sick yourself, I think, old fallah.

["*Poor Dog Tray.*"

Pater. Be off, Sir!

Organist. Want to go to sleep, old boy, eh?

["*Keemo, Kimo.*"

Pater. If you don't go, I'll call the police.

Organist (*grinning*). Pleece, eh! Pleece. I call 'em. Holla! I call 'em for you, old boy, Pleece.

["*Love Not.*"

Pater. By Jove, you scoundrel, I'll serve you out.

Organist. Eh! (*grins.*) You no like music, old fellah! (*whistles at him.*) You no like music? Change for you, then.

["*Polka.*"

Pater. I'll see for an officer, you rascal.

Organist. See for him, old fellah. Why not see for him, eh, old boy?

["*My Mary-Anne.*"

[PATERFAMILIAS *rushes into the street, crying, "Police," and looks down every area but the right one, when, returning in despair, he encounters* Z 3985.

Policeman (*calmly*). What's up, Sir?

Pater. (*hurrying him up to* ORGANIST, *who is now playing "Bobbing all around"*). I have ordered this fellow off a dozen times—this is my house, and there's a sick person in it for whom the doctor prescribes quiet. He won't go. Move him.

Policem. (*to Organist*). Come, move on!

[ORGANIST *pretends not to understand him, and grinds on until the last moment, when the* POLICEMAN *lays hold of his hand. With a vicious glare he then goes to the next door but one, and strikes up "Dog Tray."*

Pater. (*in fury.*) Do you hear that?

[*They follow* ORGANIST, *and he is again stopped.*

THE NEW BUDGET.

"I SAY, JIM! AIN'T IT PRECIOUS 'ARD? WE'VE GOT TO PUT A PENNY STAMP ON EVERY CHEQUE WE DRAWS ON OUR BANKERS!"

Organist (*growling*). I pay you for dis. Plenty of us come and pay you. D— your old eye. I pay you off. (*Grinning.*) Your fine door just paint. I pay you off—(*With other threats and curses.*)

Pater. (*to Officer*). Do your duty, or I'll report you.

Policeman. Give me your card, Sir.

[*Obtaining this, he finally removes the Minstrel, who suddenly begins to blubber, and appeal to the bystanders for mercy to a poor refugee. But Z 3985 is now firm, and the howling brute is driven off.*

British People to Pater, as he returns. Shame! Yah! Tyrant! Aristocrat! D— shame! Won't let a poor fellow live! Yah! Tyrant. Yah!

[*But the poor lad gets a little sleep till the next Organ-beast comes.*

SOLDIER'S FARE AT THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

AT THE Banquet given the other evening by the Members of the United Service Club to the DUKE OF MALAKHOFF a peculiar and characteristic treat was presented to his Excellency. This consisted in a ration of *bouilli à la simple soldat Anglais*, or *bœuf à la mode de l'armée Britannique*. The gallant Duke attacked this *pièce de résistance* with that daring which has won for him his well merited distinction, and which he never fails to manifest when occasion calls it forth. Having, to the delight of the beholders, succeeded in the attempt to eat the ration, his Excellency had the politeness to remark, that the British soldier was tougher than his boiled beef.

THE SERVICE AND THE REWARD.*

DEAR MR. JOHN BULL,

I BEG respectfully to call your attention to a little book with this title, just published. It records the Services and the Reward of ROBERT WILSON ROBERTS, Master, R.N. It is worth your while, I think, to consider the two—one after the other.

First then for

WHAT MR. ROBERTS DID.

He entered the Navy as a 2nd class volunteer in 1831; served, on the African, West Indian, Channel, and Mediterranean Stations: earned the highest praise of every Captain and Admiral he ever served under; was promoted to a mastership in 1846; as Commander of the *Cyclops* in 1854 embarked the 3rd Division, at Gallipoli—6000 men, with horses and baggage—in three days; then, foreseeing what was coming, on his own responsibility, when ADMIRAL BOXER hung back, secured at Constantinople the material necessary to construct pontoons for shipping and unshipping troops; when the order came to embark our Army, then perishing of cholera at Varna, and all was confusion, stepped forward with his plan; undertook to prepare the pontoons in a week; was laughed at, but persevered; prepared them within the time, but at such cost of effort, that five or six of the workmen died of exposure to the sun, and ROBERTS himself, when the work was done, fainted away, and remained insensible for hours.

It was ROBERTS'S labours mainly that enabled us to invade the Crimea at that time. LORD LYONS said so: LORD RAGLAN confirmed it. "ROBERTS did more for us than anybody." MASTER ROBERTS afterwards proceeded to Sebastopol, and in October took part, with the *Cyclops*, in the attack on the Russian batteries. The *Cyclops* was the nearest ship in-shore, and the last out of action.

Now for

WHAT MR. ROBERTS GOT.

Promotions were showered in heaps after the Attack of October. All Lieutenants in command were made Commanders; all Commanders were made Post Captains and C.B.s. ROBERTS alone was passed over. He was a Master. Now, though Masters, by an Order in Council of 1846, are qualified for promotion to Commanderships, "in the event of any particularly distinguished Service," the Admiralty don't like Masters; Masters are a rough lot; Masters are recruited from the merchant-service, and from the class who supply that service; without connections, without private friends to ear-wig a first Lord, or tease or cajole a first Lord's private Secretary. So MASTER ROBERTS remained a Master still.

The disappointment fell heavily upon him. He was ordered to Malta, where his health gave way, partly from hard work, but more from heart-sickness, because the honour he had earned was withheld from him,—because his services were passed over without official recognition or reward.

As he lay on his sick bed in the hospital at Malta, a Member of Parliament who knew what his services had been, asked in the House of Commons whether he had received any reward for them.

ADMIRAL BERKELEY, then a Sea Lord of the Admiralty, rose in his place, and said—

"With regard to the case of MR. ROBERTS of the *Cyclops*, he was happy to say THAT THAT GENTLEMAN HAD BEEN PROMOTED, AND HAD RECEIVED FROM THE RIGHT HON. BARONET, THE MEMBER FOR CARLISLE, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS MERIT AND HIS MERIT ONLY, ONE OF THE BEST SITUATIONS WHICH A MASTER WAS CAPABLE OF HOLDING."

And the House cheered, and was delighted to think it had an Admiralty so prompt in recognising even unaristocratic service.

Now, MR. BULL, I am sorry to say that this answer of ADMIRAL BERKELEY'S was what, if you and I were talking together privately, I should describe by a monosyllable of three letters. Will you believe me, MR. BULL, when I tell you that the promotion of which ADMIRAL BERKELEY spoke, had been given in 1846—*Eight years before the service rendered by* MR. ROBERTS *in the Crimea*, and that "the situation" ADMIRAL BERKELEY spoke of, was his appointment to the *Cyclops* by SIR JAMES GRAHAM in 1853? It was in fact, the appointment which enabled him to do the work, not the reward for the work.

ROBERT WILSON ROBERTS was a Master still, sickening to death of hope deferred in Malta Hospital, when this very well-managed answer of ADMIRAL BERKELEY'S was drawing cheers from the House of Commons.

The Admiral at Malta and ROBERTS'S brother officers read the Parliamentary Report of MR. CAYLEY'S question and ADMIRAL BERKELEY'S answer; they came to the sick man's bed-side, and congratulated him. He must have been promoted at last. There were ADMIRAL BERKELEY'S words for it. There, in the paper! The lamp of life flickered up at the news. Hope held death at arm's length for two months. Then came a letter—"ADMIRAL BERKELEY had been misinformed—the Admiralty *had not* promoted him."

The lamp burns low again; the sick man, now a death-stricken man, is invalided home; lands at Haslar, delirious; his warped brain keeps harping always on the subject of his promotion; in his wanderings he is addressing memorials to the Admiralty. "His promotion would cure him," the Doctor says.

His wife tends him affectionately.

His old Commanders are kind. They know his services; they press them at the Admiralty: all to no purpose. Is not ADMIRAL BERKELEY there? Has not ROBERTS got a Member to ask impertinent questions in the House about his promotion?

"We'll teach him to go getting questions asked." Alas! Poor ROBERTS knew nothing of the questions. It was the author of this little book, who had seen ROBERTS' service in the Crimea, that urged his father to the crime of questioning ADMIRAL BERKELEY. At last, papers are moved for in the House, which will show what ROBERTS did in the Crimea, and the opinion of his doings entertained by the heads of both services. This troublesome fellow, whose friends won't be quiet, must be silenced. Make him Master Attendant at Haulbowline. "The work is hard; the pay is 12*s.* a-day: he won't last long; and his friends can't say it isn't a capital berth for a Master." "But it is not pay he wants, my Lords, it is promotion—it is honour." "Stuff! Humbug!! Gammon!!!"

So ROBERTS, still a Master, gets Haulbowline; lingers there—always at his post though—works hard—harder than his strength will allow—broken in health, crushed in spirit and blighted in heart, till the last month of last year, and then dies, if ever man died, of disappointment and hope deferred.

Buy this little book, MR. JOHN BULL, this sad record of noble services cruelly left unrewarded, of honour fairly won and foully withheld; and then, let you and me lay our heads together, and devise how such things may be prevented for the future.

And let ADMIRAL BERKELEY, too, buy this little book; and, if on reading it, he do not feel ashamed of himself, why, he is worse even than I think him.

I remain, dear MR. BULL,
Your faithful friend,
PUNCH.

* By G. J. CAYLEY. Published by OAKEY, 10, Paternoster Row.

Capital Punishment.

WE scarcely think that any punishment would be sufficiently severe for a royal offender like BOMBA. Should his Macaroni Majesty come to loggerheads with this kingdom, and fall England's prisoner, we propose that his sentence be this: "That the regal criminal be detained in prison for the unnatural term of his life, and that the prison be one selected out of the very worst dungeons in his own kingdom." This would only be fair retaliation for the cruelty he has practised on others. To increase the severity of his punishment, we would appoint old YEH his gaoler. *One tyrant never spares another.*

SCHOOL-DAYS OF EMINENT MEN.

WE make MR. JOHN TIMBS a present of the following curious facts, which he is at full liberty to include in the Second Edition of his interesting volume on the above subject:—

MR. COX, of Finsbury, carried off, for six consecutive years, the prize for English History.

MR. GLADSTONE, distinguished himself at school, at the early age of five, by his extreme ability in fencing. He would fence with the schoolmaster, or chaplain, or even the examining bishop, for hours, and frequently beat them.

SIR PETER LAURIE was as strong as he was brave. Not the strongest boy could ever put him down; but being told that the Captain of a neighbouring academy, who was a tremendous bully, had stopped some of the smaller boys belonging to his school, and robbed them of all their marbles, knives, and oranges; young LAURIE ran after him, fell in with him inside the grocers', and then and there tackled him. In less than five minutes, the lion-hearted boy had completely put the bully down, dropping him most elegantly in the middle of a basket that was full of cups and saucers. There was £1 19*s.* 8*d.* to pay for broken crockery.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was not seven years old before he had committed the whole of DELOLME *on the Constitution* to memory. He could recite pages of it long before he knew how to write.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER was allowed, when at Eton, a shilling a day for his luncheon. He used to spend a penny of it and save the rest.

JOHN BRIGHT, as a stripling, was a general favourite, though he made but a poor return for the affection that was showered on him by all hands, for he was always fighting. There was not a boy in the whole school—and they numbered some 250—but he had fought more than once with. One day his parents (worthy Quakers of the most peaceful persuasion) called to see their darling son, but he was not to be found anywhere. At last, after waiting patiently for a couple of hours, fancy their parental horror when MASTER JACKEY was brought in with a couple of black eyes, and his other features as black as an Ethiopian Serenader's. Young BRIGHT had been spending his afternoon in fighting with a Tinker.

PRINCE GEORGE was in the habit of giving secret suppers in his bedroom. After the masters had gone their last rounds, he would take the chair—that is to say, the pillow—whilst his guests ranged themselves round the bed, sitting on the edge as well as they could. Those were happy moments! There were large rumpsteak pies baked in washhand-basins, and big pickle-jars filled with strong ale, that the young dogs used to drink out of tooth-glasses. What appetites, though the viands were none of the choicest; and what fun, though there was a scarcity of knives and forks, and slates often had to do duty for plates! Young GEORGE, when the currant wine was sent round, used to stand up and make speeches, just as at a charity dinner. He would give the "Church," the "Army and Navy," and all the other "loyal and patriotic toasts." He used to return thanks for the "Royal Family" himself. His eloquence generally ran thus:—"Gentlemen, we are very much obliged to you for the honour you have done us, and I will take good care that my Uncle WILLIAM knows it, and no mistake!" The PRINCE, if his eye happens to fall on this simple narration of those happy days—or nights rather—cannot fail, we are sure, to laugh over the bright recollection. Perhaps he will be pleased to know that a big wooden spoon, with which he used to help out the jam, is preserved even to the present day.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S school-days were principally spent in making paper boats, and carving unwieldy hulks of ships out of large blocks of wood, but he never could get any of them to float. He was fond also of sharpening cutlasses—after which, he would generally go out bathing, (though what connection there was between a cutlass and the water, no one could divine) and sooner than be deprived of his bath, would plunge into the first dirty pond, if only for the fun of frightening the ducks. But SIR CHARLES was always a strange boy!

We have hunted in all directions and parishes for some records of MR. W. WILLIAMS'S school-days, but in vain. It seems extremely doubtful whether MR. WILLIAMS (of Lambeth) ever went to school at all.

THE GREAT HORSE-TAMING QUESTION.

A COCKNEY friend of ours is eminently anxious to acquire the art of horse-taming, inasmuch as now, whenever he goes hunting, he finds his animal and he are pretty certain to part company at the first fence that he comes to; and his day's sport is confined to a run after his horse, by which he loses all the true enjoyment of the chace. As our friend is no light weight, he says he finds his steed is always the first up after a capsize; and "oller" as he may, he can't get it to stop for him. Now, he thinks if he were master of the Rareyfying art, he might make his hunter more obedient to command; and teach it better manners than to run off as it now does, and leave him in the ditch. He says he quite believes if he were let into the secret, that long before next season he could teach his horse not only to wait while he gets up, but to take a clothes-brush in its mouth, and brush the mud so off his coat that none should know he had been spilt.

But the reason which deters him from paying his ten guineas is the doubt he can't help feeling if the treatment be a kind one. Notwithstanding the advertisement about the system being "based upon perfectly humane principles, neither whip nor spur, nor violence, nor drugs being employed;" and notwithstanding many noble words of honour have been given that this statement is correct and may be perfectly relied on; our Cockney friend still clings to his original conviction that cruelty is quite inseparable from horsebreaking, and being himself a member of the Royal Humane Society, he naturally shrinks from torturing his beast. As to the "kindheartedness" which MR. RAREY has displayed, and his appealing in his treatment to the affections of the horse, our friend has seen enough, he says, of stablemen and minds to know that their affections are set only on themselves, and that anything like kindness is not to be expected from them. As for any horsebreaker ever turning out soft-hearted, that epithet our friend would just about as soon think of applying to a housebreaker. His dictum is, in fine, that when a man has set his heart upon the taming down of "osses," that organ must get "ossified" to carry out the process.

PROFESSOR HOUYHNHNM TAMING THAT VICIOUS ILL-TEMPERED BRUTE, YAHOO.

A Horrid One.

A CORK Newspaper contains the following odd remark:—

"Two great events happened on Sunday—the arrival of a dead whale in the harbour, and of a live Prince in our western Metropolis."

Our Irish contemporary seems to have a strange notion of comparative magnitude. If a living dog is better than a dead lion, surely a live Prince must be better than a dead whale, especially when that Prince is the PRINCE OF WALES.

Obituary Extraordinary.

DIED, yesterday, whilst engaged in a literary occupation involving concentration of mind, MR. SMITH JONES, of the effects of a grinding organ played by an Italian rascal under his window. His end was disturbance.

RAGGED PLAYGROUNDS.

VERY many people have been talking of the good of Ragged Schools, but very few people as yet have said much of the good of having Ragged Playgrounds. We say advisedly "as yet," because as every one reads *Punch*, and of course more or less, and perhaps rather more than less, is prone to talk of what he reads, it follows that whatever subject we suggest becomes one at once of universal conversation. Now, talking is not doing, but it very often leads to it; and if we desire to get poor children breathing grounds, the first thing needful is to get the matter ventilated. Raising the wind is a secondary process, and will duly follow in the order of events.

It has been laid down by the wisdom of our ancestors, that "all work and no play will make JACK a dull boy." But living as we do in advance of those patriarchs, we are prepared to go still further than the point they stopped at, and to assert as our conviction that, of ten times in eleven, all work and no play will make JACK an ill boy. Ill, not only physically, but mentally and morally. To bodies immature and not yet ripened intellects, wholesome recreation is a vital necessity. The same thing may be said of minds and bodies in maturity, but it applies with greater force to those in progress of development. Human frames will never reach their natural proportions, unless they are allowed proper exercise in growing. If the muscles have no play, the limbs will of necessity be dwarfed and stunted. And if the mind have no play, it can never be a strong one. It is as much a truth to-day as when ÆSOP wrote it, that bows and brains are weakened if kept always on the stretch. *Neque semper arcum.* Not even an Apollo could always keep his back bent without growing a deformity.

Moreover, stint of wholesome play not only blights young muscles and debilitates young minds, but it also has a damaging effect upon young morals. Recreation being a natural necessity, if the right sort can't be had, the wrong is pretty sure to be. Deprive a boy of healthy fair and open games, and you drive him to resort to unwholesome foul and sneaking ones. Deny him any playground but a hole and corner court, and you'll find that he'll betake himself to hole and corner games in it. In default of wholesome cricket, he'll become a dab at chuck-farthing; and will get from pitch and toss to still worse kinds of time-slaughter.

Readers of enlightenment may say that there is nothing very new in these remarks, but even *Punch* must sometimes be a platitudinarian. If one wants to drive a nail and an old hammer will do it, one surely needn't take much pains to find a new one. All we want to show is, that as Ragged Schools exist, there is more than ever now a call for Ragged Playgrounds. A school without a playground seems to our mind an anomaly. Education comprehends something more than giving lessons. It must be carried on as well out of school as in it. In helping ragged minds to food, we must help them to digest it. Children can't be healthy, living always on hard dumpling. Wholesome recreation is as necessary as knowledge: inasmuch that, as a rule, knowledge cannot rightly be acquired without it.

If we mean then to teach the ragged young idea, we must give heed somewhat to the ragged body likewise. And the first thing to be done is to provide it proper play space. A good game of cricket has an elevating tendency, although perhaps that epithet at first thought may be smiled at. It calls the judgment into play, while developing the muscles. It is at any rate a fair, and a manly honest game; and of better moral tendency than any furtive sneaking one. We would not undervalue battledore and shuttlecock, or speak too slightingly of whipping-tops or even tip-cats. But among our ragged scholars the pursuit of all these games is always under difficulties. Their only playgrounds now are the crowded public streets, where the kicks they get considerably exceed the halfpence; and the game of fly-the-Peeler with which their recreation commonly concludes, must give them the idea that play is contrary to law, and is only to be had by stealth, like pocket-handkerchiefs. Stealing out of doors to have a game of marbles must soon get viewed in their eyes as a sort of petty larceny, which the beadles and police are authorised to punish; and the frequent confiscation of their tops and tip-cats must, by adding the excitement of a contraband enjoyment, infect the young ideas with a tendency to smuggle.

To remedy these evils, and afford at the same time relief to the pedestrian (who, in spite of the terrors of both beadles and police, can hardly walk ten yards without hobbling from a hoop, or being blinded by a tip-cat) a Playground Society has been recently established, for the purpose, as is stated, of "providing playgrounds for poor children in populous places," in which alliteration we may see that the Society minds its p's at any rate, if it neglects its q's. The Society we believe mainly owes its origin to the REV. D. LAING; a man there's no de-laying from a good and useful work: and as we see by the Prospectus that there are many noble names and many reverend to back him, we trust to find the project promptly carried out.

We cannot think it possible that want of funds should stop it; for money's now so plentiful, that capitalists literally don't know what to do with it. Nine-tenths of our Rothschildren, we think, will be obliged to us if we tell them of a way to employ it to advantage; and the best thing they can do with any spare cash that perplexes them would be to hand it over to the Ragged Playground Treasurer. The investment would turn out to their own personal advantage, besides being of advantage to the players and the public. We fancy that few gentlemen, who in their walks abroad have had their heels tripped up by whipping-tops, or their hats knocked off by skipping ropes, would not pay a good round sum to be insured against such accidents; and it is by the Society which we are pleased to advertise that such insurance clearly may be best effected. By providing Ragged Playgrounds the whipping and the skipping will be done elsewhere than on the pavements, and will no more put out the eyes or the tempers of the public.

But it is not only in the matter of the tip-cats that having Ragged Playgrounds would conduce to public safety. It is mainly from the ragged that we now draw our recruits, and by strengthening them we should be strengthening our national defences. It is therefore to our interest not only to improve the ragged mind, but also to improve the ragged limbs and muscles. In case NAPOLEON JULIUS CÆSAR should ever try to land his cohorts on our coast, it is as well to have our forces the reverse of weaknesses. Want of play is apt, as we have said, to stunt the growth; and perhaps the lowering of the standard for our troops may be traced, in some degree, to the want of Ragged Playgrounds. At present the gymnastics of our ragged scholars are confined to hurry-scurrying away from the heavy highlowed "Bobby," and to turning headoverheelers to amuse Outside Barbarians who encourage the young *athletes* from the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Now that money is so cheap, it is surely hardly needful to use more words in asking for it. But if any Crœsus doubts if the Playground Society be worthy of support, we should like to have the honour of presenting him at Court—any court would do, in St. Giles's or St. James's,—and we think we should be sure to get a good subscription from him. Any one who watches our Olympic games—we mean the games played in the streets at the back of the Olympic—will by getting a good rap with a tip-cat on his head, have his bump of Benevolence prodigiously developed; and with a shuttlecock in his eye, and a peg-top on his toes, will both see and feel the need of having Ragged Playgrounds.

AN ACT OF GREAT MERCY.

MERCY has already been gracefully extended to MR. SMITH O'BRIEN. It still remains, however, to show him a still greater act of mercy. It is well known that MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has been recently distributing to the "People of Ireland" some fulminating Letters, full of the most inflammable sentiments, and explosive incentives. In fact, they are epistolary hand-grenades, specially fabricated for the Irish market. Now, it would only be an act of mercy to prevent MR. SMITH O'BRIEN from concocting any more mischievous Letters. If he has any friends, who value his future liberty, they should do all in their power to deny this bellicose letter-writer all access to pen, ink, and paper. If not, we are only afraid that the unabashed EPAMINONDAS of the cabbage garden will be doing himself some grievous bodily harm.

FRIENDLY HINT TO AN EAST INDIA DIRECTOR.—A man is known by the Company he keeps.

THE NEW THEATRE.

Constance (reads Advertisement to Alice). "'* * * *The Orchestra Stalls will be exceedingly commodious. Each person will have a separate Arm-Chair, occupying a space of two feet in breadth.*' H'M—I DON'T SEE THAT THAT'S SO EXCEEDINGLY COMMODIOUS—EH, DEAR?"

THE CONSISTENT ENEMIES OF THE PRESS.

OPPOSITION to the attempted encroachments of the Popish Priesthood on our freedom and our civilization is often confounded, even by very intelligent persons, with mere doctrinal antagonism. It is well, therefore, to say a word for the Roman Catholic Clergy when possible; and an opportunity of performing that agreeable task is afforded by the following statement in the *Globe*:—

"The *Journal de Liége* and the Brussels press are in the highest state of indignation at a 'Circular to Confessors,' issued by MALOU, Bishop of Bruges, ordering his subalterns to inquire what newspaper the 'penitent' reads; and if he read any broad-sheet, save the clerical pet, he is to be sent off unanoiled. Those who belong to a club, or circle, or reading-room, are to break off membership, if obnoxious papers are taken in. Magistrates are to be 'permitted' perusal of such papers, in order that they may be able to 'prosecute them.' Men of letters are to 'get permission from Bishops' to read them, only that they may be able to refute and reply. Post-office carriers are to be 'permitted' to carry them, as otherwise they would lose their livelihood; and printers are 'tolerated' in their daily labour, otherwise they would starve. Coffee-house and beer-house keepers are to be excommunicated, if any such papers are found on their premises. This is the way MALOU thinks he can deal with the disaffected *ad meliorem brugem reducere*."

The perusal of the facts above stated might induce illiberal Protestants to abuse BISHOP MALOU for bigotry and intolerance. But the BISHOP OF BRUGES simply behaves as such. He is indeed barely consistent. His principles would justify him in ordering the excommunication of every person contributory to the production, sale, or circulation, of any newspaper which he considered heterodox: editor, printer, publisher, postman, everybody, even the printer's devil—if he thought it necessary to excommunicate him. What is the use of a spiritual director to any man, if that man is to judge for himself whether it is right or wrong to read a given newspaper? A man who acknowledges the authority of a confessor, is simply a fool for claiming the privilege of having any opinion of his own on a question of right or wrong at all. The indignation of the *Journal de Liége* and the Brussels papers is unreasonable. MALOU is quite right. His episcopal brethren in this country would be right too, if they did the same thing. We wonder they don't. We wonder that a pastoral does not denounce ecclesiastical censure against anybody who reads any newspaper whatever, except the *Tablet* and a few others. The moderation and the liberality of British popery is as praiseworthy as it is judicious. It produces its effect in educated and genteel society.

ODE TO HANDEL.

After hearing him at Exeter Hall.

O GRAND gigantic HANDEL!
As sunlight dims a candle,
Thy mighty music quelleth
All other, and excelleth:
So wonderous,
So ponderous,
And thunderous,
Uproarious,
And glorious.
Engrossed with airs of Cupid,
The soft ones deem thee stupid;
Thou borest them,
And floorest them,
They sneer at thee,
And jeer at thee,
Call thee old Foodledum,
And Doodledum,
And Tweedledum,
Genius of Beadledom;
Thou art too high for them,
Therefore too dry for them.
Supply for them
Frivolity.
Give us thy jollity:
Heroical sensation
Of inward jubilation,
And huge exhilaration,
Which somewhat near,
Is that interior glowing,
From generous liquor flowing,
Particularly owing
To the best old beer.

Notice of Motion.

LORD PUNCH, to move in the House of Lords on the next introduction of a Jewish Emancipation Bill, the following amendment: "That in lieu of the words 'On the true faith of a Christian,' in the Parliamentary oath, shall be substituted a direct declaration, of the substance of the oath, that the swearer firmly believes all the articles of the Christian faith."

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *April* 26. The Lords could not sit, because their master, the EARL OF DERBY, wanted to go into the House of Commons, and hear how his lieutenant acquitted himself in the matter of India. *Mr. Punch* proposes to accompany his noble friend to

The House of Commons, where MR. DISRAELI moved that on the following Friday the Commons should go into committee on his Indian resolutions. He made a long speech, and eulogised the Derbyite Bill (just slain), in order to propitiate the vengeful ELEPHANTBOROUGH. PALMERSTON made a good deal of rough fun of MR. DISRAELI, and MR. GLADSTONE spoke much more gravely and befittingly. It had been arranged that there was to be no opposition to the motion, and therefore when the good speakers were down, men went away, whereupon MR. MANGLES said to an Irish Conservative, called GREGORY,

"*Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow." (*Romeo and Juliet.*)

GREGORY therefore endeavoured, in a thinned house, to get a vote to the effect that there was no need for legislation. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL would not stand this, and walked into GREGORY like a good one, and others coming up, the Company's servants were intimidated, and the motion was agreed to.

Then came a small fight, in which the Government suffered its first regular defeat. It was in a good cause, too, or at least in an effort to undo some of the injustice of their predecessors. LORD PALMERSTON'S War Secretary, PANMURE, had, on the close of the War, put an end to the open competition for Cadetships in the Artillery and Engineers, and SIR JOHN RAMSDEN, his subordinate, had signed the minute. But GENERAL PEEL thought that inasmuch as young fellows had been working to qualify themselves for the competition, on the faith of the original announcement, they ought to have a chance; so he wanted to postpone the abolition. MR. MONSELL proposed a motion against the PANMURE alteration, whereon PAM and some of his men went away, afraid to stand by their own work, and others actually voted against the Government. But it is a good thing that the motion itself is carried.

Some Irish, to the number of 35, opposed MR. DISRAELI'S scheme regarding the spirit duties, but what could 35 patriots do against 227 ferocious oppressors? As MR. MOORE has it:

"Vain was valour, vain the flower
Of Erin in that dreadful hour
Against BEN DIZZY'S whelming power.
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of the realm
He came in Hebrew pride to sway,
And with their corpses blocked his way."

The corpses, numbered by the Tellers, in no degree impeded the tyrant's march, so got up and went off to the Reform Club for something comfortable. But, on

Tuesday, Hibernia was avenged on Judea. The Jew, who had been lured into the stronghold of feudalism, was suddenly set upon by the furious Barons. It was but a repetition of the fearful scene in the last Act of *Henry VI., Part III.*, where the helpless but spirited *Edward* is before the Dukes. The Jew addressed the Peers:

Jew. I know my duty. You are all undutiful
Voluble CHELMSFORD, and thou, mooney RUTLAND,
And thou, DUNGANNON, Puseyite and pump,
I am your better, humbugs as ye are,
And thou (*to* CHELMSFORD) assailest ROTHSCHILD'S right and mine.
Chelmsford. Take that, thou likeness of old NICHOLAS. [*Stabs him.*
Rutland. Bawl'st thou? Take that, to end thy impudence. [*Stabs him.*
Dungannon. And there's for twitting me with Puseyism. [*Stabs him.*
A Papist. O, kill me too!
Bishop of Cashel. Marry, and shall.
Lyndhurst. Hold, CASHEL, hold, for you have done too much.

Their Lordships divided, and by 119 to 80, majority 39—the exact number of the Articles of Religion—cooked the *Anser Palestinus*.

There was one noticeable thing in the Commons. In the matter of a Reform Bill,

LORD PALMERSTON has no Reform Bill.
LORD DERBY will have no Reform Bill,
LORD JOHN RUSSELL locks up his Reform Bill.

So a gentleman who has not been able to pick the lock of LORD JOHN'S box (a gentleman who is therefore no HOBBS, though a LOCK-KING), brought out a little Reform Bill of his own, for giving County votes to £10 householders, and what is more, MR. DISRAELI would not resist its introduction.

Wednesday. Another attempt was made to get our friend the British Farmer to give an account of his farming; but the opponents of the measure urged that the B. F. would either be too sulky to answer at all, or too stupid to tell the truth, and therefore the Bill would be useless. The House took this view, by 241 to 135.

Thursday. LORD WESTMEATH tried to pass a bill for suppressing the organ-beasts. Some Lords who know nothing of the hardship complained of, and can get into perfect quietness whenever they please, objected to the measure, and procured its defeat. LORD LYNDHURST delivered against it a speech of the same amusing but ridiculous kind as that by which he tried to protect the Holywell Street nuisance from LORD CAMPBELL. Among other things he said, that people might accustom themselves to abominable noises, and he mentioned that he had compelled himself, in his younger days, to endure a fiddle-player. But his Lordship may not be aware how much injury this did to his mind, for in youth he was a very advanced Liberal, but went over to the most determined Toryism, and only in late years has recovered the clearness of his fine intellect. What injury may not the cause of progress have sustained from that fiddle? EARL DERBY, too, came out with some claptrap on the same side, and several other noblemen being eager to display their contempt for the feelings of the middle class, the bill was rejected. But some such measure SHALL be carried one of these days.

The EARL OF ALBEMARLE [by the way, there is a story about the EARL OF ALBEMARLE. In a certain debate before the last change, the EARL OF ALBEMARLE, not being in office, was put up as an independent Peer, to defend the Government against the onslaught of LORD DERBY. EARL A. spoke, whereon EARL D. crossed the House, and said, in a confidential whisper to LORD GRANVILLE, "I say, if you haven't a better man than ALBEMARLE to put up, I'll *lend* you one." This was chivalrous, and worthy of a STANLEY] presented a petition from 12,000 maniacs from Manchester, desiring that the KING OF OUDE might be restored to his dominions. It would be as well if the Manchester people would make playgrounds for their squalid children, and consume their own smoke, before they interfere with foreign affairs.

An Irish reason was assigned for not giving Ireland a Divorce Bill. The English one had cost so much money. WICKLOW was very rude to THESIGER (CHELMSFORD) and taunted him with having been only a short time in the House; but THESIGER, being a gentleman, did not retort by saying that he hoped to stay there long enough to learn to be as great a bear as WICKLOW. A Cagliari debate did not come to much, but LORD DERBY said that we were acting in strict concurrence with France, and meant to give Sardinia all the Moral support we could. *Mr. Punch* hopes that we shall give her a little Immoral support, if need be, in the shape of a ship's broadside directed against Naples.

SPOONER and NEWDEGATE—well, you know what those two were likely to do in conjunction. MR. WALPOLE pooh pooh'd such bosh, and by 210 to 155 they were whipped off the Maynooth collegians. Where are the glories of days gone by, when SPOONER could carry his triumphant arms into that citadel of Popery? Note, too, that he could win this battle when the Liberals were in, but with Conservatives and Protestants in office, he is snubbed and beaten. As *Mr. Wackford Squeers* observes, "Nature 's a rum un."

Friday. Ha, ha, ha! These noises are introductory to *Mr. Punch's* statement of the fact that the Oaths Bill, deducting the Jew, was passed by the Barons. Similar noises followed the announcement to the Commons.

In the Commons, divers remarks were made on the conduct of MR. EDWIN JAMES in reference to the defence of BERNARD, and a subsequent exhibition at a public meeting. MR. WALPOLE let down his brother Q.C. as easily as he could, and *Mr. Punch*, Q.C., will not be less good-natured.

Then began, anew, the Indian debate. LORD HARRY VANE (brother of the DUKE OF CLEVELAND) thought that nothing ought to be done, and tried to induce the House to think with him, but could get only 57 supporters, 447 going the other way. This was a complete fusion of parties, for our friend PAM had not 318 with him when he got leave

to bring in his India Bill. Then was taken a debate on the first grand proposition, namely, "That the Company is to get out, and the Queen is to rule India." This proposition was affirmed without a division.

MANGLES has now given up all hope of a further reprieve. It is satisfactory to see that his situation is now producing an effect upon him, hardened as he is, and his voice was so low to-night that he was almost inaudible. He said, indeed, that he was "hopeless," but besought the judges to remember that he and his accomplices had not done all the mischief they might have done. One or two weak auditors were affected, but the stern LEWIS made a brief reply, exposing the enormity of the offences, and recommending MANGLES to prepare himself for what assuredly awaited him.

RUSSELLINI'S TOUR DE FORCE.

THE NATURAL SYSTEM OF BEERHOUSE LICENSING.

VISCOUNT GODERICH, the other day, gave notice of his design, "To ask the Secretary for the Home Department whether it is his intention to bring in any Bill during the present Session for the licensing and regulation of Beerhouses." The noble Viscount's question relates to a system in which there is as much room for reform as there is in the moral character of the worst inmate of Newgate. It is notorious that the licensing of beershops is regulated by the big brewers, either through personal influence or by direct bribery. The consequence is, that very many of these places are dens of thieves; houses of call for the worst of characters, and of sale for the worst of beer. Now this latter point ought to be especially considered in any legislation on the subject; of which indeed it suggests the proper and philosophical basis. This is embodied in the following rule. Let the condition of the license of the beerhouse be the goodness of the beer supplied by the landlord—to be attested by the certificate of competent witnesses. Although it may not follow that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, it may pretty safely be presumed, that he who sells good beer is a respectable man. Does not the experience of anybody confirm this position? Very well, then. Really good ale is now so scarce that every thoughtful person carefully makes a note of the tap at which he happens to have the good fortune of meeting with any; and he never fails to find that goodness of liquor is coincident with respectability of public house.

Daring Act of Courage.

A YOUNG gentleman of high family, holding a commission in a distinguished corps, has bet a brother officer that he will, between five and seven o'clock in the month of May, ride a donkey up and down Rotten Row. Should he win his wager, he is to receive the Victoria Cross.

OUR ORGAN-GRINDING TYRANTS.

THE House of Lords enjoyed a merry laugh the other night at the expense of a by no means small portion of the public—we mean the sufferers from that greatest plague of life, street music. A petition for abating it, signed by upwards of four hundred of the West End householders, was presented to their Lordships by the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH; who, among the almost numberless annoyances occasioned by the nuisance, made instance of the following:—

"It was very hard that when a gentleman of limited means had at great expense engaged a music-master for his daughter, and they were sitting at their lesson, one of these organs should come before the house and put an end to it."

This statement, we are told, was received with "much laughter." The idea of some poor devil of a Paterfamilias scraping up some savings to buy his daughter a piano, and being baulked by these street-fiends in his hopes to hear her play on it, seemed to their Lordships irresistibly comic. Not being acquainted with the grave side of the picture, it was pardonable surely to look upon the funny one. Residing themselves out of earshot of street music, within houses organ-proof, double-walled and double-windowed, how can they well realise the torments of the aurally more unprotected public, or sympathise with those unhappy thin-bricked householders who can't hear music in-doors because of that outside them. By stuffing wool into the window-chinks one may contrive pretty well to keep the wind out, but no amount of wadding can keep out a wind instrument. The mildest air that 's blown upon it will be sure to penetrate. The *aura popularis* is as piercing as a gimlet. If one iron-lined one's shutters and kept them closed all day, one would still have *Old Dog Tray* come whining through the key-hole.

We boast that the house of a Briton is his castle, but this is clearly moonshine, while street music is permitted. It is a castle in the air, as regards at least the chance of comfort in residing in it. Defend it as he may, its master cannot keep the organs out. In fact, there 's not a corner of his castle he can rightly call his own. The organ-fiends possess it, even to the cellars. We remember once conceiving what we thought the bright idea of cleaning out our coal-bin, and making it our study. Brown studies we were used to, but a black one seemed a novelty. "Could a man be secure" from the plague of street pianos, here if anywhere we thought we might gain that security. In the coal-hole, we imagined, we might "be happy yet." But alas! we were the victims of an aural delusion. Even underground we distinctly heard the grinding.

Were the House of Lords as greatly organ-nuisanced as our own and other common people's, the "much laughter" of their Lordships at the thought of the infliction might possibly be changed to the wrong side of their mouths. In their ignorance of what the nuisance really is, how can it be hoped that they should view it seriously? Were a bill to be brought in for the abatement of the plague, we suggest that some few street musicians should be brought in also, and set a-playing to their Lordships during the debate. A couple of hand-organs should be planted by the woolsack, and should strike up by turns to accompany the speeches; while every now and then they might both be played at once, so as still further to perplex the speakers. To prevent the opponents of the bill from being heard, a German band or two might be likewise in attendance, with instructions to play up their most disconcerting pieces, as soon as any oppositionist was seen upon his legs. However strong his lungs and arguments might be, a blast on the trombone would be a knock-down blow to him; and the sweetness of his oratory would be completely wasted on the air of "*Keemo Kimo*," soloed by the ophicleide. In the case of a division, we would have some extra squeaking power hurdy-gurdies and a brace or so of bagpipes stationed in the lobby of the noble oppositionists: so that with closed doors they might have the full advantage of the nuisance they supported.

Were some such stringent means as these to be adopted, we might perhaps obtain some measure of relief, and get an Act of Public Safety passed to save us from street music. As it is, our streets are so infested by band-itti, that they are literally not safe for any walkers out but deaf people. Nor are they who stay in-doors one atom more secure from them. Spite of all our bolts and bars, they break in on our quiet, and rob us of our time and peace of mind continually. Who can read or write with anything like profit, when almost every hour he nearly has his brains blown out? It is a mere mockery to call England a free country, so long as we are ground down by the grinding tyranny of organ-grinders. The authorities have long ago paid off their Foreign Legion; but there 's still a foreign legion of Italian boys and German bands and home-grown Ethiopians, of whom we should extremely like to be appointed the pay-off-master. We are not, we trust, more than humanly vindictive; but we rather think we should distribute far more kicks to them than halfpence.

HEAVEN sends good figures. It is only Woman's enemy who would tempt her to wear Crinoline.

THE BATTLE OF THE GUNBOATS.

RECENTLY a battle lasting very nearly through two columns of the *Times* was fought in the House of Commons; the *causa belli* being the position of our gunboats. The first shot at the Government was fired by MR. BENTINCK, who, after stating that the trifling sum of £51,000 had already been expended on the gunboat slips at Haslar, opened fire upon the Admiralty in this raking manner:—

"It was a moot question whether our fleet of gunboats would be better afloat or hauled up on slips, and his impression was, that a majority of the authorities were in favour of their being left afloat. The gunboats were hauled up at a considerable distance from the creek, which was the means of conveyance from Portsmouth harbour, and it was the opinion of the naval authorities on the spot, that using the utmost possible diligence, it would be impossible to launch more than eight in a fortnight. It must be borne in mind that the operation of launching was preparatory to fitting out, and that great delay would be the consequence if in any emergency the gunboats were required."

Always ready primed to blaze away at the authorities, SIR CHARLES NAPIER was the next to rattle in his broadside:—

"SIR C. NAPIER agreed with the honourable gentleman that there was great difference of opinion between builders whether these gunboats ought to be afloat or not. There was a mud flat in front of Haslar Hospital which might have been cleared out, and the gunboats must either have been placed afloat or slips might have been built to receive them, so that they might all have been floated at one tide. The sum already voted was £40,000, and he understood that it was in contemplation to construct slips for another range of gunboats opposite to the present slips, which were half a mile from the water. [Several Members:—'No, not a quarter of a mile.'] Well, then, a quarter of a mile. If it took six weeks to launch 40 of these boats, it would take six weeks more to launch 80. No one but an Admiralty engineer and a First Lord could have conceived such a plan. There were so many other plans that would have been preferable, that the people who advised this scheme deserved the censure of the House of Commons. He believed that the Surveyor of the Navy disapproved such a mode of disposing of the gunboats, that neither the Admiral at Portsmouth nor the officer at Haslar hospital approved it, and that the superintending Lord of the Admiralty did not give it his sanction. The late First Lord and the Engineer of the Admiralty were, he had no doubt, the authors of the plan. If these slips were to be made useful, there must be a basin dug, and locks and gates must be constructed to keep the water in the basin, so as to allow the gunboats to be launched. He did not believe it would be possible to make these additions for less than £150,000."

This raking fire of eloquence was returned by SIR CHARLES WOOD, who, in defending the Admiralty, asserted that the gunboats were in fact "not a quarter of a quarter of a mile from the water, and could be launched at the rate of nearly thirty in a month," which was "quite as rapidly as they were likely to be wanted." This however failed to silence ADMIRAL NAPIER, and he said he should go down to Portsmouth himself, and see if he or SIR C. WOOD were the better judge of distance. The action then became general; the two 3-decker SIR CHARLESES hauling off for a brief space, while several of the Second-rates took part in the engagement. The Government ship, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, soon after got his steam up, and bearing down upon the enemy, poured in a rattling broadside, aimed chiefly at the Government in whose wake he was following:—

"He (SIR J. PAKINGTON) had himself had nothing to do with this gunboat apparatus. It was all constructed under the late Government. Having visited Portsmouth, he found that there was there great difference of opinion as to the merits of the invention, and the facilities for launching. He was informed that in eight days or a fortnight two of these gunboats could be launched each tide; and that if the £5,000 now asked for were judiciously expended, that could be done on every day at neap tides as well as springs. It was true that the original estimate for this work was £70,000, but all that had already been expended was £51,200; and, with the sum now asked for, the total to complete the work would be £56,000."

After this, the enemy hauled down their colours; and the "sum asked for" being granted, the Government ceased firing. So it seems that the fight ended as so many fights have done before, in smoke. All that the country gains by it is a laugh at the idea of housing up its gunboats in so extremely safe a way that no one can get at them. After spending fifty thousands to get them out of water, we must vote some thousands more for Ways and means to get them in again. This is a rich joke, but it unfortunately happens to be made at our expense; and inasmuch as the country will have to pay the cost of it, the laugh will in the end be on the wrong side of its mouth.

When our gunboat fleet was built, there was considerable criticism of the names which they were christened by; and many shafts of wit were launched on the occasion of their launching. It was contended, we remember, that the names which they received were to signify their qualities, and the *Vigilant* and *Terrible* were always to be found to be so to the enemy. But, however suitable it might have then been deemed, their nomenclature now is clearly not appropriate. To signify their characters we clearly must rechristen them. Now that they're laid up so high as to be almost inaccessible, we think such boats as the *Alert*, the *Active*, and the *Thunderer*, should have their names changed to the *Stick-in-the-Mud*, the *Useless*, and the *Blunderer*.

DIVINERS AND DUPES.

THE subjoined advertisement has, we are informed, appeared for some weeks in one of the principal Birmingham papers. What a number of simpletons there must be in Birmingham and its vicinity to make the insertion pay!

CLAIRVOYANCE.—MADAME MAYN, Herbalist, who has been consulted by Royalty, will at any time, at her house, (stating age,) Answer Three Questions, relating to the Past, Present, or Future, Business, Time of Marriage, Property, Prospects in Life, &c., on receiving twelve uncut Postage Stamps and a directed stamped envelope, 44, Lower Essex Street, Sherlock Street, Birmingham. Any Lady, calling alone, answered personally from Three till Eight.—MADAME MAYN'S VEGETABLE TONIC and APERIENT PILL only requires one trial to prove its wonderful powers.

Clairvoyance is said to enable its possessor to see through stone walls. We should like to know whether a Clairvoyante, confined in the House of Correction for receiving money on the false pretence of fortune-telling, would be able to discern the occupant of the adjoining cell.

A professor of Somnambulism, calling himself DIDIER—a name which some people will take the liberty of reading DIDDLER—also frequently advertises his *séances* or oracular consultations, in the *Morning Post*. Belief, therefore, in divination or soothsaying is evidently not confined to the lower orders; and probably ladies of quality, as well as their maids, are amused with the usual old familiar predictions relative to the "light man" and the "dark man."

MR. DIDIER some time ago published a book on Animal Magnetism, in which he stated that, whilst travelling at Epsom Race time on the Great Western Railway, he was mesmerized by a noble lord, and, being in the state of magnetic sleep, described the circumstances of the great sporting contest of the week then in progress, and named the winner of the Derby. To have done that one would think that he must have been wide awake instead of fast asleep; but if he can dream true dreams about the Derby, and has a friend to jot them down, he might make his fortune without advertising *séances*, and could compose a book considerably more profitable than a treatise on Mesmerism. The gift of Clairvoyance, however, by the showing of those who enjoy it, would seem to be of use to everybody except the owner.

The gipsies are hardly dealt with in being committed as rogues and vagabonds for telling fortunes by the cards or the palm of the hand, whilst practitioners in Clairvoyance get their hands crossed with silver, or with postage-stamps, with perfect impunity. There is, clearly, one law for the Romany, and another for the Somnambulists.

A SICKENING STAR.

MR. PUNCH has not been unkind to his cheap and n—ot altogether nice contemporary, the *Morning Star*, and therefore may avail himself of a friend's privilege to give the latter a hint. The *Star* is desirous to be regarded not as a catch-penny print, but as a respectable journal, and the ambition, whether hopeless or not, is laudable. Assuredly that object will not be obtained by disregarding the courtesies and proprieties of society. Of late the *Star* has taken to a course which makes it doubtful whether the influence of the *Satirist*, the old *Genius loci* where, or whereabouts the former appears, is quite as extinct as a nuisance should be. *Mr. Punch* alludes to his contemporary's tracking gentlemen into private life, and arguing from their accepting certain dinner invitations that the newspapers with which they are supposed to be connected will take certain political direction. Now *Mr. Punch* may assure writers of the *Star* station in society, that it is in the first place not gentlemanly to make such references, and, secondly, that it is not so difficult for a well-dressed and well-mannered man to obtain a dinner at a distinguished house as to make it necessary for him to barter his principles for soup and fish. The *Star* writers may think it a very sublime thing to be asked to an Earl's table, but they over-rate the boon if they suppose it will buy up a first-class journalist. Let us try to make this clear to writers in a paper that is said to reward the contributor of an important leading article with Twenty-one Shillings, and whose ideas must take a proportionate range. Suppose that when one of them had done his work, and was about to refresh himself with a pint of ale and a pipe, at the neighbouring hostelry, the *Edinburgh Castle*, that a church-warden of St. Mary-le-Strand were to ask him home to supper. It would be honourable to both. But would the *Star* writer immediately alter his style of article, and, to please the church-warden, at once begin to advocate Church Rates, and Apostolic succession, and parochial dinners? *Mr. Punch* believes nobler things of the honest man. Why, then, will he not believe as nobly of gentlemen connected with the superior part of the press? Let him be assured that the people, for whom he professes to write, have a great dislike of meanness, and also of those who impute meanness. The *Star* may now shine again until further notice.

A SEVERELY CLASSICAL BURLESQUE.

Moses Cæsar (to Dizzy Brutus). "ET JEW! BRUTE!"

THREATENED STRIKE OF SWELLS.

WE understand that the men engaged on the visiting lists of the principal persons of fashion, have come to an unanimous determination to strike, if their demands are not immediately complied with. They require instant reform and retrenchment in the present ridiculously superfluous and monstrously ugly dresses of ladies, and unless this request is forthwith granted, and the enormous skirts and flounces, which disgust and incommode them, are curtailed without delay, they will refuse to dance, either with any girl they know, or whom they may be introduced to by anybody whomsoever. It remains to be seen whether those concessions will be made to intimidation and quizzical force, which have been for so long a period obstinately denied to reason and taste.

FINANCE OF THE BOUDOIR.—A Young Lady, happening to hear that MR. DISRAELI had imposed a Penny Stamp upon Cheques, expressed a wish to know whether he was also likely to put a duty on Merinos?

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

(Being the Lamentable History of one, Little Bill and his Brother.)

Now ponder well my public, deare,
The wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In rhyme brought forth to light.
An aged gentleman kept shoppe
In Lead'nhall Street of late,
Who long in India had dwelte,
And there held large estate.

Sore sicke he was and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save:
So struggling sore, JOHN COMPANIE,
Addressed him for the grave.
No love, or little at the moste,
JOHN BULL and him did binde;
For gain he lived, in feud he dyed,
And left two Babes behinde.

The one was called Bill number one,
Not passing three weekes olde;
The other was Bill number two;
A babe queint to beholde.
The guardians of the elder Bill,
As plainly did appeare,
Would pickings have from the estate
Of millions a yeare.

So from the other Babe much gain,
In land, and place, and gold,
Should fall to whoso it did guide,
By council uncontrolled.
But if both Babes should chance to dye,
Ere they to age should rome,
Their uncle, RUSSELL, must step in,
By law of number one.

"JOHN RUSSELL," said the dying man,
"If all be true I heare,
Few friends hath small Bill number one,
Number two, none I feare.
The twayne to you I recommende;
To do whate'er you may,
To fit them for the work they 'll have,
When I am passed awaye.

"You must be father and mother bothe,
Nurse, doctor, all in one:
Right playne I see, for both of them
Much needeth to be done.
The firste I thoughte the sickliest Babe
That ever I had seene:
Till number two I saw, and found
Yet sicklier, I weene.

"Now if you doe your best by them,
Virtue's its own rewarde.
But if you otherwise should deale—"
With that he looked him harde;
But MASTER RUSSELL kepte his face
As firme as any stone,
And tooke the Babes into his handes,
To tende them like his owne.

All with a slie and seely minde,
The Babes to him he takes,
And pats their cheeks, and slecks their heads,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these luckless Babes,
Scarce three weeks and a daye,
But, to advance himselfe, he did
Plan to make both awaye.

He bargayned with two ruffians strong,
GLADSTONE by name and BRIGHT,
That they should take these little Bills,
And slay them bothe outrighte.
He tolde JOHN BULL an artful tale,
He wished their faultes to mende,
And resolutions he put forth
That thereunto did tende.

THE GOOD LITTLE ROBINS BURYING THE BILLS IN THE WOOD.

Awaye then wente those little Bills,
The murderers at their side;
Each in its comely coat of print,
With the red tape y-tied.
With prate and prattle pleasantlye,
As smalle Bills wont to goe,
They passed the first stage of their road,
With gay and gallante showe.

Now none with GLADSTONE ever joyned,
But he did straighte fall out;
And BRIGHT he was of kindred minde,
Altho' a varlet stoute.
And each of them, on both the Babes,
Did wishe to do his charge,
Expecting him that hirèd them
Would pay him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fighte,
For fighting 'tis their life.
And which slewe which I cannot tell,
Nor if 'tis truth I hear,
That like Kilkenny cats, both foughte
Till both did disappeare.

Meanwhile, these two poor little Bills
Went wandering up and downe;
But never found a guide to show
The way where they were boune:
Their prettye prints with blots and staines
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And all in darke St. Stephens' woode
They rambled far and wide.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till deathe did end their griefe.
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due reliefe.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-Redbreasts, DIZ and PAM,
Did cover them with leaves.

How came the heavie wrathe of BULL
On RUSSELL, next to tell,
How he was raised to high estate,—
How low therefrom he fell;
His foes waxed hot, his friends waxed cold,
His plans were all mislaid—
All this I cannot tell you yet,
Till out the play is plaied.

A GOLDEN NOTION (GRATIS)

FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

R. DISRAELI expressed his great grief for the want of a popular tax. We fancy that we can help him to one that will be universally popular. *Let him tax all the Italian Boys and Street Musicians.* By this means he will either put down a nuisance, or contribute largely to the revenue. MR. DISRAELI'S reputation must gain from either contingency. On the one hand, there is glory to himself—on the other, profit to the nation.

The plan is practicable enough. In Germany, every turbaned tambourine girl, every bare-legged white-mice carrier is taxed. The tax, we believe, is about a thaler; or at the utmost, three thalers a year. But in England, considering more money is ground out of the people by these musical torturers, we would have the tax much larger. We would fix it at One Sovereign. This is dirt cheap, when we take into consideration the number of knockers that are tied up throughout the year in the streets of London alone.

Hawkers pay for a licence. Then why shouldn't Organ-carriers? They are only hawkers of music; and why, in the outraged name of HANDEL, should they be more favoured than any other class of hawkers—the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, as being a Royal Hawker, perhaps excepted.

Only consider the flood of revenue that would come pouring in from this newly-opened Pactolus. We should say that, speaking within bounds, there must be some ten thousand organ-boys and men in this monster metropolis, and about twenty-thousand more running about the country, persecuting all the harmless villas on the highway that haven't the protection of a dog or a policeman. This makes a clear addition of £30,000 a-year to the revenue. Then there are the bands of music that infest Regent Street, and haunt the Haymarket at all hours of the day and night, choosing always some popular public-house for the station where to establish their Perambulating Philharmonic Concert. These wandering sons of Orpheus go about in gangs of four or five untutored KOENIGS and PAGANINIS. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, if he has an ear that leans that way, will be sure to meet with them in all the populous neighbourhoods, wherever there is a great consumption of spirits and beer.

As a general rule, it may be laid down with safety, and defiance of contradiction, that the poorer the neighbourhood, the thirstier it is; and the thirstier the neighbourhood, the more musical it is. The Waterloo and Westminster Roads, the Ratcliffe Highway, Tottenham Court Road, the New Cut, St. Giles', and all the elegant thoroughfares that blaze of a night with the monster lamps of the publicans, are rife with discord. Every member of these bands should be made to pay his annual sovereign for the amount of deafness he contributes to the ears of HER MAJESTY'S persecuted subjects.

The same "sovereign remedy" should also be applied to the hordes of Germans, who, of late years, have invaded England in such numerous bands. The impost would not only diminish the noise, which, under the name of music, they make in this country, but might also have the salutary effect of keeping them away from our shores altogether.

For the benefit of our talented Chancellor, we beg to append a rough calculation which we have made of the musical standing army, that has hitherto been supported in England. We now vote that this army be disbanded (no depraved pun intended!), and that not a blessed flute or ophicleide be allowed to blow a single note, until he has previously paid a sovereign for the blowing of it. We wouldn't even allow HERR VON JOËL to come any of his "larks," until he had previously paid for his whistle. Hitherto, the patience of the public has been taxed by these performers. We would now reverse the rule, and let the performers themselves be taxed for playing (and playing so vilely) on the patience of the public.

Here is our calculation, in all its roughness:—

10,000	Organ Italian men and boys (*in town*)	£10,000
20,000	Ditto, Ditto (*dotted over the country*)	20,000
2,000	Organ German women (*attending races, &c.*)	2,000
2,000	Tambourine German girls (*to accompany same*)	2,000
6,000	Banditti of five ruffianly performers (£1 *each*)	30,000
2,500	Ditto of three Ditto (*at £1 each*)	7,500
1,800	German Bands * of 10 performers (*at 10s. each*)	9,000
2,300	Bagpipe Players (*not less than £5 each*)	11,500
30	Clarionet Players (*at £1 each*)	30
15	Horse Organs (*at £10 per Organ—too moderate*)	150
	Grand Total	£92,180

Here then would be a clear annual gain of NINETY-TWO THOUSAND POUNDS to the Revenue! We have no doubt that it would exceed that amount, for our calculation has been estimated rather under, than above, the Truth; besides, our arrangement for the scale of payments has been dictated by the mild voice of charity such as the torturers themselves are scarcely deserving of. For instance, we maintain that £5 for a bag-pipe player is, considering the excruciating cruelty of the torture, ridiculously cheap; and that a small tax of £10 a-year for a horse-organ is infinitely below the amount of mischief it causes every year.

However, here is a pretty little sum of £92,000 a-year, which we beg to make a present of to our dear CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in return for the by-no-means-bad Budget he has just thrown into our laps. No one will feel the loss of the above sum. It is merely a tax upon one of the nuisances of society. If the nuisance is not suppressed by the tax, then the revenue gains annually so much by the non-suppression. If it is suppressed, then society gains by the suppression to an amount which only aurists and medical men can calculate. Every person, who has escaped deafness, will be grateful to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Every wife who comes in for a less share of her husband's irritability, now that one of the most prolific causes of it has been removed, will bless the name of BENJAMIN DISRAELI as that of a domestic benefactor, who has brought peace and quietness into a household, in which there growled and grunted nothing but discord before!

POSTSCRIPT. The above sum might be increased at least twofold—that is to say, £184,000—by bringing under the operations of the tax all the ballad-singers, the street psalm-singers, the sailor-singers, the frozen-out gardeners, the false-news criers, and the Manchester weavers, who have "got no work to do." Let DIZZY look to it.

* We would merely tax these Germans 10*s.* each, as they are mostly such very "small Germans;" and as they are never less than eight, and frequently ten, in number, it is but right to make a reduction on taking so large a quantity. Besides, they do play somewhat better than our infernal English bands. Six performers out of the dozen generally contrive to keep in tune.

MEDICAL HINT.—Cold cream is a good outward application, but there are cases in which it should not be used internally. With your coffee, for instance, always take your cream hot.

MRS. CADDY'S DOUBT OF THE BUDGET.

WELL, there, you know, it may be, but I won't believe it till I see it:
But if so be, then well and good, I'm sure that I shall say, So be it!
So many times it was to stop, and when the time come, always didn't,
Has put me out of heart and hope that we are ever to get rid on't.

A fall of twopence in the pound is somethink like—but then, ah drat it!
By the time Parliament breaks up, most like you'll find we haven't got it.
So many a slip between the cup and lip there is as I'm a thinking:
Which, as regards the Income-Tax, is truer than it is in drinking.

First, it was only for three years, then there was to be an end on't.
Honour? Oh! honour bright, says they; and you may certainly depend on't.
And when them three long years run out, We own, they says, and can't deny it,
But bear it just for three year more—and we shall do sitch wonders by it!

Then MR. GLADSTERN—what's-his-name?—that put the duty on succession,
Which, as it don't affect myself, I don't consider much transgression;
Divides a circumfiddle seem,* by bit and bit the tax for dropping,
And seven long year to pass away afore its altogether stopping.

And then there come the Roossian War, which consequently caused a suction,
Whereby the Income-Tax, in course, was rose instead of a reduction.
And so it is, at least it was, and will be, I'm afeard—some bother—
The Roossians, Proossians, Seaboys, French—some kind of rebels or another.

I know I should be glad to see the plaguy Income-Tax abated,
As a lone woman which I feel, considering how I'm situated.
And it must be still wuss for them poor toads from hand to mouth hard driven,
Which has to cut, contrive, and learn, and labour for to get their livin'.

It steals their hoard for days of want—which, when you think on it, is shocking.
As for myself, 'tis many a year since I've put sixpence in my stocking.
I've drunk my tea at four instead of five-and-six, by reason on it,
And goodness knows how long it is since I've had a new gownd or bonnet.

Too good the news is to be true—it shan't deceive me—I won't let it.
The Income-Tax reduced, says I, ah! don't you wish that you may get it?
I would as soon believe a man—in what I say you needn't doubt me—
As knelt his self at my old feet, and swore he couldn't live without me.

* "Complicated scheme" is supposed to be what MRS. C. means. "Divides," probably for "Devised."—ED.

AMENDS TO THE SCARLET LADY.

"To *Lanæ* decent."—HOR.

A POPISH gentleman, named SWIFT, has been writing angrily to the Papers, with complaints that the assassin GIOVANNI LANI, executed last week, had been made the subject of Protestant attempts at conversion. This MR. SWIFT considers a wicked persecution. All that seems to have been done was to place a Bible in the man's cell, with a Tract or two, except that a couple of religious ladies paid him one visit, but as they could not speak a word of any language he spoke, they could not have perverted his mind much. This, however, incenses the furious SWIFT, who will not be appeased by the statement that the authorities did at first not know LANI's religion, but that when they learned it, they allowed priests of his own faith to come to him. SWIFT says they ought to have known, and did know. We agree with SWIFT that there was *primâ facie* evidence, in the whole of LANI's conduct, that he was influenced by Catholic principles, and therefore the authorities were to blame. A man desiring to emigrate, has a good object, but a man who, not having money enough for this, robs and kills a fellow-creature to obtain it, "does evil that good may come," as to which practice being strictly Catholic, read PASCAL. Thus a man who makes a false confession in the hope of saving his life, and then makes a true one in the hope of saving his soul, is evidently deeply imbued with the spirit of Popery. We think Newgate owes every apology to Rome, and the only extenuation we can suggest is, that Protestantism can hardly be seriously suspected of desiring such an acquisition as M. LANI, to whom the Lady of the Hills is as heartily welcome as she is to nine-tenths of her other martyrs and confessors.

A HINT TO THE HORSETAMERS.

ONE evening last week we were asked, in the pause of a quadrille, if we thought that MR. RAREY could tame the hippopotamus. Being a river-horse, it was argued that the equine nature of the animal would be likely to ensure its proving docile to the process. Of course, as we've a character to keep up for omniscience, it wouldn't do for us to say we didn't know; so we put our wisest look on, and replied that in the recent press of matter on our brain, we had not yet had time to think upon the subject, but as soon as we had done so we would let our fair inquisitress know what opinion we arrived at.

There is another question, though, connected with the horse-tamer, which we think of more importance than this now mooted hippopotamic one. We should much like to know if the Rareyfying system be as effective upon other brutes as it is with horses. The brutes whom we especially should like to see it tried upon are those savagest of beasts, our stablemen and horsebreakers. For by very far the most part, these animals belong to the very lowest order of the brute creation; and their instincts are so cruel that we doubt if their bad nature be impressible by kindness. It is said that MR. RAREY's system is to work through the affections; but when brutes have no affections how is he to influence them? The stable-minded race are stubborn in the extreme, and about as vicious as any in creation. In their treatment of the horses committed to their care, their cruelty is only equalled by their ignorance. Devoid of reasoning powers, they use the spur and pitchfork as their *ultima ratio*. Instead of using kindness to bend horses to their will, they only do their best to "break" them, bone and spirit. Unable to appeal to his superior intelligence, they know no way of winning the affections of the horse, and can only make him tractable by beating the pluck out of him.

Now, surely LORD RAYNHAM and the Cruelty-Preventives can scarcely need our urging them to take the matter up. But if they be slow to do so, we would suggest that there be formed an Equestrian Humane Society, expressly to effect the abolition of horse torture. The quickest means of doing this would, we think, be to invite MR. RAREY to try his hand at groom-taming. Medals should be given to the men he proves successful with, and when their characters are raised, their wages should be also. A kind-hearted horse-breaker is now rather a rare bird; but we may depend on it, the breed would very soon increase, if such *Rarey aves* were but properly encouraged.

CLAUSE FOR A MEDICAL BILL.—No Quack shall be entitled to bring an action for libel against anybody for denouncing him.

THE DODGE OF DIRTY DRAPERS.

ALL men know what it is to go shopping with a lady—even a wise man may have gone once. We have all experienced the maddening irritation caused by having to wait half the day whilst a wife, or other female relation or companion, is turning over what seems an infinite series of patterns, and examining each in succession, instead of having a lot laid out before her for comparison, and making her choice at a glance. Patience on a monument is a fine poetical idea; but a more perfect figure of Patience is exhibited by a gentleman standing for hours behind his lady's chair, and before a linendraper's counter. His only consolation is that of reflecting that a choice, suited with such extreme difficulty, was once satisfied with himself. Compulsory idleness, which is worse than hard labour, is the misery of this situation. The draper does not keep newspapers for men to read, as he ought; one has nothing to do but to kick one's heels. Some employment, however, the draper might, in certain cases, unconsciously afford the sufferer of a husband; namely, that of looking out sharp, and taking care that his wife is not cheated. One of these cases was exposed the other day in the Court of Exchequer, in the trial of GOODSON *v.* LLOYD. G. and L. were rival mantle-sellers, trading in Shoreditch. G. sued L. for libel. The alleged libel consisted in ticketing a damaged mantle with the inscription—"As bought of Goodson's for 21*s.*; compare with ours at 19*s.* and 9*d.*" L. had sent one of his shopgirls to buy the mantle at G.'s., where it had been exhibited in the window, marked, "Only One Guinea," and was represented to have crushed and creased it himself for exhibition at his own shop, to the detriment of G.

On G.'s part was called a gent named HELLIKER, in his employ, who proved the original good order of the mantle in question; but

"Upon being cross-examined by MR. SERJEANT SHEE, he said,—The young lady asked for a brown mantle in the window. I can't swear that I gave it her. I will swear that I did not give it to her. She might have taken me outside to show me what she wanted. When they ask for a thing out of the shop window we never give it to them. I cannot swear whether she complained that the mantle was not the same."

Next appeared in the witness-box, that highly respectable tradesman, MR. G. himself; and made the subjoined confession; that is to say, when he came to be

"Cross-examined.—I know there is a complaint that people cannot get what they ask for at my shop, but the thing is so general that it is not worth taking notice of. (*Laughter.*) The things they see in the shop window we 'drop,' because they should not see them as they go out, and give them another to take away with them; the defendant knows all about it, for he does the same—my trade is all show, I should have none without it."

Whereupon the learned Judge delivered the following judicious remark and suggestion:

"BARON WATSON.—After this most disgraceful exposure, don't you think it would be advisable to withdraw a juror?"

SERJEANT SHEE, however, counsel for the defendant, wished to vindicate his client's character; accordingly

"After MR. SERJEANT SHEE had addressed the jury for the defence he called a young lady named HUMPHREYS, who stated she was sent by the defendant, her employer, to purchase the mantle in question; that she took the shopman to the window and pointed out the mantle she wanted, and that she had taken particular notice of the trimmings—they were silk velvet. A lad was sent to get the mantle from the window; when it was brought she complained that it was not the one she had seen in the window, and that the trimmings were not silk velvet, and the hood was of a different colour and inferior material. 'It is the same,' replied the shopman; 'we can't afford to sell silk velvet trimmings for the money.'"

The summing up of JUDGE WATSON ought to be branded on G.'s shop-front:—

"His Lordship said, that at first he thought the defendant had come into Court to puff himself, as all the proceedings would appear in the *Times*; but this could not be his object, as the jury must have seen from the evidence. He always thought that an English tradesman was an honest man, and after a very long residence in London he personally had no reason to think otherwise. Now, he wished it to be distinctly understood that such conduct as the plaintiff, on his own confession, was guilty of, was, to use the mildest expression the English language supplied, 'cheating;' and that if the plaintiff and the witness HELLIKER stood at the bar of the Old Bailey charged with a conspiracy to cheat, not all the united eloquence of the learned counsel engaged in the cause could prevent a conviction."

G. must admit that the Judge's charge was moderate. On its delivery, of course,

"The jury found a verdict for the defendant."

The employment which this case suggests for the male attendant of a lady shopping may be really a rather exciting one. Suppose her to be engaged in dealing for any article exhibited in the shop window, his proper place would be, not at her elbow, but on the watch outside. He could there observe whether the exhibited article was honestly handed to her, or roguishly "dropped." In the latter case, it would seem from BARON WATSON's charge, that he would be in a position to pull the shopman and his proprietor up at a criminal bar, for conspiracy to cheat. At least, he would have the pleasure and amusement of defeating an attempt to defraud his wife, or, at any rate, of protecting some defenceless woman from imposition.

It may be well for fraudulent haberdashers to know that shaving the ladies is an operation not quite unattended with danger to the operator, who, in its performance, may chance to cut his own fingers. But we must not say more on the subject of linendrapers, or the impatient reader will perhaps exclaim: "What is the next article?"

SHAMEFUL HOAX AT THE EXPENSE OF A NOBLE DUKE.

REALLY this won't do:—

"His Grace the DUKE OF HAMILTON, on his arrival here lately, went to kiss the POPE'S foot. The Holy Father, on rising from his seat, found a gift of 12,000 scudi lying at his feet."

The foregoing precious story is told by the Roman Correspondent of a paper which oddly calls itself the *Glasgow Free Press*; oddly, because it is a Popish organ, and surely Popish freedom of the Press is "hot ice and wondrous strange snow." This journal is doubtless an Irish plant, albeit flourishing on Scotch soil. It 's nae the production of ony gude Glasgow bodies; and at any rate its Roman Correspondent can be no canny Scot, or he never would have imagined his countryman the Duke laying £3000 at the POPE'S feet, even if he could have conceived him capable of kissing them. The foregoing statement is preceded by the passage following, which, but for the writer's previous complaint of the rudeness exhibited by some "ill-bred English visitors in the Holy City," might be supposed to have been meant for irony:—

"It is relieving to know that at least every one who comes here from England is not disorderly, overbearing, or arrogant. We have very often some of the best specimens of refinement and morality coming from England to this place, and it gives me the greatest pleasure that could be afforded to me in this way to be able to point to a bright example of this kind from your own door."

The idea of the *refinement* exhibited in the disgusting act, imputed to the DUKE OF HAMILTON, of kissing the POPE'S foot, is particularly rich—in absurdity. The varra suggestion of sic a sickening thing is eneuch to mak' the Scottish bluid in ony true Scot's own great tae to tingle, at the imagined sight of the inventor within reach of it. Feelings which he could not gratify by the flexion and extension of the right leg might be relieved by an involuntary outburst of native song; for example:—

TUNE—"*Roy's Wife.*"

Whisht! base an bletherin' Paddie,
Hoot! fause romancin' Paddie,
Dinna tell us sic a lee,
About our bonnie ducal laddie.
Hoo daurd ye gie your tongue sic scope,
Sae far the path o' truth abandon,
And say the taes o' your auld POPE
Were kissed by HAMILTON au' Brandon?
Whist! base, &c.

Oh! gin ye war afore me noo,
Ye flunkie loon to Rome's auld daddie,
I'd give a fute, in troth, to you,
And cry, "Tak' that! foul faithless Paddie."
Whist! base, &c.

Of course nobody can believe that the DUKE OF HAMILTON kissed the POPE'S toes; but, as a papistical paper states that he did, it would seem that that shameful ceremony is really wont to be performed. Genteel and educated society, therefore, is mistaken if it supposes that the idea of the nasty and degrading act of homage, accustomed, according to the popular belief, to be rendered to the Roman Pontiff, is imaginary; a mere ultra-Protestant fiction of Exeter Hall, and a vulgar error.

Superstition at Fault.

A RESPECTABLE tradesman invited twelve friends to dine with him. Some of them objected to sit down together at table, as the whole company numbered thirteen. The host allayed their apprehensions by telling them that they were only a dozen. He was a baker.

DE GUSTIBUS, &c., &c.

MY LORD WILTON finds organ-grinding an "agreeable relief," * and far be it from our wish that his Lordship's gratification should be interfered with. For our part, he is heartily welcome to our share of barrel-organ music for life, with this proviso, that he shall so place his favourite instrument that the comfort and repose of his neighbours cannot be disturbed.

We have no doubt that the same taste and intelligence, which enables the noble Earl to enjoy this exquisite noise, would also allow him to eat scraped slate pencil, by way of variety to his ordinary meals; and we sincerely wish there were some asylum, to which this refined nobleman might retire, and indulge such a relish to his heart's content. We would use all our influence to procure him admission.

* Vide Debate in the House of Lords, April 29.

PARLIAMENT MAKING ITSELF PAY!

THE representatives of the nation, like the individuals composing the nation they represent, are in general peculiarly puzzled to devise Ways and Means. Parliament, therefore, will doubtless thankfully accept any suggestion which may serve to expedite its anxious endeavours to raise the wind. Here is one, at the High Court of Parliament's service. Strangers present in either House during debates sit there on sufferance. This consideration indicates a new and promising source of revenue. Continuing to admit reporters for the Press *gratis*, let the Lords and Commons require all other visitors to pay a certain charge for admission. This might be fixed at a pretty high figure. If there are large numbers of people who will give half-a-guinea to hear a frivolous and foolish opera (for not all operas combine sense with sound), surely it is probable that still larger numbers would be willing to pay a great deal more to hear the wisdom and the wit, expressed in the musical eloquence, of noble lords and honourable gentlemen. There would be nothing derogatory to the Legislature in this arrangement. The money taken at the doors of the Houses would not be pocketed by the Members—it would go to augment the public income; it would, in fact, be the produce of a new tax, and a tax at which nobody would grumble.

Of course, the execution of this project would require an increase of Parliamentary accommodation for the public, to provide which additional galleries might easily be constructed. For the rest it would only be necessary to add a money-taker, and a check-taker to the officers of the House. The receipts would be equivalent to those of the most prosperous playhouse, subject to no deduction for scenery, dresses, decorations, and salaries of performers. The Houses of Parliament would be national theatres, helping very materially to pay the expenses of the nation. So far from regarding payment for admission to the debates as an exaction, most people would hail it as a great convenience, as it would enable them to indulge themselves in an evening's entertainment without having to take the trouble of soliciting members for orders. At the same time, the members would be delivered from the annoyance inflicted on them by that solicitation; and thus all parties would be more than satisfied.

In the event of the adoption of the fiscal expedient above proposed, it might perhaps be advisable that MESSRS. HANSARD should be instructed to print House Bills for distribution about Town, in order to advertise the performances of the evening. Some people have serious, others comic tastes; this man would like to hear DISRAELI in the Budget: that would prefer SPOONER on Maynooth: and the announcement that MR. DRUMMOND intended to make any remarks, would attract many persons in the expectation of enjoying a good laugh. The admirers of Irish farces also would flock to the Commons House whenever they knew that one of those pieces of absurdity was going to be performed at that theatre.

Hard to Bear.

THAT naturally awkward animal, the bear, is sometimes caused to acquire the graceful accomplishment of dancing. According to a popular notion, the bear is taught to dance by being confined on an area consisting of hot bricks. Thus, the capers of a dancing bear may be described as the poetry of involuntary motion. They resemble the measures of a Tory Government obliged to legislate on Liberal principles.

A LATE BIRD.

"NICE roast goose, Sir," said a waiter to a fast young gentleman, who had "been out" the night before—"nice roast goose, Sir, just up!" The young gentleman shamelessly answered: "So am I!"

A PAIR OF THEM.—Trafalgar Square now contains the statues of two Generals—SIR CHARLES NAPIER and DR. JENNER. The former was a General Officer; the latter a General Benefactor.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, May 8, 1858.

TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman). "WHY, GUV'NR, WHAT HEVER 'S THE MATTER?"

Old Coachman (sobbing). "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT 'S BIN A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!" *[Is relieved by tears.*

A PACHYDERM.

SCENE—*The House of Lords during the hearing of the Talbot Case. May 6.*

*Sir Richard.** Over and over again, I affirm it,
SIR FITZROY has stated the thing as I say.
Sir Fitzroy. My Lords, by no harsh name I 'll venture to term it,
But that allegation I answer with Nay.
Sir Richard. SIR FITZROY—
A Lord. Our Sovereign's Attorney,
SIR RICHARD,
Has right to *that* title.
Sir Richard. I shan't call him so.
Another Lord. You are into your learned friend anxious to pitch hard.
Sir Richard. Who calls him my learned friend? I, my Luds? No.
But he said, I repeat to your Ludships—
Sir Fitzroy. Already,
My Lords, I've assured you, I said no such thing;
The short-hand reporters, attentive and steady,
Will prove that I'm right, and his charge has no sting.
Sir Richard (slowly). Over and over again, I repeat it,
SIR FITZROY has stated the thing as I say—
Sir Fitzroy (incensed). If he makes such a speech, there 's but one way to meet it—
Sir Richard (deliberately). Over *and* over, and day after day.
Sir Fitzroy (turning his back on him). My Lords, you 'll excuse any plainness of diction,
I address this remark not to him, but to you;
SIR RICHARD 'S accustomed to promulgate fiction,
Well knowing he 's saying the thing that 's untrue.
Sir Richard. Pretermitting, my Luds, any slight disquisition
As to whether such words be or be not in place,
The remark has been made, and I now would petition
Without interruption to finish my case.

[*The Peers, who have been rubbing their hands with pleasure at the sparring, look a little surprised at so placable a reception of* SIR F. K.'s *observation; but, concluding that such are the ways of a liberal and gentlemanly profession, address themselves anew to the Talbot pedigree.*

* Pachydermata, literally Thick Hides. Dick (or Richard)-hauler of the Germans.—CHARLES KNIGHT'S *Cyclopædia.*

THE HOPELESS MARRIAGE BILL.

A GENTLEMAN of the Puseyite persuasion, MR. BERESFORD HOPE—that fair and impartial legislator—that consistent champion of liberty of conscience—in opposing LORD BURY'S Marriage Law Amendment Bill, is reported to have made the following profound yet perspicuous observation on the question before the House:—

"From the QUEEN on her throne down to the poorest of the realm it affected the social position of all."

The question whether a widower shall be allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister affects the social position of the QUEEN; who has no sister. It likewise affects all HER MAJESTY'S subjects, notwithstanding that some of them only are widowers, and some only of those widowers have wives' sisters, and some only of those who have wives' sisters want to marry them. This is as clear as mud.

At the same time—according to the logical HOPE—the Bill concerns only a small minority of the nation:—

"Bills to the effect of that now proposed had passed this House several times, but had on every occasion been thrown out elsewhere; and what had the Country said? Why, absolutely nothing at all. There was really nothing to show that the people of the United Kingdom who would be affected by the passing of this Bill, cared one iota for it. Now had the grievance complained of been such as it was represented to be—if the inhabitants of Bradford as represented by the honourable and gallant member (GENERAL THOMPSON), reflected the wishes of the whole nation—would there have been so little public feeling visible? Yet the Lords had thrown these Bills out, and the people of the United Kingdom had hardly wagged a finger in attempting to bring the Lords to another opinion. The fact was, that the whole of the evidence which had existed on the question had from first to last been the work of a few interested persons (*hear, hear*), and they had put their case into the hands of MESSRS CROWDER AND MAYNARD, who rigged the evidence before the Royal Commission. The offence was rank, and smelt of the attorney's shop."

Towards the conclusion of the above extract, the language begins to get gentlemanlike. By the use of that elegant slang word "rigged," MR HOPE gracefully contrives to avoid verbally accusing MESSRS. CROWDER AND MAYNARD of falsifying evidence. The pious Puseyite knows how wicked it is to bear false witness. Indeed, the whole moral tone of the foregoing remarks is beautiful. The persons aggrieved by the present marriage law are few; therefore deny them justice. Reject their claims on the same righteous principle as that on which the Lords refuse those of the Jews.

MR. HOPE is jocose as well as gentlemanlike and just:—

"The whole agitation, as he had said, was the work of an attorney's shop. Not 100 yards from this House, next door to the Parliamentary printers, was an office, on the door of which was a zinc plate, bearing in large letters the words 'Marriage Reform Association.' Then in smaller characters were the words 'for the exclusive object of promoting the passing an act to render lawful,' and next came, in letters which in theatrical language would be called 'screamers,' 'marriage with a deceased wife's sister.'"

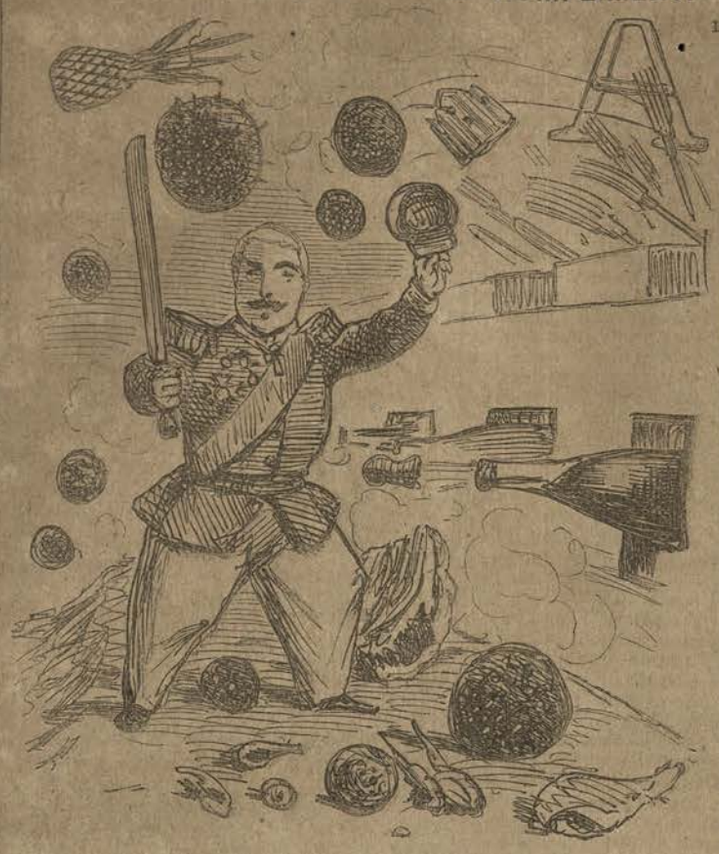
MR. HOPE is jocose in talking at this rate—of course. "The whole agitation was the work of an attorney's shop." When we are in joke, we are allowed to state that which is not true, that which we know is not true, and that which everybody else knows to be untrue.

From the gay vein of banter and derisive misstatement, MR. HOPE passes on to the grave line of Scriptural quotation. He gets to *Leviticus* xviii. 18; where we must leave him to settle the meaning of that text with those who have understood it in one obvious sense ever since *Leviticus* was written—the Jews. Their interpretation of it has the rather strong recommendation of harmonizing with the natural law of marriage—the law of physiology—although it is unfortunately contradicted by the Hebrew scholarship of MR. HOPE, and is not only at variance with his unerring private judgment, but also with the authority of that minor infallible Church of which the Hon. Member for Maidstone is the representative, and whose yoke he wishes to impose on the community at large.

A WORD TO THE WEAKER VESSEL.

A LADY who obstinately persists in wearing hoops, ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.

ALIMENT AND COMPLIMENT.



LL that I know," said *Bottom*, "is that the Duke hath dined." We know more than that of the DUKE OF MALAKOFF. We know that when he dined the other day at the Army and Navy Club, the following dishes were comprised in the dinner given to him thereat: "Oiseaux de Combat," "Dorée à la PÉLISSIER," and "Pouding Glacé à la Malakoff." It seems that the gallant entertainers of the distinguished Duke formed the appropriate resolution, that they and their illustrious guest should not only live like fighting-cocks, but should actually eat them; diet which would tend to increase their already prodigious valour, if their valour were capable of increase. In giving the name of PÉLISSIER to a dish, their cook followed an established precedent, but one which seems based on an odd principle. An Alderman or a Lord Mayor is a kind of celebrity whom it would be natural to connect with this or that culinary preparation; but there seems no congruity between such a thing and a Marshal, except the City Marshal. The Malakoff iced pudding should have been hard frozen to deserve its name, for the affair of the Malakoff was certainly hot work.

FINE ART EXHIBITION.

THE Royal Society recommends that a Great Exhibition for the purpose of promoting the Fine Arts, should take place every ten years in England. The Lowther Arcade goes further than this. It has adopted the plan of holding an Exhibition every day—and such an exhibition as is sure to beat every other one "smash." It is open at both ends to all Europe. The latest novelty is the introduction of a poisonous colouring powder into India-rubber balls, by means of which the brilliant hues of green, pink, and red are imparted to the diaphanous substance. The colour is very pleasing to children, only when they suck it, they are liable to die. In two melancholy instances, this result was obtained last week with the greatest success.

Unpardonable Insult.

ON Saturday last, nearly opposite the Guards' Club, and about the hour when Swells are generally thickest, two Swells, of the most charming swellishness, and with small balloons round their legs, were roughly ordered by INSPECTOR GRUNT, of the A B C. Division, "to step it quick into the middle of the road," as, according to the Police Act, (so said that legal authority) "No Peg-tops were allowed on the pavement."

SEASONABLE IMPUDENCE.

A STREET-BOY rushed into our office the other day (the wind E.) and asked for a Christmas-box.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

WE confess we were bitterly disappointed in not seeing, in this year's Academy, a *Portrait of Prince Albert's Pig*. We have often heard of that highly-favoured individual, who must have been born with a silver ladle in his snout, but we have never seen him, and we long to see his Portrait. To make the neglect still more cutting, we think that that swinish celebrity is about the only one out of his Royal Highness's menagerie that has not been painted. Dogs, rabbits, deer, puppies, gold fish, game, both dead and live, horses in herds, cocks and hens by the hundred, have all in their turns had a lick of the brush; but the poor Prize Pig, with all his cattle-show honours thrust thick as straw upon him, has not yet received the smallest dab of paint. We think this neglect is darkly coloured with a small tinge of ingratitude.

Considering the innumerable prizes, both first and second, that the poor snubbed porker has won for the Court, we do think that he is entitled in return to some small mark of pictorial recognition from it. We still hope to see his extensive merits done full justice to by SIR EDWIN, or ROSA; or, in their absence, we hope that MR. ANSDELL will not be over-dazzled by the honour, in the event of the Pig sitting to him for his portrait. Patrons of the turf have their racers painted, and are proud of extolling their rare beauties. Why then should not a Royal Prince have his favourite Pig immortalised on canvas, so that he, too, after dessert, might be able to brag before his German cousins of the high attributes and dainty perfections of that distinguished member of the porcine family, to whose celebrity he should not be ashamed to confess he is so largely indebted for his own? This would only be a creditable exhibition of gratitude; and every year we visit the Academy, we shall look curiously up to the hooks to see if the Pig is not proudly dangling from one of them. When fairly hung, he should be duly cut down, and presented to the nation to be incorporated in the collection now forming of National Portraits. His wide-spread fame is fairly entitled to that honour; for we maintain that all other celebrities of the present day shrink into nothing and appear small by the side of him; and, moreover, of no other hero can it be said that his merits are so often in the mouths of Englishmen as of PRINCE ALBERT'S Prize Pig. However, we are pleased to state that, by way of compensation, the Royal Academy can this year boast of three or four portraits of His Royal Highness. This is an unusual attraction, and we beg to congratulate our beloved German Ruler upon his increasing corpulency, as beautifully developed in those charming representations with a large roundness of touch that materially aids the royal likeness. We are sure our readers will join hands with us in this hearty congratulation; for, when you do by chance get a good Prince, it is morally as well as physically impossible to have too much of him.

A Rivalry Worthy of being Noted.

TWO cheap Tailors are emulating the musical rivalries of DUSSEK and WOELFL. Their rivalry runs upon servants' liveries. One has announced his *Knee Plush Ultrà*, whilst the other goes beyond him by bringing out his *Plush Ultrà!* The first leaves off merely at the knee—whilst the second goes down to your very sole, and all for the same money! The various servants' halls of this large metropolis, so rich in flunkeydom, are ringing loud with the praises of the two compositions, and the richness and softness of both are loudly extolled by the numerous JEAMESES and JENKINSES who have tried them on.

Calumny on an Intrepid Corps.

IT has been erroneously stated, that *delirium tremens* is a common disease amongst the soldiers in the Guards. The only Guards amongst whom that disease is peculiarly prevalent are the drunken blackguards.

HAPPY is the husband who can take his wife down Regent Street without stopping at a shawl shop.

HABITS OF HEALTHY EXERCISE.—If a young lady is unable to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

SHALL SPOONER HAVE A STATUE?

ONCE a-year at least must this momentous question be regarded as *par excellence* the question of the day. Once a year the champion SPOONER strides down to the House, mounts his hobby Maynooth, and flings his gage into the face of the assembled Commons. In the tournament which follows he gets annually the worst of it. But although each year dismounted, he is in his seat again the next, prepared to break a lance with whoever dare oppose him. Up he jumps with every recurring Spring, with as unerring regularity as crocusses and tulips. All he gains by getting up is the power to sit down again. Nevertheless, Spring cabbages are not more sure in their upspringing. Every year as soon as earth puts on its verdure, up comes the annual SPOONER, every bit as green as ever.

Now the question long has been, What are we to do with him? With the Commons for his Sindbad, SPOONER plays the part of the *Old Man of the Sea*. *Sedet, eternumque sedebit*—if the House don't try to free itself. We think a Bill for his Removal might be properly brought in, as for the removal of any other nuisance. Had the Barrel-Organ Act been happily made law, SPOONER might perhaps have somehow been suppressed by it. He yearly grinds away at the same old wearying tune, and nobody can put a stop to his perpetual Maynooth motion. In this respect, indeed, he is a worse instrument of torture than a hand organ. The *aura popularis* is continually changing. After blowing "*Lucy Neal*" or "*Jim Crow*" for a year or so, street bands get to "*Keemo Kimo*" and their "*Poor Dog Tray*." But SPOONER never varies his auricular infliction. Maynooth is his *aura* anything but *popularis*, which he blows from year to year with never deviating certainty.

Still, though we are free to say we're not adorers of our SPOONER, we confess that we like pluck, and respect him who possesses it. To give SPOONER his due, it must be owned he largely does so; and we regret to see it wasted on so profitless a cause. But nobody can deny his possession of the article. The way he yearly braves the *Oh! Ohs!* of the House, and presses on to a division in the forlorn hope of a victory, is an act of dauntless courage that a CAMPBELL might be proud of. Were an Order of Political Valour to be granted, bold SPOONER ought to stand first and foremost to be decorated. A green ribbon should be given, which should symbolise his viridity; and on all future Maynooth field-nights he should wear it in his button-hole. But in default of this, he clearly is entitled to a Statue. Although we cannot put him down, we at least may put him up. Let us raise him to a pedestal, if we may not to a peerage. The hero of a hundred Maynooth fights should be placed side by side with our other sculptured heroes. Yes! SPOONER the Undaunted must clearly have a Statue. Let us raise a *monumentum ære perennius*—more lasting than the brass with which he morally is furnished. Let us chisel him in marble, after the antique; to show how old a bird it is we have to do with. ST. SPOONER the Undaunted mounted on his hobby, and the dragon Maynooth taking a draconic sight at him! What a stimulating subject for the genius of our sculptors! How worthy of the hand that erstwhile cut the sacred pigtail of our GEORGE, or curled the royal periwig of our CHARLES at Charing Cross.

THE RICHEST AND POOREST CHURCH IN THE WORLD.

THOSE sneering persons, who are in the habit of inveighing against the wealth of the Established Church, will doubtlessly be pleased to learn, that there are no less than 3,528 *benefices under £50 a-year!* You will thus perceive that in an Ecclesiastical See all the fishes are not exactly turtles, any more than in the Ecclesiastical cupboard all the loaves are quarterns. When the BISHOP OF EXETER is riding in his carriage, opening his lungs wide in the hopes of catching an appetite for dinner, it may probably reconcile him to his hard lot to know that there is many a poor fag of a curate who receives less money for his work than the fat coachman on the box before him. To guide a human flock is not paid half so well as the driving a pair of Bishop's horses. To one ST. JAMES in the Church there must be full five hundred ST GILESES! It is the poor who pay for the rich. There is at present an agitation going on for the Equalisation of Poor Rates. Our half-starved, hard-working curates would do well to get up a similar agitation in favour of the Equalisation of Church-Rates; or else the chances are that, failing to get anything like a living out of the latter, they will be driven for support to apply to the former. It would seem as though the gifts of the Church, not less so than the gifts of this world, were most unequally distributed. The prizes in the clerical lottery are terribly out of proportion to the blanks.

THE BRUTE TAMER.

(An Old Song in a New Shape.)

HAD I to tame a vicious Horse,
Think ye that I would use brute force?
Oh no! I should adopt the course
Of MR. RAREY.
I chanced, this morn, a Groom to view,
In vain attempting to subdue
A noble but unruly steed;
He treated him very ill indeed,
And, whilst the animal he smote,
Used language much too strong to quote:
At length—I caught him by the throat—
And exclaimed,
"Wretch!
Suppose that is a vicious horse,
To tame him should'st thou use brute force?
Nay, nay; thou should'st adopt the course
Of MR. RAREY."
The Groom and I contending thus,
The populace surrounded us,
No doubt they hoped that we should fight,
For their diversion and delight,
But they did not enjoy that wished-for sight,
For thus I appealed to them:—
"Good People!
Would you, to tame a vicious horse,
Resort to vulgar physical force?
No!—to the plan you'd have recourse
Of MR. RAREY."
The people said, "that was all very well,
But they didn't know, and they couldn't tell,
And suspected that system was all a sell."
So I said I would prove to them it was not
By an open experiment on the spot;
And produced
One shilling.
I placed the coin in the Groom's right hand,
And to drink my health did him command;
"There," said I, "now that's the way to stand,
Like MR. RAREY."
The Groom his hat directly raised,
At which the people were amazed.
His ire grew cool that lately blazed,
Upon the shilling whilst he gazed.
"There now," I said, "my friends, you see,
This is no Electro-biology,
Nor any magic or mystery;
I appeal, simply,
To that Groom's sense and intellect,
Till now by circumstances checked:
The method hence you may collect
Of MR. RAREY."
The Groom a moment stood confused,
He meditated—and he mused—
And he said, "Vell, kindness ain't no loss;
I may as vell try it vith that 'ere 'oss."
My great success the public cheered,
Seeing how gentle he appeared,
And with the Steed whilst off he sheered,
I remarked, "There, now,
You see Persuasion's gentle force
Has tamed that man—'twill tame a horse.
Would you know how, go take a course
Of MR. RAREY."

Commencement of the Warm Season.

"MR. SIMPSON presents his compliments to the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, and begs to state that he has had the pleasure of placing his (the Marquis's) name on the Free List for the Cremorne Season, which commences on the first warm day that the Gardens are favoured with. Due notice will be given before December of the interesting event."

THE WANDERING TRIBE.

THE Lords (says BERNAL OSBORNE) have presented the Jews again with their annual Ticket-of-LEVI.

JUST LIKE 'EM.

Mamma (staying with newly-married Daughter). "MY DEAREST, SWEETEST DARLING! WHAT! CRYING! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Daughter (with many sobs). "OH, M-M-M-MAMMA DEAR! HERE'S CH-CH-CH-CHARLES SO DREADFULLY UNKIND. HE KNOWS THE H-H-HORSE TAMING SECRET, AND HE W-W-W-W-ON'T TELL IT TO ME!"

MAY-FLOWERS OF FASHION.

THAT fashionable monthly rose, *Le Follet*, comes out in fine bloom this May. Here is one of its flowers:—

"We have heard it whispered that skirts are to be worn shortly; but we cannot give full credence to it, however desirable it may be on some accounts."

What a mystery—the rumour that skirts are to be worn shortly—to be whispered if named at all: one of the secrets of Ceres which it were profanation to proclaim! One is curious to know where and how the Editor of *Le Follet* came to hear it whispered—peradventure in the hidden recesses of a *modiste's* establishment, where it is possible that he might have some business. What a capital "soft nothing" to whisper to a fair partner in a polka, mazurka, waltz, hornpipe, or other polite and elegant variety of ball-room exercise! You sign her to listen—she is all attention—highly interested attention if you are single and rich—and you bend your lips to her ear, and breathe thereinto the gentle revelation that—"Skirts are to be worn shortly!" And perhaps you add in a louder tone, "Don't mention it!" exciting the curiosity of the bydancers.

Your fair partner doesn't understand you—and most likely you do not understand yourself very well; for the meaning of the word "shortly" in the above connection is obscure. In common propriety, that adverb signifies "soon," "in a little while,"—but skirts appear to have been worn for a long while, and worn, indeed, very much in excess. "Shortly" is perhaps used for "short," from an apprehension that the adjective was ungrammatical; and a subsequent passage harmonizes with this supposition. Let us present you with this other rose culled from out of *Le Follet's* foliage:—

"We have also seen a pretty morning dress of blue and white chinee silk, with three flounces, simply hemmed."

"Chinee," in the foregoing sentence, may be conjectured to stand for Chinese; as certain persons, instead of saying "Portuguese," say Portuguee. If it is really intended for "*chinée*," speckled or streaked, —we beg *Le Follet's* pardon. But any one who would pronounce "Chinese" "Chinee," would very probably substitute "shortly" for "short."

If the thing whispered really is that skirts are about to be worn short, we agree in the scepticism of *Le Follet* as to its likelihood. As long as influential splay feet require to be hidden, they will trample on the vanity of those who have a pretty foot to display. So much the better. Mankind are getting reconciled to the length and superabundance of female drapery. It is a good arrangement for us youth. It deprives grace and symmetry of that fascination for young men which they have when too evident, and which it is much better that they should not have. Or else, obliging every girl to go about holding her long gown up with both her hands, it renders her a rather droll than captivating object; besides producing a tedious sense of sameness which tends greatly to weaken the dangerous power of beauty. Young ladies are now little more to the eye than moving masses of clothes; scarcely more attractive than the figures in the drapers' windows. Their dress protects them from disagreeable admiration, and all that nonsense. Completely to answer this very proper purpose, it only wants a good thick veil, like a nun's—but this is hardly necessary.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

A LADY swooned the other day before one of the horrible Cawnpore pictures in the Royal Academy. Owing to the preposterous circumference of her dress, it was found impossible to approach within several yards of her. It was apprehended at one time that she would perish within sight of several hundred sympathising bystanders, owing to the difficulty of conveying assistance to her; and it was not before the greater part of her skirt (more than sufficient, we are informed, to fill, with the flounces and trimmings, three good-sized wheelbarrows) had been ruthlessly cut away, that restoratives could be administered to her. One minute more delay, and the case might have been fatal!

THE INDIAN JUGGLE.

(As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.)

THE BALLAD OF POPPETINA.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Author of the Ballad of "Oriana.")

"£1 Reward. Lost, from No. 7, Carlton Terrace, a little Pug Dog; answers to the name of POPPETINA; no further reward will be offered."—Advertisement published in the *Times* last week, and extensively placarded in the neighbourhood of the Duke of York's Column.

MY heart is wasted with my woe,
POPPETINA.
No other pet I e'er can know,
POPPETINA.
Though Regent Street dog-merchants show
Dear tiny things as white as snow,
POPPETINA,
The purchase I'll for thee forego—
POPPETINA.

As the light on dark was growing,
POPPETINA,
The St. James's cows were lowing,
POPPETINA.
Costermongers round were going,
Calling Spring flowers "all a-growing,"
POPPETINA,
"All a-growing, all a-blowing,"
POPPETINA.

In my boudoir, warm and bright,
POPPETINA,
You were wont to pass the night,
POPPETINA.
Within a house of osier tight,
Upon a sheepskin footrug white,
POPPETINA,
So snug you slept, my own delight,
POPPETINA.

Where were the maids, page, footmen—all—
POPPETINA?
How did the open door befal
POPPETINA?
Where was the girl who swept the hall?
Listening to some policeman tall,—
POPPETINA,
With whiskers large and talk so small,
POPPETINA?

You slipped out, past her careless side,
POPPETINA;
Flung yourself on the streets, so wide,
POPPETINA;
Upon the London streets so wide,
And got picked up, my pet, my pride,
POPPETINA!
Picked up, my pug, my pet, my pride!
POPPETINA!

Some hideous wretch, with hardened face,
POPPETINA,
Had watched you, beauty of your race,
POPPETINA;
First lured you to his coarse embrace,
Then plunged you in his pocket's space,
POPPETINA,
And I was left in cruel case,
POPPETINA.

They came and told me where I lay,
POPPETINA,
How that my pet had run away,
POPPETINA.
With but a feather (as they say)
You might have knocked me down that day,
POPPETINA;
I almost fainted right away,
POPPETINA.

Oh, darling pet, with skin so sleek,
POPPETINA!
And tail of triple curl unique,
POPPETINA!
With muzzle black, and ears a-peak,
Which when I fondly used to tweak,
POPPETINA,
How sharp and sudden was thy squeak,
POPPETINA!

I cry all day: I spoil my eyes:
POPPETINA.
And in the *Times* I advertise;
POPPETINA.
Bill-stickers I employ likewise;
Where hoardings, and dead walls arise,
POPPETINA,
Men read thy name, thy shape, thy size,
POPPETINA!

The vile dog-stealer's tricks I know,
POPPETINA!
Already may have fall'n the blow,
POPPETINA!
They may have thought my offer low,
And higher fancied I would go,
POPPETINA,
And slain thee, that I did not so,
POPPETINA!

Thy skin perhaps they'll send to me,
POPPETINA!
Memento mori sad of thee,
POPPETINA!
What sum is that I'd not agree
To pay, and have thee back scot-free,
POPPETINA?
What is a pound? I'll offer three,
POPPETINA!

THE NEW PARTY.

THE Journals announce that a new "Advanced Party" has arisen, with its own organisation, and Two Whips (*sic*), and that henceforward neither Tories, Whigs, Liberals, Peelites, nor any other section of politicians, will be permitted to do or to withhold anything, without the consent of the real reformers. *Mr. Punch* is able to state that the Advanced Party has advanced still farther, and that the following list of a proposed New Ministry, which it is understood that its leading Members are prepared to submit to HER MAJESTY, in the event of their being sent for, has been shown at the Clubs, where it has created a very remarkable sensation.

First Lord of the Treasury	MR. W. J. FOX.
Chancellor of Exchequer	VISCOUNT WILLIAMS.
Lord Chancellor	MR. COX (as Lord Finsbury de Circus).
President of Council	MR. ROEBUCK.
Privy Seal	CAPTAIN ACKERLEY.
Home Secretary	SIR JOHN SHELLEY.
Foreign Secretary	SIR ROBERT PEEL.
Colonial Secretary	SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY.
Secretary at War	GENERAL THOMPSON.
First Lord of Admiralty	SIR CHARLES NAPIER.
Board of Control	MR. TITE.
Board of Trade	MR. BASS.
Junior Lords of the Treasury	THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
Duchy of Lancaster	THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.
Postmaster General	MR. D'IFFANGER JUNIOR.
Lord Chamberlain	MR. E. T. SMITH.
Attorney General	MR. HADFIELD.
Solicitor General	SIR RICHARD BETHELL.
Paymaster General	MR. TOWNSEND.

We do not, of course, pledge ourselves to the accuracy of every one of these announcements, but they are generally correct. MR. BRADY, we may add, has talked of himself as Lord Chancellor for Ireland, an appointment which he conceives that his name will make peculiarly acceptable to that country; and the names of MR. JAMES GRANT, M.A., MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, LORD CLANRICARDE, MR. WESTERTON, and PROFESSORS HOLLOWAY and RISLEY, have also been mentioned in connection with the situations for which their respective talents and characters render them fit. We trust that with such men ready, there can be no real difficulty in "carrying on the QUEEN'S Government."

A Very Slight Distinction.

AMONG the Government Candidates at the late Elections for Paris were two, named in our newspapers respectively, "PERRET" and "PERROT." We have reason to believe there is a slight typographical inaccuracy here. Both were, in fact, called "PARROT." It was by virtue of the strictly imitative habits of the family of that name, that these gentlemen claimed admittance to the French Legislative Chamber, the sole occupation of which consists in saying "Pretty (NA)POL(EON)" and repeating any phrase the EMPEROR may please to put into its mouth.

Poem found at Willis's Rooms.

(Comprehensible by Musical folks only.)

VAINLY with feats for wrist and finger-joint
These German quacks test ARABELLA'S νοῦς,
"*Plus Ultra*" is the lady's starting point,
And "*Ne Plus Ultra*," perhaps, her Half-Way House.

A Derivation and an Illustration.

THE *telegram* is so called, from two Greek works, τῆλε, *afar off*, and γράμμα, *writing*; and is so called from what is written being often so far off the meaning. Example:—

What is written: "The 24th regiment was cut up at Azimghur."
What is meant: "The 24th regiment was *shut* up at Azimghur."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *May* 3. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY is a very great man this week and next, with the Exeter Hall people (who believe him the most godlike creature that walks the Earth) all about the streets and tea parties, and therefore is in no humour to be snubbed. So no wonder he put himself into a state of "excitement of manner," when the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH told him that if a paper touching the Indian atrocities were not in existence, he could not have it. SHAFTESBURY got a little worldly and "waxy" as schoolboys say, but his angry pride was nothing to the superb self-assertion of the LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH, and the regular worldling got the best of it. Later they had another little go in, SHAFTESBURY getting up with one of his petitions for promoting Christianity in India, and ELEPHANTBOROUGH responding that so long as he had anything to do with the business, he should preserve absolute religious neutrality.

In the Commons the Budget Debate was resumed, and for some reason was carried on in Latin. SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, who is a very classically-minded man, expressed, in a quotation from the *Art of Poetry*, his opinion of MR. DISRAELI as a financier :—

"Serpit humi tutus nimiùm timidusque procellæ."

Which for the benefit of the military, LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Bishops, and other uneducated persons, *Mr. Punch* will translate :—

"He crouches ignobly with budget so windy,
In awful alarm lest we kick up a shindy."

But MR. DISRAELI, who is also a person of cultivation, was not going to be put down in that style, and sending for a Delphin HORACE out of the Commons library, he looked up a *humum* for SIR GEORGE'S *humi*, and responded :—

"Dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet."

Which may be expounded :—

"With that nose in the air, how superbly he spoke—
But all his objections are bottles of smoke."

This was conclusive, and MR. DISRAELI had it all his own way. But it was a disgrace to Ireland that not one of her Members, of old famed for classical literature, trumped the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with the very next line—it would certainly have floored the equalisation of spirits business :—

"Migrat in obscuras humili sermone tabernas."

Or, in the vulgar tongue :—

"'Twas sneaking, the speech which to Erin said 'Pay,'
And our poor little whiskey shops claimed for his prey."

MR. BRIGHT, however, spoke out in English, and rather plain English, and told the House that we spent a great deal too much money, especially on wars. He was for amity with all nations, but hated alliances, and had no sympathy with the French alliance. And he complained that our heavy taxation fell upon the poorer classes. As MR. BRIGHT will infallibly be in office one of these days, we have cut out his speech, and stuck it with our best gum into our most handy common-place book, to be ready for annotations to be derived from his official conduct. Because, you know, we have heard this sort of thing before in our time.

"As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling into places, 'folks' grow dumb."

The Indian Debate was resumed, and a plan of MR. AYRTON'S, for making the Minister solely responsible for the Government of India, was rejected by 351 to 100.

Tuesday. On the sending to a Select Committee a Bill for compelling Bishops and Chaplains to hand over their affairs to the Ecclesiastical Commission, EARL GREY stated that the total value of our Church property was Thirty Five Millions. Really, Englishmen are not so irreligious as some folks would make them out. Thirty Five Millions. A very handsome sum for SQUIRE BULL to settle on his Chaplain.

The furious WHITESIDE brought in an excellent new Bill for facilitating the sale of land in Ireland by giving "a parliamentary title." It is to be wished that we could have such a measure for England. Why not? MR. WALPOLE declared it would be a great boon to the landed interest, and why not let the conveyancers go to the workhouse, if they do not like to earn an honest penny by sweeping crossings, and thus shoving the "cross remainders over" on each side.

Then came a debate on the Danubian Principalities, but as nobody knows or cares much about these unfortunate localities, it may be enough to say, that MR. GLADSTONE thought that the wishes of the inhabitants, as to the Union of the provinces, ought to receive some attention, especially as the Great Powers had twice called upon the poor people to signify their views. But the present Government, and LORD PALMERSTON for the late and future Government, declared that such nonsense was entirely out of the question, and MR. GLADSTONE'S proposition was rejected by 292 to 114.

Wednesday. The Bill for Emancipating the Wife's Sister was brought on in the Commons, and a good deal of abuse was lavished upon it by MR. BERESFORD HOPE, who came out with his High Church arguments, and made folks smile. "The authority of the Church" was once a fine idea, and is now a fine phrase; and, seeing that there is no tyranny or cruelty which has not at some time or other been justified by the authority of the Church, one is quite content with the poetical image, and to let the reality pass into Limbo. Still less inclined is MR. JONES to abstain from courting MISS BROWN, sister to MRS. JONES who is dead, because a text in *Leviticus*, which is badly translated, told a MR. ISRAEL, 1490 years before the Christian era, that he was not to marry MISS MOSES, sister to MRS. ISRAEL, *while the latter lady was alive*. A Commons majority of 174 voted against 134 that the Jew had nothing to do with the matter, and that the Church ought to have nothing. But the Lords and Bishops will reverse the decree, chiefly on the Jewish ground; for, though their Lordships will not let a live Jew make us a law, they are bigotted in demanding that a dead Jew's miscomprehended words shall make us one.

Thursday. Young ladies to whom friends and lovers (and who, with a heart in his buzzum, does not love every young lady he sees?) have presented pretty Prayer Books, bound in velvet, with gold clasps and corners, elegant blue-book marks with crosses dependent, monogram on the cover, and tiny looking-glass inside (just to see that the pretty little miserable sinner's *fixature* is all right after keeping the head down through that long Litany), will be delighted to hear that the House of Lords could not see any reason for making such nice books useless by listening to LORD EBURY'S proposal to alter the Prayer Book. Like his impudence, isn't it, dears? but what can you expect but twaddle from a homœopathist? If he cured his soul on the principle on which he cures his body, the tiniest Collect, say that for Stir-up Sunday, ought to serve him instead of all the Service.

LORD CANNING having prepared a proclamation, in which he claims all the land of Oude as the property of the British, except such portions as belong to loyal owners, Government announced that it had written to blow him up. This should cause him to resign, but before the Conservatives can send out his successor folks think the Conservatives will themselves be thrust out, and, inasmuch as anybody may write to India, somebody may have given his Lordship that hint by the mail that left on Monday.

Ireland was again horribly oppressed, a tenant-right measure, proposed by one of her children, being rejected by 232 ferocious tyrants, who trampled 43 patriots to the dust. Scotland also came in for a blow, a Bill for assimilating her county franchise with that of England being smashed by 103 to 84. Please to notice the respective attendance of Irish and Scotch. Ireland has 105 members, Scotland 53.

But when haughty England had to be served, things took another turn. It is thought that the property qualification for members of Parliament is a mockery, usually evaded, sometimes mischievous. MR. LOCKE KING introduces a Bill to abolish it, and the Bill, courteously received, is read a second time without opposition.

Friday. As might be expected, the wipe for LORD CANNING made his friends very angry. LORD GRANVILLE allowed that it might be right to reprimand the GOVERNOR GENERAL, but thought it a shame to let the public know. There is good aristocratic and exclusive

feeling in this sentiment, but then the Opposition have been demanding papers, indeed clamouring for them, and LORD GRANVILLE himself, on the very night before, as LORD DERBY reminded him, had been pressing for their instantaneous production. One LORD SUNDRIDGE (by the way he has some Scotch title, though it gives him no seat in the Lords; DUKE OF ARGYLL we believe the young fellow is called) was quite abusive, and elegantly declared that LORD CANNING had been "thrown overboard in an offensive manner." But LORD DERBY was not much frightened, and declared that CANNING's Oude policy was unjust and injurious, but that he had been politely ordered to modify it, and needed not resign unless he liked. ELLENBOROUGH said he didn't care whether CANNING resigned or did not.

Not much in the Commons. The new Big Ben is nearly done, and a member suggested that it should be called Little John, in honour of LORD J. MANNERS, a proposal which did not appear to delight that poet. It was stated (and *Punch* was glad to hear it) that, having released our engineers from KING BOMBA's clutch, the Tories are trying to rescue the rest of the crew. The India resolutions were proceeded with. One thing more. The Gas Companies of London are just now in conspiracy against us, and a select committee has taken them in hand. Consumers, if your gas is dear, or bad, or the Cubic Footman cheats you, or all three, as is most usual, now is your time to blow up the Gasometers.

INTERESTING CEREMONY.

HIGHLY interesting ceremony took place the other morning at the residence of his Lordship, the noble EARL OF WILTON. For reasons of their own the Papers have abstained from chronicling what passed, but we have no such reasons for omitting to record it. Averse as we are always to poke our nose withinside of a private doorpost, for the sake of smelling out whatever may be happening there, still there are times when we feel forced to make exception to our rule, and the occasion we now speak of chances to be one of them.

It will, doubtless, be within the recollection of our readers, that LORD WILTON lately spoke in the defence of street musicians, and opposed the bringing in of a Bill for their Suppression. Being a man of most peculiar auricular construction, his Lordship said that he found organs an "agreeable relief," and was never tired of listening to the play of street pianos. In short he spoke up for the grinders in a way that one would scarcely have expected in St. Stephen's, and which seemed considerably more suited to St. Luke's.

The speech, having been translated into German and Italian, was sent to every house of call for organmen in London, and was received with every sign of satisfaction and applause. The supposition that LORD WILTON was chief spokesman of the legislature being strengthened by the fact that the Relief Act was thrown out, it was determined that his Lordship should be thanked for his good services, and should be presented with some token of the deep respect and gratitude of those whom he protected. An organic deputation accordingly was organised, and waited on his Lordship on the day of which we speak. Some idea of its numerical importance may be formed, when we state that, in addition to a chosen score of organ-men, the deputation represented every kind of street musician, from the pony-drawn harmonium player to the lowly hurdy-gurdyist. Having in our time resided in a "quiet" street, we noticed many "old familiar faces" in the crowd, and were enabled to remark that very few of the most noted street celebrities were absent. Besides a well-known *troupe* of lamp-blacked Ethiopians, we recognised a great variety of vocalists, including half-a-dozen of the strong-lunged solo ballad-bawlers, as well as several of the glee parties who *Hail Smiling Morn* at midnight on the door-steps of the publics. The instrumentalists were likewise, we could see, well represented; one of the most notable being a performer on a cracked clarionet, whom we knew as only knowing how to play but half a tune; his *répertoire* consisting of a part of the *Old Hundredth*, which he blows from street to street with quite unstoppable long-windedness. The deputation was enlivened by the presence of six bagpipers, looking Highlandish in dress but low Whitechapelish in countenance; and was graced by the presence of some German tambourine girls, who in spite of their costume, looked unmistakeably Britannic.

The deputation was most graciously received by his Lordship, who won golden opinions by suggesting, at the outset, that before they went to business they had better, speaking musically, wet their whistles. Beer having been served round in copious profusion, there was some slight altercation as to who should be the spokesman; but the choice at length rested on the leader of a German band of 4 trombone power, as being, we believe, the greatest nuisance present. The speech being delivered in bad English and worse German, largely intermingled with the *patois* called rogues' Latin, it would be quite useless to print what would most probably be Greek to all our readers, and we shall therefore only give the sum and substance of the gibberish. This was, in the name of all the London Street Musicians, to thank his noble Lordship for championing their cause; and to state that, in acknowledgment of his enlightened services, it had been resolved to place his Lordship on the free list, and in future to supply him with Street Music gratis. All the organ-men and other walking musical artists, were to hold themselves in future at his Lordship's disposal; and in the capacity of his Lordship's private band were, without expecting payment, to attend outside (or in) his house as often as it pleased him. The spokesman finished his address by presenting to his Lordship a most handsome testimonial, in the shape of a new hand-organ of extra squeaking power, with the words "Qui meruit ferat" embossed upon the shoulder-strap. This extremely graceful tribute to his Lordship's taste and merit was presented in the name of the Street-Musical profession, and in the hope that it might prove an "agreeable relief" for his Lordship now and then to have a grind or two upon it.

His Lordship, in reply, remarked, that this was certainly the proudest moment of his life. He considered that unless one had Street-Music in his soul, he was perfectly unfit to be called a British Statesman. For his own part, he confessed, He loved the merry, merry bagpipes, And it made his heart feel gay To hear the cadgers' singing, And the hurdygurdies play. In the opinion of his Lordship, There was not in the wide world a pleasure more sweet Than to hear the nice organs they grind in the street: The German bands too gave such exquisite bliss, That whoe'er wants Elysium need but taste this! After further stating that Street-Music had charms to soothe his Lordship's breast, his Lordship, in conclusion, said it was the food he loved, and he therefore bade the deputation have the kindness to "play on."

In compliance with this request, a promenade concert was immediately commenced: all the members of the deputation promenading round the room, and favouring his Lordship with their favourite *morceaux*. Readers who frequent the Philharmonic Concerts can form no notion of the musical effect which was produced. To hear banjos and bagpipes, harps and hurdy-gurdies, ophicleides and organs, all playing simultaneously quite independent tunes, and with no particular precision as to time or key, would have afforded a surprise to the most *blasé* connoisseur of even MENDELSSOHN or HANDEL. The effect of the promenade concert on ourselves was to make us promenade as quickly as we could quite out of earshot; and we therefore cannot say precisely how the proceedings terminated. We believe, however, that the deputation, having taken some refreshment (which was served up in the pewter), proved a little troublesome in the matter of their egress, and showed extreme unwillingness to quit such cosy quarters. Eventually, however, his Lordship called to his assistance the whole strength of his establishment, and the deputation were dispersed to their respective callings, bawlings, bellowings, and blowings, in as much peace and quietness as could be reasonably expected.

Ladies Have the Pull of Gentlemen.

LADIES are following the profession of dentistry in New York. SMELLFUNGUS, in his cynical manner, approves of this, and the reason of his approval is, because "Women (he says) are universally acknowledged to be the most practised hands at stopping men's mouths!"

THE HEBREW MIND. — "Penny wise, and Pound foolish," as *Shylock* was.

IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.

Piscator. "THERE, THOMAS! YOU NOW SEE THE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY RISING. I HAVE GOT THE VERY BEST PLACE ON THE WATER, AND I'LL BE BOUND TO SAY THE OTHER SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOT OUT OF BED YET!"

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

WE see our Swells are partly turning their backs upon the all-round collars, that for so many months past have turned their heads—that is to say, granting the possibility of any one who was immured inside one of those linen fastnesses being able to turn his head at all. Our handsome young Swells,—the darling pets of old match-making Dowagers, and the cherished *protégés* of all Lady Patronesses who have marriageable daughters,—are now devoting their cultivated minds to a new kind of collar. The present lawn enclosure is by no means so high, allowing a larger slice of the neck to be exposed to the admiring gaze of the fair equestrians of Rotten Row. The outer rim is doubled down over the edge of the shoe-tie that still does gorge-duty instead of a neck-kerchief. Sometimes, the shoe-tie is run through a handsome ring, and the ends allowed to dangle elegantly in front. The effect is especially light and airy.

One or two Swells, ambitious to distinguish themselves, have their initials, or their crests, engraved on this same ring—somewhat in the same style as sailors have the names of their ship chalked in white thread on the broad woollen cushion of their breasts. The plan, though in a trifling degree redolent of the tincture of vanity, is not without its uses, as it is evident that if any Swell were at any time to lose, or forget himself, (as for instance, in a dangerous flirtation with an Irish widow, or, still worse, in making love to a dowerless beauty,) he might be easily identified by the help of his signet-ring, and carried away immediately, before he had committed unjustifiable swellicide, to some place of safety.

However, we must beg to protest against the custom, that certain poetical sentimental young gentlemen of a Byronic tie and tendency are anxious to make popular, of having the name of their lady-love engraved on this same ring. It is too fantastic, and conceited, and ungallant, to meet with our approving flat. For instance, what right has an overgrown boy, like a juvenile PAUL BEDFORD, to tell every one, whose eyes happen to settle on his naked throat, that the name of the young lady, who is the temporary tenant of his bosom, is ZEPHYRINA? We wonder how ZEPHYRINA likes to have everyone ringing her name in this way in every divan and billiard-room all over town?

The new style, however, of doubling over the collar, and leaving the neck barely covered, gives us hopes that our glorious young Swells are fast returning to the habits of their youth, and we may shortly expect to see a small squadron of them sailing down Pall Mall in short jackets, and large lay-down collars, falling, like elephants' ears, over their shoulders.

The fashion of trowsers improves, if anything, in ridicule. The latest attempt has been an endeavour to imitate the hour-glass,—full even to bagging over the thigh—squeezed in tight about the knee—and rounded to a corresponding amount of bagginess over the calf. The effect is most supremely ridiculous; and, as we suppose that is the effect desired, these new trowsers must be pronounced a great success, that is no less loud than it is genuine. Henceforth, peg-tops are split.

Umbrellas continue the same. The great point seems to be, to get one long and light as a sunbeam. It requires six to equal the thickness of a common area railing, and they average about the same length.—*Our Own Dear Jenkins.*

The Paris Season.

ANOTHER Paper has been suppressed in Paris! So many of these leaves have lately fallen, that a Correspondent writes to say: "You would imagin, in consequence of this premature *chûte des feuilles*, that you were in Autumn, whereas the Summer is as backward as the spirit of the French people."

A YANKEE NOTION.

CERTAIN American Gentlemen, interested in the slave-trade, have expressed their opinion, that it would be a tarnation good thing if MR. RAREY could succeed in subduing every British *Cruiser*.

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A FACT.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."

Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU 'AVE YOUR OWN WAY IN MOST EVERYTHINK!"

SOLVENCY *v.* INSOLVENCY.

SUCH is the pernicious influence of the unsound monetary system in the United States, that the very rivers are imitating the example of the inhabitants, and breaking their banks in all directions. The last news was, that the Mississippi had set up such a run on its banks that they had given way under the pressure, and the consequence has been the swallowing up of all the landed property within hundreds of miles. Financial doctors, who don't believe in specie payments, point with triumph to the case, as proving that the most extensive derangement of the currency is not only consistent with, but may actually be caused by, the too great solvency of the banks.

What Jenner Said,

ON READING, IN ELYSIUM, THAT COMPLAINTS HAD BEEN MADE OF HIS HAVING A STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

ENGLAND, ingratitude still blots
The scutcheon of the brave and free,
I saved you many a million spots,
And now you grudge one spot to me!

A Retort in a Ball-Room.

BY A CLEVER GENTLEMAN WHO DOESN'T DANCE.

"THE Extract of Elder-Flowers, aye? Of course you mean Wall-flowers?" (*Brutally pointing to the elderly specimens, symmetrically arranged in a long deserted row against the wall.*)

A HALFPENNY CATCH.—Abuse the toll of Chelsea Bridge as much as you like, but let others praise it. To our mind, it would be rather a relief to hear that the bridge had been *ex-tolled!*

MR. PUNCH TO THE HONOURABLE THOMAS DUNCOMBE, M.P.

MY DEAR TOMMY,

ALL the world knows you are a "chartered libertine," and that your smart things are generally of the kind that may be laughed at, and forgotten. But you really ought to know your place, my dear TOMMY. There are some subjects too large, and lofty, and serious for your light handling. You must have observed among your brother contributors to the amusement of the Metropolis, that they have that becoming sense of "what to do, dare, and avoid," which I fear you are beginning to lose; whether from advancing years, keeping company with MR. COX, or too great familiarity with your audience in the House of Commons, I know not.

Look at me. I never laugh at what deserves respect. MR. ALBERT SMITH has, it is true, ventured to connect his name with Mont Blanc; but he had the good sense to drop his joking in the royal presence of the Monarch of Mountains. You do not see the Christy Minstrels attempting HANDEL'S Oratorios, or MR. ROBSON essaying the part of *King Lear*.

Follow these examples, my dear TOMMY. Be satisfied to raise a laugh out of what is laughable: but do not crack your irreverent jests upon great men, or hang your venerable pleasantries upon a grand discovery.

The other night, for instance, you ventured to ask a question about the statue of JENNER, just erected in Trafalgar Square.

"Cow-pox," you said, "was a very good thing in its proper place, but it had no place among the naval and military heroes of the country. Everybody who heard of this statue spoke of it with ridicule and disgust; and, if the Government should not feel justified in stopping the work, you trusted that the House would pass a resolution, calling upon them not to pollute and desecrate the ground, by erecting a statue there to that promulgator of cow-pox throughout the country."

Now really TOMMY, if this be what at first blush it looks like, the joke is too bad. But it may be meant seriously after all. You have joked so long, that it is not easy always to distinguish your jesting from such earnest as you are capable of. I have, hitherto, been admonishing you, on the assumption that these words were meant to raise a laugh. But on re-considering them, it occurs to me, that they may have been prompted less by irreverence than by ignorance—that you may not be aware of what JENNER really did for the world, and not consciously guilty of the sin of scoffing at one of the greatest benefactors of the human species.

Let me inform you, then, my dear TOMMY, that thanks to JENNER'S discovery, the small-pox mortality, in countries where the records of death are complete for corresponding periods, before and after the introduction of vaccination, has been reduced, in Sweden to a thirteenth of what it was; in Austria to a twentieth; in Westphalia to a twenty-fifth. Your old turf experience must have familiarised you with figures. I need scarcely therefore point out to you, that this last fact may be put in a more striking way by saying that where small-pox swept away a hundred Westphalians before JENNER "promulgated cowpox," Variola now numbers four victims only. The ninety-six lives that remain over we must carry to the credit of DR. JENNER.

So in London, it appears from the Bills of Mortality, that whereas the small-pox death-rate for the eighteenth century, ranged from 3000 to 5000; during the ten years, 1846—1855, it was under 340.

In all England, instead of a small-pox death-rate of about 3000, thanks to JENNER, we count one in 1855 of 132. And, if vaccination were as perfect as it might be made, there is every reason to believe that these rates might be reduced to zero; in other words, that this loathsome disease might be utterly annihilated.

And yet you dare to talk of "desecrating" and "polluting" Trafalgar Square by the statue of the man who has done this service to mankind! Or is it only, that you would not have this record of a preserver of our species put up beside those of its destroyers? There may be some grounds for *that* objection. But, if it be well founded, let us be consistent, and award still more conspicuous honours to the destructive principle. Let us remove JENNER to the Thames Tunnel, and give the vacant pedestals in Trafalgar Square to Crimean generals and Chelsea commissioners. And if civilian impersonations of the destructive principle be required to balance these, its military incarnations, let us by all means have a statue of your great colleague Cox, Defender of the Dirt, Guardian of the Filth of Finsbury, and Asserter of the Liberty of the British Citizen to poison his neighbours.

It is certain that JENNER would be no fit companion for such worthies; and that even you, my dear TOMMY—should it occur to an eccentric posterity to give you a statue—might feel uncomfortable in his pure and venerable neighbourhood. He devoted his life to labour

for the good of his kind; to what you have devoted yours I leave the *Bussy Rabutin* of the nineteenth century to chronicle. It may be that you intend to fill that character yourself, and thus to become your own autobiographer. I know no one better qualified. But, if you do, I would recommend the omission of all reference to your attack on DR. JENNER.

Believe me, my dear TOMMY,

Yours, very truly,

PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECIES.

SUCCESS has always attended *Mr. Punch's* Prophecies for the Derby, in preceding years, and has caused a cloud of Correspondents to beset him with supplications to vaticinate for the 1858 race. His good nature is proverbial, and therefore, in accordance with the custom of his sporting contemporaries, he has desired his various young men to furnish him with their notions about the race. By carefully attending to the hints of *Punch*, every reader may make himself safe.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM a man of few words. I am also a classically educated man. I am a man who admires LORD DERBY. Therefore I say, TOX—*et præterea nihil.*

"Yours truly, VOX."

"DEAR PUNCH,

"CHILDE Roland to the dark tower came.
The words were fi-fo-fum.
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"If that cap Fitz, why, wear it, old fellow.

"Always yours, THE SPHYNX OF SOHO."

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"WHO 's to win? Is there a doubt of it? I've none. When the winner is at the post I shall say to you 'Hadji there, old 'un,' and if you have betted with me I *shall* have had ye. Eh? Bring your own bottles, and your own Champagne in them.

"Truly yours, SALAAM ALAIKOOM."

"ADORED OLD BOY,

"'HAIL Columbia.' That 's the cue. Whate'er my fate in life may be, you understand, you understand, I 'll put the pot on thee.

"Yours respectfully, A CHRISTIAN MINSTREL."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"SAYS I to SCOTT,
'I 'll take a shot.'
Says he, 'That 's strange,
But try ——

"I can't remember the rhyme, but I know where I 've put my money, my boy.

"Your sincere friend, APHIS VASTATOR."

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"A GREAT many years ago there lived a party who was called the VENERABLE BEDE. I do not know whether he kept a man or not, but if he did, and there had been a Derby in those days, I should have backed him to win it,

"Yours obediently, ŒDIPUS."

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I BELIEVE the eminent MR. FARREN once insisted on *Iago's* dressing like an old man, because he was *Othello's* 'ancient.' There was an antiquary named BRITTON, who wrote on ancient architecture. Put all that together, and if you don't see the horse you are an ass.

"Yours perpetually, CORNELIUS NEPOS."

[The above contributor is discharged for his impertinence. He will find his £1000 at the Office on Saturday.—ED.]

"PUNCHOVIUS,

"YOU are a Shakespearian. After the *Witches* had put in the liver of the blaspheming Jew, and the gall of the goat, they put in slips of yew. When was that yew slivered? Keep it dark.

"Yours truly, MACBETH."

"MY BOY,

"MY first is a but, and you can't do my second without getting into a hole. *But* you won't, if you back my whole.

"Ever yours, NIMBLE NINEPENCE."

"DEAREST PUNCH,

"WHAT is his name,
Pudding and tame,
Ask me again,
And I 'll tell you The Same.

"Yours always, SEMPER IDEM."

"DEAR SIR,

"WHAT do you say to a Corporal's Surgeon? No? Then try a Sergeant's Physician. Neat, but not gaudy.

"QUACK."

"MR. PUNCH,

"IF, while eating my second, you speak French for fun,
You 'll utter my first if you ask 'what' has won,
If they answer my whole, I don't think you 'll be done.

"PAUL BEDFORD."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"IT begins with a knee, and it hends with a hen.
Have you put on the quids? Vell then, do it again.

"ABRAHAM ISAAC JACOBS."

"MY WORTHY MAN,

"THE late LORD BYRON wrote,
'By Jordan's banks the Arab camels stray,'
I know a horse that may not be an Arab, but I am blowed if he 's a camel, and now you know my mind.

"YOURS, A COW BY THE GANGES."

"REALLY, DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM not much in the habit of telling what I know, but if the jockey who has to ride *my* choice should say, 'Go, deceiver, go,' and show that he means going, a Scotch Cockney friend of mine says that the mon GRATWICKE will just win a grat wictory. Eh, Sirs, think o' that.

"Yours obediently, THE LORD ADVOCATE."

To the above prophecies, and in order that nothing may be wanting to pilot his friends to triumph and glory, *Mr. Punch* begs to subjoin a prediction of his own, which is as follows:—

TAKE THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NAME OF THE DERBY WINNER FOR 1858, AND THE LAST LETTER OF THE NAME OF THE DERBY WINNER FOR 1857, AND THROW IN THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NAME OF THE DERBY WINNER FOR 1856, AND YOU WILL FIND SOMETHING THAT EVERY LADY IS VERY FOND OF.

Winner in 1856	ELLINGTON.
Winner in 1857	BLINK BONNY.
(*Both prophesied by Mr. Punch, alone.*)	
Winner in 1858	TOLD ABOVE.

GRAND TABLEAU VIVANT.

ON the favoured day that this illustrious work is published, there will be exhibited on the Derby Race-course a grand and faithful living representation of MR. FRITH'S celebrated picture of the *Epsom Downs*. It will be the largest and most truthful *Tableau Vivant* ever known. Thousands of persons belonging to all classes—first class, second, and third, and parliamentary class, as well as many other classes who have never yet been classed in society at all—have promised themselves the pleasure of attending. Most of the dresses will be new for the occasion. Several policemen, in the same way as there is one stationed at the side of the original picture, will also be present to protect the *Tableau Vivant* from injury. Everything bids fair to secure a delightful animated scene, such as cannot be witnessed anywhere else in the world, excepting this year at the Royal Academy. The only uncertainty is about the beauty of the weather. There can be no dependence upon that fickle agent, whose absence is so often deplored on similar national occasions; and it is very clear that, in the event of its raining, MR. FRITH'S picture will indubitably carry off the shine in that respect, as it may probably in many others, not less brilliant. In fairness, we should mention that there will be several absentees, though the absence of these distinguished individuals will not be owing to any diffidence or unwillingness on their parts. We allude to the respected body of thimble-riggers and gambling-booth keepers, who are represented in all their glory carrying on their shuffling manœuvres on the mimic *course*, that has been started into popular favour by our pictorial historian of sea-side habits and race-course manners.

It is perfectly correct that the racy gentlemen above alluded to were extremely anxious to be present; but the Police, faithful for once to their duty, refused them permission upon any terms, monetary, edible, or verbal. With these exceptions, which are rather improvements, as their omission gives an additional air of truth to the present period, the living representation of MR. FRITH'S *Epsom Downs* will be remarkable for its fidelity to nature, for the brilliant variety of its grouping, for the liveliness of its colours (many of them "warranted to wash"), for the circumambient transparency of its atmosphere, and for the loan of enchantment which the distance will certainly impart, as far as the dust will allow it, to the general view. For these merits, and various others, which it would require a microscope and a whole afternoon to discover, there will be a friendly competition between the picture and the original, so that the eye of the oldest turfite will be puzzled to say which is the most life-like, or which one is the winner of the closely-contested race. We are positive there will scarcely be the difference of a lobster's claw to choose between the two.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ABIDE IN THE FASHION.

BEFORE a Court of Inquiry of a peculiar and serious nature, held the other day, the presiding officer—

"In summing up, alluded to the great length of the dresses now worn by ladies, and expressed his surprise that there were not more accidents from that cause, as he frequently observed that many ladies, before they ventured to step, had to kick the front of their dresses forward."

The personage by whom the remark above-quoted was made was MR. PAYNE, the Coroner; and the Court over which he was presiding was an Inquest at ST. THOMAS'S Hospital, the occasion for which was afforded by a lady, in consequence of having tripped and stumbled whilst crossing a road. MR. PAYNE'S observation can have no other result than that of creating terror and alarm in the female mind, and of making the wearers of the dangerously enormous dresses as uncomfortable in mind as those dresses render them in body. The idea of being in imminent peril of breaking their limbs or their necks, or catching fire and getting burnt alive by reason of their excessive drapery, if suggested to them, merely frightens them to no purpose. As long as prodigious petticoats are dictated by Paris, they will wear them at all hazards—with whatever amount of fear and trembling. The French dynasty for the time being is always a petticoat-government to Englishwomen. At present, the Empire flourishes, and *L'Empire c'est la Crinoline*. Beneath this despotism the ladies of England have prostrated themselves with enthusiasm, rejoicing in its fetters; steel hoops, springs, and skeleton frames of inflated air-tubes. They will never emancipate themselves from this slavery in which they revel; therefore it is of no use to mar their enjoyment of it by hinting horrors, as MR. PAYNE did in expressing surprise that more accidents are not occasioned by the length of their dresses.

It is our happiness, on the contrary, to be able to mention a consideration calculated to allay any unpleasant apprehensions which may have been excited by that remark. MR. PAYNE'S surprise would have been prevented, or diminished, by the recollection of the adage, which says, that the celestial powers extend their special protection over drunken men, and persons of a certain order of intellect, among whom, if the present fashion of female dress is foolish, all those who persist in it have the advantage of being included.

A CASE FOR MR. RAREY.

To zoologists the statement may appear somewhat confusing, but it is nevertheless the fact, that to save themselves, the Government have made a scapegoat of their Elephant. We believe that from the first the animal had been thought dangerous, and it was predicted that Government must suffer through their keeping him. No amount of watching could cool down to inaction his blundering hot-headedness, and in an unguarded moment he was sure to do them mischief. Whenever he broke loose, which he was pretty safe to do, it was felt that those in charge of him were far too weak to check him; and in one of his ungovernable fits of jealous rage, it was held to be most probable that he would be the death of them. Persons well acquainted with the antecedents of the beast had stated openly, they thought that nothing could subdue him; and their prediction has been quickly as well as amply verified. With that regardlessness of consequence by which he always has been characterised, the animal broke out upon the first good opportunity, and gave the fullest vent to his vindictive instincts.

There seems a very general impression with the public, and we believe it to be shared by those who are esteemed the best judges of the case, that when the animal was first handed over to the Government, their wisest course would have been to call in MR. RAREY and employ him to exert his subjugating influence. The task certainly required no common skill and courage; and any ordinary brute-tamer might have shrunk from undertaking it. But what we know of MR. RAREY inclines us to believe, that he would not have hesitated to try what he could do. Indeed we rather think the work would have been just what he would like; for the more vicious the animal, the more delight he seems himself to take in taming it, and in general the more readily success attends his efforts. We have no doubt that the Government would have paid a handsome sum to any one who proved successful in breaking in their Elephant. But MR. RAREY, we believe, would have been quite willing to operate without receiving any fee; his sole reward being the great fame of the achievement of having gained the mastery. To have tamed the wild *Cruiser* was no ordinary feat; but it shrinks into insignificance when compared with that of taming the wild Indian Elephant. To have so far got the better of his restive disposition as to have brought him to a state of agreement with his fellows, would have required a long course of the most skilled and careful handling, and to have so far smoothed down his irritable temperament as to have rooted out his love of independent action, and have rendered him docile and submissive to command, would have been a work which even MR. RAREY might have been appalled at and have found to be too much for him.

A RAT AMONG WEASELS.

AMUSEMENT, blended with useful knowledge, may be often derived from the perusal of the letters of ARGUS, sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*. In one of these, a pleasant and suitably sportive allusion is made to an interesting event which seems to have agreeably heightened the excitement of the Chester Races. According to our wide-awake chronicler of the Turf:—

"In the evening the great robbery at the Albion took place, and after the disclosures that were made, every sporting man's bedroom was made a perfect Malakoff. The thief, who was had up at the Police Office on the Thursday, drew an immense audience, as from the audacity of his attempt, as well as from the fact of his having a bottle of chloroform about him to administer to his sleeping victims, it was clear he was no ordinary criminal, and the followers of LAVATER would have hardly stopped to have listened to the evidence to have convicted him. It was strange he should have selected such a party to have attacked; but it is now spread far and wide that if thieves will conceal notes in their mouth, racing men will extract them with a poker. The 'school' will hesitate a long time before they practise their arts on them again. The fellow in question, although a stranger to Chester, was well known to the London Police, and had three months after Epsom for stealing a silver spoon from a gentleman's drag on the Derby day. Altogether the affair seemed to make up for the dulness of the Cup betting."

The *Pantaloon* in a pantomime sometimes attempts to pick the pocket of the *Clown;* and most readers will recollect the beautiful expression—the smile of bland pity—with which the intended victim turns his countenance on the face of the poor bungling old rogue, whose hand his own has just met, and gently grasped in his lateral receptacle. A thief attempting to rob a lot of racing men, presents much the same spectacle to the imagination as that afforded by the senile knave of the pantomime. Certainly, as "ARGUS" observes, "it was strange he should have selected such a party to have attacked;" particularly as the fellow was an old offender. About such an act there is an amount of greenness which seems to make the prig appear absolutely innocent. The most overweening impudence could hardly have produced so insane an attempt; the thought of catching sporting characters napping—weasels asleep—and preying on such a vigilant tribe of beings, shows gross ignorance of the race who live by the race-course. The man "was no ordinary criminal," sure enough—he was evidently a common fool, if not an uncommon fool; his conduct was ridiculous; so exquisitely funny that it may well have made up for the dulness of the gambling at Chester.

Towards the conclusion of his epistle MR. "ARGUS" makes a serious observation which may be commended to the consideration of Exeter Hall:—

"Next year I trust that the religious feelings of the community will not be shocked by witnessing bands of low, sensual looking men, bearing banners with Scriptural phrases on them, and annoying every visitor by thrusting tracts into their hands."

It may be as well if "ARGUS" would keep a few of his hundred eyes on some of these low, sensual looking men who infest the turf: tract distributors, real or pretended. All are not rooks on a race-course; many pigeons are there also congregated; and to carry on their operations under banners with Scriptural phrases on them would be a very likely trick of the Swell Mob.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

Mamma. "WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS, NURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ADOLPHUS? HE LOOKS VERY ODD!"

Nurse. "AND WELL HE MAY, MUM! FOR HE THOUGHT THE COLOURED BALLS IN MISS CHARLOTTE'S NEW GAME OF SOLITAIRE WAS BULL'S EYES, AND HE'S SWALLOWED EVER SO MANY OF 'EM!"

INTS ABOUT OSSES.

(BY A DISCIPLE OF MR. RAREY.)

Of all the rare birds * as ever I see
This here RAREY's the rarest and rummest to me;
Fur the wiciousest oss he 'll tame in a crack,
And afore you can wink ull be safe on is back.

There was *Cruiser*, a brute as no one dare ride,
Till this bold MUSTER RAREY he come and he tried:
Well, in less than a jiffy, I tells you no flam,
There was wild *Cruiser* as tame as a lamb.

Yet he used not no drug, nor no phizzical force,
Sich as bludgeons and pitchforks, in taming the orse:
'Twas by kindness alone he the mastery gained,
Which it tizzent so osses is us'ally trained.

MR. R. to their 'fections he makes his appeal,
And says he—but his secret I mustn't reweal:
Fur I 've guv him my Honner I wouldn't let out it,
But mind yer, there aint not no gammon about it.

MUSTER RAREY he says, which his saying is true,
'Taint o' no use your beatin' a oss black and blue:
With a pitchfork you drives out ill natur in wain,†
Fur a month or two ence ull be wicious again.

But although for his wice, mind yer, floggin's no cure,
That you beats out his sperrit is ekally sure;
Vy, a unter ull soon be a broken down ack,
Hif a broomstick a day is broke over is back.

So I 'd say to you Cards as ave osses to break,
Out o' MR. R.'s book this here leaf you 'd best take:
Stead o' breakin' try bendin', use kindness for kicks,
And you 'll soon rid your hoss of his viciousest tricks.

And I 'd say to you gemmen—*Look arter your grooms,*
And just keep in their places your pitchforks and brooms;
Fur asses, may be, them there argiments suits,
But osses, you see, they 's more reas'nabler brutes.

So mind yer, I says it to poor and to rich,
As your osses is Christians vy treat 'em as sich;
For depend on 't it 's true, both with man and with orse,
That persuasion is better than fizzical force.

Notes by our uncommonly Classical Compositor:—

* Rarey avis in terris.—*Eton Latin Grammar.*

† Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.—*Juvenal.*

EXETER HALL EXPENDITURE.

THE Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews held what they called—without intending any pun—a Jubilee meeting the other day, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY in the chair. Its gross receipts, exclusive of the Jubilee fund, were stated at £31,368, its expenditure at £35,150, and the amount of its Jubilee fund on the 31st of March last at £1,018. One numerical statement of a most interesting nature was not given, or, at least, not reported; that is to say, the number of Jews converted by the expenditure of all that money. How many converted Israelites have the Society to show for an expenditure of above £31,000? Till this question is answered, those who are willing to subscribe for the conversion of the children of Israel, had better apply their money to some other benevolent purpose, or keep it in their pockets, or spend it.

The Religious Tract Society met, the same evening, at Exeter Hall. During the past year it had issued 13,018,484 tracts; circulated 10,909,820 periodicals, and granted to libraries, abroad and at home, £3576 4*s.* 3*d.* It had received, during the year by sales, £75,851; by benevolent fund, £12,874. During the last 59 years it had circulated tracts and books to the amount of 782,000,000. It may not be fair to call on this Society to show what good it has done; this is not easy to demonstrate, unless a great general improvement of morality may be said to have lately taken place, and having taken place, to be ascribable to the tracts issued by the Society.

However, as to the number of tracts which the Society has distributed, it must be recollected that not everybody who accepts a tract accepts it to read it. Some will even use such a present to light pipes and cigars with. Nevertheless, much good, no doubt, has been done by the Tract Society, for of the enormous number of the periodicals which it has circulated, the greater portion has, no doubt, consisted of copies of a publication which modesty forbids us to name!

THE DERBY.

(*From the Racing Times.*)

IT is exceedingly to be regretted, that some principle cannot be adopted by which the system of false starts, so injurious to fair running, might be put an end to. In the great Derby race, the well-known and dashing jockey, GEOFFREY, made at least half-a-dozen false starts with *Administration*, thus deranging all the calculations of his friends, and spoiling the animal's chance of living the severe pace required of him. All sorts of stories are about, some attributing these casualties to the wilful carelessness of the jockey, who, provided he can ride a flashy, showy race, cares little through what mud he takes his beast, or how he disables him for future work, while some attribute the mishap to an Indian jockey, who ran out of the course, and ultimately brought *Administration* to grief. That the jockey was kicked from the place by GEOFFREY, who was apparently in a great rage, gives some colour to this rumour, but BEN, who rode in the same race, is very bitter against GEOFFREY, and swears never to ride again with any one who has so little regard for his fellows, at which GEOFFREY "laughs consumedly." Let them laugh that win, say we.

Dying for One's Country.

NEARLY as much as £4,000,000 have been spent on soldiers' barracks, and yet they are but little better than human pig-styes. We suppose the grant is not sufficient, for the mortality amongst them is almost as great as that of an engagement. The French understand military defences better than this. LOUIS NAPOLEON would not allow his *braves* to drop down in this cruel way, falling martyrs to the weakness of a barricade (*barrack-aid*).

THE DERBY DAY (?)—ANOTHER FALSE START.

UNEXHIBITED ART-TREASURES.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, *Punch* threw open an Art-Treasury in his art-back-attic, where the following art-treasures were gratuitously exhibited:—

Two rounds from the ladder used by MR. SMUDGER, in painting his High Art Cartoon (forty feet by six-and-twenty) called *The Finding of the Corpse by the Body-Guard of Harold.*

Extracts from the Catalogues of the Royal Academy, showing that within a period of less than fifteen years there have been exhibited above two thousand full length Portraits of a Lady; and that the yearly average of Portraits of a Gentleman is, within a fraction, twelve hundred and eleven.

Rocking-horse employed by MR. P. R. BROWN as a model for his great Crimean picture, *Charger Struck by Cannon Shot.*

A series of Chalk drawings copied from the garden walls of MR. TINTORETTO TOMKINS; the originals of which were the work of unknown artists, during MR. TOMKINS' Easter trip to Brighton.

Blouse worn out in a week in MR. EASEL'S studio. Shown merely as a specimen of cheap Mosaic work.

Photographic copy of a cheque for £20, which was received by MR. JONES for supplying six undoubted RUBENSES to Wardour Street.

Some fine specimens of carving by some Bubble Bank Directors; the figures representing the amount of private fortunes, which have been carved out of the funds provided by the public.

Fragment of the palette used by MR. RUBENS SMITH in painting his first picture from *The Vicar of Wakefield;* the one at which he is at present working being, it is stated, his two hundred and sixth.

QUEEN VICTORIA Farthing put into the pocket of MR. SPOUTER'S paletot, but which failed to be mistaken by the clothesman for a Sovereign.

Original M.S. Notification to MR. TITIAN DAUBER, stating that unless his Great Cartoon, sent for Exhibition to the Sludgeborough Society, were removed within a fortnight from the date of the said notice, the canvas would be confiscated to the use of the Society, and would most probably be put up as a Sun-shade for the Secretary's tulips.

Noah's Ark and Mechanical Farmyard: toys used by MR. SLUDGER for his water-colour painting, *The Day before the Deluge.*

Handle of the hatchet which was thrown by the celebrated critic MR. LONGBOW, when he stated, in strict privacy, across his friend MAULSTICK'S dinner-table, that the paintings in the studio of his artistic host were not less Rembrandtish in their depth of tone than Michael-Angelesque in the treatment of the middle distance and the freedom of the handling.

Attested Copy of a list by the R. A. Hanging Committee, showing that since the year 1800 there have been rejected upwards of 10,000 pictures, solely on account of the staleness of their subjects. Of these no less a number than 2022 have either been *Tom Joneses and Sophia Westerns*, or else *Sancho Panzas* with the *Duchess or the Doctor*, 1999 have been *Moseses and the Spectacles*, 715 *Spectators and Sir Rogerses*, and 1111 *Robert Bruces and the Spiders* or *King Alfreds and the Cakes.*

Autograph of MR. CLAUDE CANALETTO COOKER, upon a slip of foolscap bearing the impression of a bill stamp.

Portrait of MR. BLANK, as he looked when he discovered the position of his picture, and was reminded by a friend that telescopes were not as yet provided for the public. (This portrait MR. B. calls in his private catalogue, *A Picture of Disgust.*)

Scrubbing brush and slop pail lately used by MR. S. SCRAPEM in "restoring" an Old Master; the restoration making it a beauty without paint.

HOORAY, MY HEARTIES!

"CHEER boys, cheer!" is a song which is very popular, probably because its title forms an appeal to a popular propensity. The proneness of the British multitude to cheer is something wonderful, particularly when that multitude includes a great many boys, to whom, therefore, the exhortation to cheer, is addressed in the song with peculiar felicity. But a very little will set a mob, even an aristocratic mob, cheering. The sale of the Wynnstay Stud—we are sorry to say—the property of SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, took place the other day, under the auspices of MR. RICHARD TATTERSALL. "The fame of SIR WATKIN'S stud," says the reporter, "caused a large attendance of the aristocracy, besides that of the leading horse-dealers in the country, and a good muster of the local gentry, farmers, &c.," and, before this goodly assemblage—

"The best horse, *Cassio* (by *Murphy*), was put up at 200 guineas. The principal bidders were MESSRS. ANDERSON, PERCIVAL, and DARBY. In a few minutes he was knocked down to MR. ANDERSON for 620 guineas, amid the cheers of the company, MR. ANDERSON being complimented as the 'possessor of the best horse in England.'"

They could not help cheering at the purchase of SIR WATKIN'S horse, in spite of all the sympathy which there is no doubt that they felt for the misfortune which obliged his master to part with him. But any transaction in which horses are conspicuous excites with quite peculiar violence the propensity to cheer. What cheers attend the great event at Epsom, and every similar event; and not only that, but every carriage drawn by four horses, and conveying people to see the event! How heartily the crowd cheers each "drag" that passes them on the road! There is something very pleasing in this; in particular, because it shows an absence of that malevolent feeling of envy, and, on the contrary, a disposition to rejoice in the happiness of others. The crowd cannot go to the Derby itself, even in donkey-carts, it is probably hungry, certainly thirsty, and it knows that the drag contains an immense quantity of cold meat, chicken, lobster-salad, bread, butter, cheese, champagne, and, what is more tantalizing to itself, beer. Yet it cheers the vehicle, with its contents and their destined consumers. How unlike some crowds that could be mentioned!—how different from a Socialist or Communist mob!

A British populace is delighted in seeing the richer classes enjoying themselves, and not merely delighted, but transported, insomuch that it vents its feelings in rapturous applause. What foreign land can boast of such a generous enthusiastic populace? Nevertheless, if the drag were propelled by machinery or by steam, it is probable that they would not cheer it—they do not cheer the express train: horses constitute a condition necessary to make a carriage evoke their acclamations. A strange influence is this which the horse exerts over the common mind—a mysterious sort of animal magnetism seems to emanate from "that 'ere 'oss." He is an expensive animal—that is one of his imposing qualities—the man who drives a team is dissipating property; and if he were to stand on the margin of a pond, and throw money into it with a spirited air, the spectators would perhaps cheer him.

How soon the driver of horses may go to the dogs—how soon the noble animal may break its knees and become the subject of derision and the knacker's victim—far be such thoughts as these from the generous uncalculating breast! If we once entertain them, we may pursue them—and if we do that we shall end in losing the heart to cheer anything in the world that is fine and glorious—even the Lord Mayor's Show.

REFORM LOOMING LESS THAN EVER IN THE DISTANCE.

AMONGST these party squabbles, the prospects of Reform are now fainter than ever. Whilst politicians are busy squabbling for office, what chance is there of the interests of the People being attended to? The fight is for the possession of Downing Street, and up and down that exclusive street, where Whigs and Tories alone are allowed to enter, you may look in vain for a door that ever opens for the admission of the Unrepresented. Talk of a vote of censure upon any one aristocratic class, we should like a large comprehensive universal vote of censure to be passed upon the entire House. All parties are to blame for this squandering of the public time in an interchange of animosities and angry pelting of personalities. For how many years longer is this long-continued fight between LORD JOHN WHIG and the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HENRY TEMPLE TORY to continue? Really for reigns past the History of England has been little better than a noisy panorama of selfish contentions between those two lordly factions! JOHN BULL looks on, grumbles, and does nothing beyond paying the expenses of the fight. In the meantime, Reform must wait. Amidst this shouting of party-cries, his voice, which is merely the voice of those who work and pay, has no power of making itself heard. The arrival of Reform has been promised us for a long time. Even the year has been named over and over again when we might expect at last to see him, but so long is he in coming that we fancy in our derision, which is the only consolation we have in our disappointment, that the name of the "COMING MAN" must be no other than Reform BILL.

SECRET DESPATCH.

ONE day last week, a young lady, living in the genteel part of Hampstead, ran through three novels, each of three volumes, in four hours, forty minutes, and a-half. She was a little dizzy afterwards, and complained of a slight pain in her head, but rallied towards tea-time, and ate afterwards a very hearty supper.

So little did she feel fatigued the next day, that she sent for three more novels, and, upon the same volumes being handed to her, she galloped through them again quite unconsciously. The running the second time was accomplished in three hours and ten minutes. However, she has not been herself since, but fancies that she is a princess in disguise, a Savoyard-boy, a dethroned queen running after her peasant lover, the CHEVALIER D'EON, and various other romantic characters most difficult to reconcile.

A VERY DISTANT WALK.

WHEN £99,777 has been paid off to the Commissioners for Public Works, no toll will be demanded for foot-passengers going over Chelsea-bridge. We trust that none of our readers will be weak enough to invest any money in the purchase of a pair of boots or shoes, getting them ready in the full expectation of ever taking such a walk. But few of us, we are afraid, will be sufficiently long-lived to treat ourselves and children to that gratuitous promenade. Chelsea-Bridge, pretty as it is, and though it has cost the country a pretty sum of money, is as good as barred and locked in the face of the working-man, unless he presents himself armed with the necessary half-penny in his hand. The payment of that £99,777 will be suspended to every bit as long as the bridge itself. By the bye, certain alterations, involving a large outlay of money, have been recently spent in the improvement of Rotten Row. Why didn't the Commissioners for Public Works place a toll-box at each end? Surely what is good for the poor is equally good for the rich!

Shocking Churchwardenism.

THE Vestry of a great Metropolitan parish have, we are informed, come to the determination of having the sides of the church doors in all the churches under their control, fresh painted every Saturday, with the savage and brutal view of putting some limit to the expansion of petticoats.

BETTING AMONGST BIRDS.—A considerable number of Hens this year laid eggs on the Derby day. Not a few Chickens also came in for the Plate.

SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING SAWS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"YOU will have seen that LORD EBURY moved the House of Lords to address the Crown for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the necessity of revising the Church of England Liturgy—particularly with a view to shortening the morning service. Of course this motion, as the Bishops pointed out to the noble Lord, was quite absurd, by reason of the parties into which the Church is split. How could LORD EBURY have been such a goose as to imagine that our venerated clergy would agree to any proposition whatever respecting the Church, but one for giving it more money and more power!

"No doubt, in some of the services, there are certain things that are said over and over again. But if you have a number of learned, enlightened, and conscientious clergymen, who think that these repetitions are not vain repetitions, you cannot hope to succeed in the attempt to shorten the services by ridding the Prayer-Book of tautology.

"There is one way, however, of practically shortening the services, for the benefit of those who object to them, which the clergy might adopt, and which the majority of them might adopt with great advantage.

"A good sermon is a good thing—an ordinary sermon may be a good thing for those who cannot read. But how often does anybody hear a good sermon—a sermon which either teaches him or touches him? Suppose, then—with a certain reservation, the service were shortened by the simple expedient of usually leaving the sermon out?

"The reserved case would be, that in which the preacher sincerely thought that he had something to tell his congregation which some of them never heard before, or had forgotten, or did not believe.

"There are, I am sure, many people who would be induced to go to Church were it not for the necessity of enduring a sermon consisting, most probably, of platitudes and commonplaces diversified with quotations verbally alone in point, the text being brought in at intervals like the burden of a comic song. Such is the character of common sermons—of course, because they are the productions of common minds.

"What is a sermon but a lecture? and what is the use of the best lecture to anybody who knows, or may read, all that the lecturer can tell him? A lecturer, to be sure, may amuse him whom he cannot instruct; but we, that is, men, do not go to church to be amused, and if we did, we should generally be deservedly disappointed. Susceptibility of any impression from spouting is the quality of a weak mind. It is for the softer sex alone, or at least for the softer portion of the harder sex, to be affected and excited by the mouthing and gesticulation of a reverend gentleman in a pulpit.

"I would suggest, then, that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or whoever the authorities are whose business it is to arrange these things, would do wisely in providing, for the accommodation of thinking men, Churches in which the services only are performed, and in which no sermons are preached at all, except on special subjects, and after previous warning. Thus the general peculiarity of these Churches would be the absence of a sermon, and to most decent men, possessed of common sense and common information, I am sure it would be a very attractive one.

"When it is considered that many of those discourses called sermons are purchased at so much per hundred, lithographed to resemble manuscript, and derive nothing from their deliverer but a narcotic effect through his monotony, or an unpleasant influence from his drawling or moaning, additional force will perhaps be perceived in the recommendation of your sincere admirer,

"*Hooker's Place, May*, 1858." "ANTIBLETHEREM."

"P.S. If the parson's saw will cut, well and good—but it is generally dull."

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

QUOTH a *quidnunc* to DERBY, "How comes it, I wonder,
That the party of which you're the chief,
No sooner wins office, than ill-luck or blunder
The first Session, brings you to grief?"

"My good fellow," said DERBY, "'tis no use to busy
Your brains with more reasons than one;
When we've climbed to the top of the tree, we get Dizzy,
And, of course, we come down by the run."

A Stale Proverb Refuted.

"CLEANLINESS is next to Godliness." We applaud this truth with both hands, and are happy to acknowledge that it is correct in most things, except in picture-cleaning; for there the cleanliness, as laid on with the strongest scouring brush, frequently amounts to a sin of ungodliness. *Vide* the National Gallery, open five times a week.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

URELY, the week that began this day, Monday, May 9th, was a truly awful one. The Palmerstonians could no longer brook their exclusion from office by a Ministry that is in a minority, and lands all its goods at a Sufferance Wharf. And the feud between the Jaunty Viscount and Finality JOHN being, it was reported, staunched, there was no reason why they should not swear an eternal friendship, and at once proceed to assail LORD DERBY. The behaviour of LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH afforded a capital opportunity, that indiscreet quadruped having acted according to his nature in publishing the abusive despatch he had sent to LORD CANNING; and having thus laid the Government open to the charge of having scattered a most dangerous document among the Indian rebels, who were told by ELEPHANTBOROUGH that they had really a good case against the QUEEN. This dreadful and elephantine blunder was pounced upon by the hungry Opposition, and LORD SHAFTESBURY, who wants to be Privy Seal, and MR. CARDWELL, who wants to be President of the Board of Trade, were selected to strike the blow in each house. To-night the warning was given.

In the Commons the Jew question made further progress, for what may be called getting in the Thin Edge of the Wedge was performed by the BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, whose nose was adroitly introduced into the Committee Room where the Commons were to consider their reasons for disagreeing with the Lords on the Hebrew question. The discussion was taken on two evenings, and it was decided by 251 to 196 that, though the Baron could not take his seat in the House, he could serve on Committee.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, for some reason, has chosen to be incensed that a statue of EDWARD JENNER has been erected in Trafalgar Square, and TOM was pleased to sneer at the Berkeley cow-pox doctor. *Mr. Punch* cannot conceive what the veteran dandy TOM was thinking about. Could he be aware that the discovery of vaccination, which has saved myriads on myriads of lives, and which Parliament rewarded, in 1802 and 1807, with grants of £10,000 and £20,000, has the still higher merit of preserving a face from ravages very inimical to lady-killing?

Tuesday. A new stroke of genius astonished the world. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had committed a terrible blunder, which was to be made the excuse for knocking over the Cabinet. LORD ELLENBOROUGH (of course without letting one of his comrades know anything about it) sends in his Resignation to the QUEEN, declaring himself wholly and solely responsible for the blunder. The news is announced to-night, ELLENBOROUGH speaking exceedingly well, and LORD DERBY professing the utmost sorrow at feeling obliged to accept such a self-sacrifice.

The Opposition were staggered for a moment by this dashing move, in which the Elephant behaved like the Castle at chess—deranging the adversary's plan of attack. And moreover, some of the independent Liberals, who perfectly understood the whole game, were rude enough to intimate that they had no particular notion of being dragged at the triumphant chariot of Lords PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, unless certain that policy as well as party had something to do with the onslaught upon the Ministers. This highly inconvenient and illbred demonstration caused considerable disgust among the better trained soldiers of the regular leaders.

The Lords had a little battle to-night on a bill for improving conveyancing, and the third reading was carried by 13 to 12.

It appears that the DUKE OF MONTROSE, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is digging and grubbing after mines to such an extent that the people of Hanley, in the Potteries, live in peril of their lives, expecting their whole town to be let down into a hole. In answer to their complaint, MR. BAINES, formerly a Chancellor, said that they were bound by the customs of copyhold manor under which they held, and that they had no business to trouble the House with their terrors, and after some debate, the House took the same humane view, by 128 to 63. Hanley became Hanwell when it heard the news.

LORD EBRINGTON moved resolutions in favour of doing something to improve the sanitory condition of our soldiers, and even VISCOUNT WILLIAMS supported the proposition. GENERAL PEEL was delighted, he said, to find the House pledging itself to so desirable an object. His successor will have to carry it out.

Wednesday. People went to the House, not because they cared much about MR. AYRTON'S plan for re-arranging the poor-rates of London (his bill was opposed, and withdrawn) but to know what was going to be done about the attack on the Government, and whether the suicide of the Elephant was to be held sufficient atonement. It was not quite settled what course should be taken, and the independents continued to growl against being made tools of. It was said that JOHN BRIGHT was working hard to prevent their joining PAM.

Thursday. The Lords being all at the Evening Service appointed for Ascension Day by the Book of Common Prayer, of course could not assemble for secular purposes.

In the Commons, it was announced that the Opposition could not see why LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S resignation should prevent their seizing office if they could get it, and therefore the battle was solemnly appointed to begin next evening.

There came out a neat little fact touching our friends PAM and VERNON SMITH. The latter had received from LORD CANNING a private letter, in which CANNING, who supposed SMITH to be in office, made reference to the proclamation, and promised to send home justification of it by the next mail. It is usual, among public men, to give their successors all possible information, for the advantage of the country, and had ELLENBOROUGH known of this promise, he might have deferred pronouncing judgment on the proclamation. VERNON SMITH, however, showed it to PAM, and that exceeding downy old bird told him to put it in his pocket, and leave ELLENBOROUGH to do as he liked, which the wily PAM knew would be to do something outrageous. But the practice was a little in the sharp attorney line.

The Church-rate Abolition Bill proceeded—but there is a House of Lords, which, though it may not interfere with taxes, may not think rates included in the prohibition.

Friday. The battle began. The House of Lords was lined with ladies, and crowded with peers and bishops, and LORD SHAFTESBURY fired the first shot. Being a pious lord, he deemed it necessary "to call GOD to witness" that his intentions were righteous, but LORD DERBY, in reply, gave the holy man a good dig by referring to the meeting at LORD PALMERSTON'S at which the attack had been arranged. This was held on the previous *Sunday*, and LORD DERBY had been told that the meeting was "not entirely for religious purposes." What will the *Record* say to its idol for his anti-Sabbatarian proceeding? It solemnly publishes that he (being a sermon-hunter) was at a Scotch Church in the morning, and at Westminster Abbey at night: but this proves too much. Where was he in the afternoon, at which time political meetings are usually held? Eh? And what will the Exeter Hall folk say, who groan if they see a newspaper on Sunday?

The debate was spirited. SHAFTESBURY'S attack was met by ELLENBOROUGH, who referred to his own Indian exploits, and generally pronounced himself a white and splendid elephant. ARGYLL defended CANNING, LORD SEYMOUR (that was) sneered at the Derbyites, and Chancellors CHELMSFORD and CRANWORTH spoke like lawyers, that is, badly. DONOUGHMORE (Paymaster-General) paid some compliments to ELLENBOROUGH (who, *Mr. Punch* noticed, did not pay D. the compliment of listening), GREY abused Government, NEWCASTLE defended CANNING, and LORD DERBY distinctly intimated to the SHAFTESBURY lot, that he knew they were in a cabal to recover office, and that though Government was not responsible for the private act of a discharged servant, the case was not going to be judged on its merits. GRANVILLE affected to be shocked at such allegations, and the Lords, dividing, defeated SHAFTESBURY by 9—158 to 167 being the numbers.

In the Commons a similar conflict raged, MR. CARDWELL leading, and quoting *Portia* with much solemnity. Of the other speeches *Mr. Punch* can notice only that of the Solicitor-General, SIR HUGH MCCALMONT CAIRNS, who spoke capitally, and got much *kudos*,—that of VERNON SMIDJTH, who is quite proud of being made somebody, and abused for his dodge about CANNING'S letter, and who actually called himself "manly and modest," thereby utterly extinguishing the ribald world, who call him *Sir Arrogant Fribble*—and that of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who complimented ELLENBOROUGH for his classic language, but thought that he and the Government had behaved abominably.

The House then began to yawn so awfully that it was necessary to adjourn, and members went away, offering one another all sorts of bets, such as, whether the PREMIER would be winner of the Derby, whether the division would give more than 80 against LORD DERBY, whether DIZZY would let out well when his time came, and so forth. Yet one would think they had had talking enough, for that night's debates occupied nearly Thirty-Eight columns of the small type of the *Times*.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LEVIATHAN.

THE DERBY EVENT.

LATEST BETTING ON THE POLITICAL COURSE.

St. Stephen's, Monday Evening.

As the time approaches for the Derby Event, the interest of those interested naturally culminates, and this has been a day of more than ordinary excitement in all political sporting circles. The Pall Mall Subscription Rooms have been inconveniently crowded, and a more than usual amount of speculation has been quoted. From the fact that LORD SHAFTESBURY had been distanced in the Censure Stakes, backers of the Government appeared at first in highest feather; but when reminded that the trial in the Commons was still pending undecided, they showed a drooping tendency, and could hardly hold their heads up. Later in the day more confidence prevailed, but this was chiefly owing to the influence of dinner.

A stimulus at one time was given to the betting by the rumour that a cross had been effected in the Whig stables. It was confidently stated by certain of the 'knowing ones' that for the Opposition stakes LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been scratched, and that in the case of the Derby lot retiring, LORD PALMERSTON would be permitted to walk over. MR. DISRAELI'S Budget had stood previously in favour, although for reasons of their own, it was known that the Irish party had refused their support to it. But the Derby lot in general were in moderate request, and their doings on the India course still further showed their weakness. It was at one time hoped that the withdrawal of the Elephant would have produced a good effect, but his stable companions have not been much the better for it.

The news, that the supporters of LORD PALMERSTON had been mustering pretty strongly on Friday afternoon, had also a bad influence on the backers of the Government: and LORD DERBY'S Resignation, which in the morning had advanced to 65 to 40, receded before lunch-time to 20 to 19. LORD CHELMSFORD'S Woolsack was also quoted lower, and at one time as long odds as 1000 to 15 were booked against SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S Peerage. MR. CARDWELL'S Majority was regarded in most quarters as a pretty safe investment, while as far as we could learn, it seemed generally admitted that Appeal-to-the Country was completely out of favour.

The odds have been so fluctuating that the task is not an easy one to state them with precision. But if our information be correct, the following may be quoted as about the

CLOSING PRICES.

6	to	5	agst.	Lord Derby's Dissolution (offered).
6	to	5	—	Lord Palmerston's Succession (taken).
9	to	7	—	Lord Ellenborough's Scapegoat.
15	to	12	—	Lord Stanley's Adhesion.
20	to	19	—	The Dizzy Lot (taken).
25	to	10	—	General Peel's Routine.
99	to	1	—	Lord Chelmsford's Anti-Jew-Mania.
100	to	6	—	Mr. Cox's Wat Tyler.
300	to	20	—	Lord John's Finality (offered).
500	to	50	—	Viscount Williams's Economy.
1000	to	75	—	Conservative and Weakness, coupled.
2000	to	15	—	Lord Ellenborough's Indiscretion.
5099	to	1	—	Lord Canning's Confiscation and Oude Pacification, coupled.
1,000,000	to	1	—	Pam and Lord John Russell, coupled (take 10,000,000 to 1).

A New Pleasure for Entomologists.

WE are sorry to see, by a statement in the *Times*, that a most destructive disease termed the "auger-worm," nearly as ruinous as the rot, has been discovered in the Royal paddlewheel steam sloop *Barracouta*. We suppose that the auger-worm is another and a bigger insect than the *teredo navalis*, and is called "auger," to signify that it bears to the *teredo* the relation of an auger to a gimlet, and thus constitutes a greater bore. What, however, may be a bore to the nation at large, may be a subject of interest to the Entomological Society.

A Point in Private Finance.

Two sixpences are preferable to a shilling. A cabman never has any change; and the dignity which a largess of the smaller coin would maintain, would be incompatible with a donation to the amount of that sum, effected by giving twice as much, and receiving half of it back again.

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EXPLANATORY.

Joan (to Darby). "*You see* her *old Father (leastways the Markis) which he 's her real father yer know, at fust he 's all for it, and arter that he turns right round, and goes smack agin her.*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *May* 17. The horizon was still dark, but there came rumours that Independent Liberals were more and more indisposed to be used as stepping-stones to help the Whigs back to office, and vaunting whips talked no more of majorities of 80 on the CARDWELL Censure, but merely announced that the Government would assuredly be beaten on division. And so the parties addressed themselves to the second night's debate. MR. ROEBUCK assailed the Opposition, and warned the House against restoring a Government that had sacrificed the honour of England. LORD DUNKELLIN, LORD CLANRICARDE'S son, could do no less than take the side of his father's patrons. SIR ROBERT PEEL abused LORD PALMERSTON, charging him with "toadying foreign influence" (we don't like this ingratitude in MASTER BOBBY, who would never have had the opportunity of making himself prominently ridiculous, but for PAM's kindness). CORNEWALL LEWIS spoke as became an expelled official, and WHITESIDE raged nobly against all his enemies.

Tuesday. It was thought that the combat would be renewed, but Tuesday is not a Government night, and independent members may go on with their own motions if they please. Some of them did please on this occasion, especially CHARLEY NAPIER, who had a plan for manning the Navy, and compelled the House to listen to the same. It was said that, though MR. DISRAELI certainly went through the decorous form of asking members to postpone their motions, he was not excessively supplicatory, nor were there tears in his eyes when he was refused. In his turn he declined to allow the CARDWELL Censure to be proceeded with late in the evening.

Wednesday. The Lords and Commons met in large numbers at an unusually early hour, and the spaces appropriated to strangers were thronged. A great number of ladies were present. Among those who were in attendance and took part in the proceedings were the EARL OF DERBY, and EARL GRANVILLE, and several of the leading men of both Houses. The result was—

BEADSMAN	1
TOXOPHILITE	2
THE HADJI	3
ECLIPSE	4

We heard, but do not vouch for the fact, that so great was the excitement, that late in the day LORD JOHN RUSSELL, for the first time in his life, vainly attempted to pronounce the words *Brish Constushon;* that MR. GLADSTONE, as a Peelite, saw two if not three Courses before him; and that SIR JOHN PAKINGTON made abusive remarks upon a Committee of Supply, because, when he wanted some more champagne, somebody raised the Previous Question whether iced punch would not be better. However, all went off well, and WISCOUNT VILLIAMS's subsequent and elegant dancing at Cremorne was the theme of universal admiration.

Thursday. The CARDWELL Censure debate was resumed, and there was some good speaking. MR. JOHN BRIGHT came out with some home truths, and explained in the frankest manner to the Cambridge House party that he knew they wanted office, but that he should try to keep them out, because the Tories were at once more civil and more squeezable. LORD BURY, a young gentleman of five or six and twenty, who is the son of LORD ALBEMARLE, and is facetiously alleged to represent Norwich, brought out the distinct admission that what his friends desired was to expel LORD DERBY, a piece of indiscretion for which he was no doubt severely wigged at Brooks's. SIR JAMES GRAHAM walked into the opposition in one of his crushing and biting speeches, and SIR RICHARD BETHELL ("the learned knight," as MR. DISRAELI, preferring the word Knight to the word gentleman, calls him) tried to be specially insulting to the Ministers, and was by no means unsuccessful.

But a sudden termination to the fray was at hand. That day there arrived, from India, despatches of no small value. They showed that LORD CANNING's celebrated proclamation had been sent to the Chief Commissioner of Oude, SIR JAMES OUTRAM, who had commented upon it, almost in LORD ELLENBOROUGH's words, that it meant confiscation. They showed that LORD CANNING had considered this, had ordered every copy of his proclamation to be carefully destroyed, and had issued another, of a similar general nature, but including an ample promise of restitution to all who should pay homage to the QUEEN. Next day these papers were in all hands, and it was felt that the Office-hunters must seek another hunting ground.

Friday. MR. DISRAELI is not much in the habit of singing in the streets, but as he crossed Palace Yard this afternoon he was heard to murmur:—

OUDE, dear, what can the matter be?
JOHNNY 's too late for the fair,
And PAM, the old swell with the bonny Blue Ribbon,
Is mad as the maddest March hare.
Oude, dear, what can the matter be? &c.

In a couple of hours more MR. CARDWELL had been "perwailed on" to withdraw the motion that was to floor the Government, and MR. DISRAELI quietly adjourned the House for the short Whitsuntide holidays. Such is (political) life.

In April 1670 a certain Cabinet Council was formed, which the people of England, (much objecting to the same, and with reason) called the CABAL, from the initials of the names of its five members. The conventional schoolboy knows that these were CLIFFORD, ARLINGTON, BUCKINGHAM, ASHLEY (afterwards SHAFTESBURY), and LAUDERDALE. It was reported, we hope with untruth, that MR. DISRAELI went out the other night, after dark, and chalked on the front Piccadilly wall of Cambridge House—

C LANRICARDE,
A RGYLL,
B ETHELL,
A SHLEY (NOW SHAFTESBURY),
L EWIS,

and then cut away with all his might and main. He might just as well have waited until the whirligig of time brought about his revenges.

THE COURT OF COMIC COUNCIL.

AT a Court of Common Council held the other day at Guildhall, the LORD MAYOR presiding,—

"MR. JOHN MATTHEWS moved that "the resolution of the Court of the 6th instant, suspending its order allowing £750 per annum for payment of expenses of the several summer excursions, be rescinded."

Is there not a slight misprint in the newspaper report whence we extract the statement foregoing? Instead of reading "payment of expenses of the summer excursions" of the aldermen and their companions, would it not be better, seeing that the allowance amounted to the large sum of £750 per annum, to read, "payment for excesses?"

MR. MATTHEWS, however, designated the pretence of economizing to the extent of £750 as "a paltry saving" which was unworthy of being entertained. Proposed on account of the cry raised for corporation reform, it was, he said, "a sprat to catch a whale." A very good simile; but a more appropriate one would perhaps have been, "a whitebait to catch an alderman."

To the motion above quoted an amendment was proposed, whereon

ensued "a long discussion of an amusing and somewhat desultory character," during which the anti-swanhopping resolution of the Court was denounced as "a piece of trifling, petty legislation," and its supporters were characterized as men who "strained at gnats, but swallowed camels with the greatest ease." The individuals in question may or may not be accustomed to strain at gnats, but one would think that facility in swallowing camels would be more likely to distinguish that party in the Corporation which votes for the continuance of the grant to keep up the summer excursions.

We are happy in adding, that the excursionists had the day, the amendment having been negatived; for we should be sorry to see the weight of the Corporation diminished, as it would be by any retrenchment affecting the most important functions it performs, which, as of course everybody knows, are those of eating and drinking.

RIVAL PEACEMAKERS.

FRIENDS of the drab denomination, and other members of the Peace Society, met, on Tuesday evening last week, to talk in behalf of their principles at the Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields. On the very same evening the interests of Peace were advocated in a more practical manner in another place. SIR CHARLES NAPIER moved for, and obtained, a Commission to inquire into the best way of manning the Navy. MR. JOSEPH STURGE may depend upon it, that the best thing we can do to insure the object of the Society over which he presided on the occasion above mentioned, is to keep up the Channel Fleet, and that the next best thing is, not to make speeches inculcating pacific feelings, but to maintain an army capable of repelling invasion. Denounce war—inveigh against robbery and murder—but maintain a thoroughly sufficient force of policemen, soldiers, and sailors.

DELIVERIES OF TEA.

DURING the last week, there have been some surprising Deliveries of Tea. On Monday last, MRS. KERR MUDGEON got up as early as six o'clock in the morning, and, hastening down-stairs in her flannel dressing-gown, long before any of the servants were up, proceeded to make her husband a strong cup of tea. MR. KERR MUDGEON had been up rather late the night before, and complained of a "sickly headache." Such an early delivery of tea has never been known before, and the unusual phenomenon can only be accounted for by the fact of its being MRS. KERR MUDGEON'S birth-day the following day. She will be five-and-thirty, within a dozen years or so.

On Wednesday night, a little after one, cups and saucers were laid for twelve, on the large umbrella breakfast-stall, that is usually stationed in Piccadilly, near the Green Park. The cups and saucers were replenished several times, as there happened to be a grand ball in the neighbourhood. One portly coachman, with a Welsh wig and pink stockings, scalded himself sadly in endeavouring, in a steaming hurry, to finish his boiling hot allowance. He was called away suddenly, on hearing "LADY BIRD'S Carriage" being vociferously shouted for, and, with the tears in his eyes, had to leave his saucer at least half full behind him. So abrupt was his departure, that this aristocratic coachman quite forgot to pull out his *porte-monnaie*, and discharge the trifling amount. The festivities were kept up until the last distinguished guest had left the ball. About six o'clock, two medical students (a Guy, and a Royal Fever,) got up an impromptu *Thé Dansante* by dancing the Polka in the middle of the road.

On Saturday, SIR ANTHONY MINCING LANE (the rich merchant, who has retired from the plum and fig interest, of Smyrna and Shoreditch) was "perfectly astonished" on descending to breakfast about half-past eleven to find his family (consisting of nine daughters, three nieces, a poor relation, a governess, a mother-in-law, and his wife) all assembled before him. Not only had they nearly finished breakfast, but the young ladies were dressed and had their bonnets on. SIR MINCING was evidently pleased at this improved state of things; but he could not help smiling, as about one o'clock several smart young gentlemen, selected from the highest ranks of City Society, including the Stock-Exchange, called in their new Spring "peg-tops" to escort eight of his daughters and two of his nieces to a distant pic-nic in the country. The good-natured old fig-merchant wished that there might be a pic-nic every morning, if it would only secure to him the possibility of his always being able to get his breakfast so early.

MR. DAVID MURROUGH (the young conveyancer of Gray's Inn) was told by his laundress on Sunday morning that his "tea was nearly out." MR. D. MURROUGH could not refrain from expressing his surprise, as it was not more than ten days ago that he had had a couple of pounds in! The fact was partly explained by a silver tea-spoon being found in the caddy that was not MR. D. MURROUGH'S property. The young conveyancer showed the spoon to the laundress, and asked her if it belonged to her, and upon receiving a solemn assurance that "she knew nuffen at all about it," he quietly flung it into the fire. Since then MR. D. MURROUGH has taken the precaution of keeping his tea-caddy locked.

On Monday morning the one-pound packet of tea was delivered as usual at MRS. RODWELL'S, being the one week's consumption of sixty young ladies, who are being fed and finished by that eminent scholastic lady at *Arachnea College*.

THE DERBY SETTLING.

(BY ONE WHO HAS LOOKED ROUND AT THE POLITICAL CORNER.)

As settling day approaches, the backers of the Government are trying every artful dodge they know of to back out, and there is reason to believe that on more accounts than one there will be a sort of compromise effected. Those who stood to win on *Elephant* of course were thrown out of their reckoning by the scratching of their favourite, and at the last moment found it difficult to hedge. There is, we understand, a pretty general surprise that they were not more cautious in "putting on the pot." It has been remarked on all sides, that there was nothing "dark" about the animal, to justify their making him a point for speculation. His antecedents were well known, and it was feared from the first that he would prove unmanageable. From his previous performances it was looked upon as certain that no amount of jockeying could tame his restive spirit; and it was considered highly probable that when he did break loose it would be at the most critical and most important moment. Moreover, if we may venture to say publicly what is indeed in everybody's mouth, there has been all along a pretty strong impression that RUPERT was not the man to be his jockey. An animal so cranky and hot-headed as the *Elephant* ought, it is quite clear, have had the coolest hand to manage him. We would not say a word to hurt poor RUPERT'S feelings after the shock which he has had; and while the crisis is still pending and his fate is in the balance, it would be the height of cruelty to do so. Still, he must himself admit, if he recovers from the accident, that it was his own misguided act which put his neck in danger; and, at least, he can't blame *us* for not having warned him of the likelihood there was that he would come to grief.

In the general way, the settling will not be very heavy. It may be supposed the Derby party are not over sanguine in the matter of their prospects; and their serenity, of course, has rather been disturbed by the somewhat sudden way in which they have been brought to book. To those attached to place, it must be sadly galling to have to change their sporting residence from Downing Street to Queer Street, and the transmigration cannot but be painful to their souls. But the box in which they 've found themselves has so often been the wrong one that they must be getting used to it; and, as they have not much to lose, their character won't suffer very much by the mutation. We cannot help thinking though, that had they been more careful, they might have done much better for themselves than they have done. We don't mean to turn prophet after the event, but it was obvious to every one that *Secret Despatch* was by several degrees too dark a horse to back with any reasonable prospect of their coming to good luck by him. With *Frenchman* and *Engineer* they had stood well at starting, and by DIZZY'S clever handling *Budget*, there is no doubt would have pulled through without difficulty. *India Bill* showed shaky; but, after all, their stake on him was not a very heavy one, and they might have easily backed out without breaking their engagements, as, in point of fact, there were really none to break. But bringing out *Despatch* was an elephantine blunder, and those who stood on *Opposition* of course were wide awake to it. We cannot but think that the Administration party were somewhat blinded by the odds at which the coupling of *Big Pam* and *Little John* was quoted in the Whig stables; but by playing their card well the oppositionists contrived to get the two together, and so *Majority* was made safe, and the result was a walk over.

Note. We received the above article from a gentleman—we beg pardon, from an individual who called himself a "Derby Prophet;" and we were therefore quite prepared to find that no dependence could be placed upon his statements. His account of the finish is entirely incorrect. *Majority*, it is true, had been at one time made safe, but *Dissolution* showed so completely out of favour, that it was conceived prudent to arrange a compromise; and by a kind of cross, *Resolution* was withdrawn, and the race left undecided. The Derby Settling is therefore for a time postponed; but it is generally regarded as being not far distant.

A CORRECTION BUT NO IMPROVEMENT.

BY AN INDIGNANT M.P.

SIR,—"YOUR Reporter has entirely misunderstood the observations I addressed to the House last evening. His bare announcement that—

"MR. PALAVER seconded the motion,"

will leave the country in entire ignorance of my real sentiments.

"What I meant to say, and what I believe I did say, was that, though I did not know whether, after the speech of the honourable and learned gentleman, the Member for Swashington, the statements of the noble Lord, the Member for Blankshire, could be relied on, and though I was totally in the dark as to the intentions of my honourable and gallant friend, the Member for Little Braggs, whose opinions were always expressed with so much felicity, and always exercised so great an influence on the deliberations of the House, yet under all the circumstances connected with this most intricate subject, having devoted to its consideration all the energies and all the ability of which I was possessed; taking into account also the convincing address of the right honourable gentleman, the Member for the University of Oxford, whose brilliant and argumentative eloquence had never been more strikingly displayed than on the present occasion, and upon whom it would be presumptuous for me to pass any eulogy; considering, moreover, the late hour of the night, and that probably the House was very anxious to proceed to a division; coupling all these things with the fact that I myself had been employed all day listening to the tedious addresses of Counsel and the dry evidence of witnesses in a Committee up-stairs (respecting which I would only say, that I quite concurred in the proposal of the noble Lord whose honesty of purpose and good sense were so worthily recognised by the intelligent Electors of Stamford, for transferring all this business to a tribunal specially constituted for the purpose); and remembering the important conjuncture of affairs which now occupied the attention of the country as to whether the noble Earl lately at the head of the Board of Control, or the noble Viscount who now administered the government of a country which might be called the brightest, as it was the most populous, jewel of the crown—whether, I repeated, one of these noblemen, both distinguished by so much ability, had not placed the other in a false position by his 'intemperance and rashness' (which I begged the House to bear in mind was not my own phrase, but that of a right honourable friend of mine who filled the office lately occupied by the noble Earl:—under all these various circumstances I said it would be an act of unpardonable presumption on my part to detain the House by any lengthened observations, however interesting, and however important the subject to which they related; and that therefore, as I saw and heard around me some symptoms of impatience (which, however, I thought it hardly fair of honourable Members to display towards one who, though his abilities might not be equal to those of the honourable and learned gentleman who served as Attorney-General under the late government, of the right honourable gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the right honourable Member for the University, or the noble Lords who represented respectively Tiverton and the City of London, yet entertained a deep, a solemn, a conscientious—I might even say an earnest—conviction founded on no immature reflection upon this question); but still, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, I would not be tempted either by sneers audible or sneers concealed to trespass in any degree whatever upon the time, the patience, and the attention of the House, feeling that all its time and all its patience, and all its attention, had been exhausted by previous speakers; and I should therefore content myself by simply saying, that, hoping on a future occasion to be favoured with the kind indulgence of the House, I should now do no more than observe that I was not indisposed, upon a calm and unprejudiced view of the facts (so far as I was acquainted with them) which bore on this most complicated but most vital question, to give my humble but hearty support to the motion.

"I trust to your sense of justice, by inserting the above, to correct the gross inaccuracies of a report which in exactly five words pretends to describe my observations. I even claim it as a right to let my constituents and the people of this great country know through your columns what really fell from me last evening. Perhaps I was not distinctly heard in the gallery.

* * * * * * *

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. PALAVER."

We regret that we cannot find space for the remainder of the letter but the MS. is at the service of the daily contemporary for whom it was evidently intended. We can only give a *précis* of the additional corrections furnished by the honourable Member, namely—

1. What he would have said had the House cried "Go on!"

2. The sentiment which he thinks the Reporter might have inferred from what he did say, and ought to have supplied.

3. A Latin quotation which might very appropriately have been introduced into his speech had it occurred to him. [N.B. Could not the Reporter have hunted this up in the Dictionary of Quotations?]

4. An explanation which the Speaker would not allow him to make, followed by another which he shortly intends to make.

5. The true purport of his admirable proposal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, from communications made to him, he fears has been misunderstood out of doors.

6 and lastly. His views on things in general.

THE THEATRE OF CRINOLINE.

FOREMOST in gallantry as in every other virtue, *Mr. Punch* hastens in the name of the gentlemen of England to express their gratitude to *Lady Judy*, and to ladies generally, for the share which they have taken in rebuilding Covent Garden. Of course in speaking of a "share," *Mr. Punch* alludes to no pecuniary proceeding. His imagination shrinks from the idea of lovely woman in any way assisting at a Stock-Exchange transaction. The share which he alludes to is the portion of the work in which the female influence is clearly found discernible. Throughout the entire house—in boxes, pit, and stalls, nay even to the gallery—the presence of the petticoats may visibly be traced. Listen, unbeliever, to this extract from the *Times*, and be "ha! ha! cured in an instant" of your doubt:—

"Every one, however, will be glad to learn that the increased space thus left at the disposal of the manager has been employed in giving to the public an amount of accommodation they never had before. There are thirty-six boxes on each tier, each of which is wider and deeper than in the old house, and each of which is built no less than nine feet six inches high. Above the third tier, at the back facing the stage, is the amphitheatre, much larger in size, and infinitely more commodious with regard to seats, than in the old house. Although of greater width, the pit will hold no greater number of spectators than the old house used to do. There are eleven rows of pit-stalls, each stall of which is to be, in fact, a comfortable arm-chair two feet two inches wide, and with three feet three inches interval between each row, so that all may pass to and from their places with the most perfect freedom and ease."

Who that reads this statement can question for the smallest fraction of a second the influence which ladies have exerted in the building? The impress of *la Crinoline* is everywhere perceptible. In all his plans and estimates the architect has clearly taken it in view. Having the hoop petticoat in his mental eye, he has so framed his dimensions as to meet its known requirements.

Place aux dames! To ladies more than ever now must place or space be given. While they come out so extensively, of course, room must be made for them. Until it be the fashion to curtail their fair proportions, of course those fair proportions must be sittably provided for. Wherever hoops do congregate, there must be room to trundle them. While ladies raise such structures round themselves as they are doing, the dimensions of those structures must be architecturally considered. Staircases must be widened, and porticos enlarged, and seats be set apart much farther than they used to be. In short, in all their measurements builders must leave ample margin for the petticoats, and be careful that the air-tubes be allowed sufficient area.

It is a new thing to us to say anything in favour of the Crinoline monstrosities, but we must admit that the present width of fashion may, masculinely viewed, be found of some advantage. For instance, thanks to large and lovely woman, Covent Garden is so built that a man may stretch his legs in it. No Paterfamilias can any more deny his wife and daughters the favour of his escort, on the ground that he'll be tortured by the closeness of the seats. The house having been constructed to accommodate the higher and the wider classes, we gentlemen of England may loll there at our ease, and sit through a whole opera uncramped as to our knees. Decidedly for this we have to thank the ladies; and, to give our gratitude a fair and fitting vent, we propose that in honour of the influence which widened it, MR. GYE'S "Fops' Alley" shall be newly christened, and be known to all posterity as "Petticoat Lane."

A CASE FOR LINDLEY MURRAY.

Cook (who is not in the best of Humours). *"Don't bother! No, I don't want none!"*

Boy. *"Well, leastways, you might ha' spoke Grammer!"*

ALMACK'S REVIVED!

SING for joy, superior classes,
But, of course, in tones subdued,
Do not bellow like the masses,
Bawl not as the multitude;
But your joy should be outpoured,
For behold Almack's restored!

There shall Beauty, in exclusive
Circles, waltz again with Wealth,
Sharing exercise, conducive
More to pleasure than to health,
Whilst the sun ascends the skies,
And the common people rise.

Linen-drapers, oh! be joyful,
French *modistes* rejoice ye, all,
For you'll now be of employ full,
To provide for every ball,
That the gay and festive scene
May abound with Crinoline.

Jewellers too, and perfumers,
Highly should you be elate,
For an increase of consumers
Doth your articles await;
Scents, and diamonds, and pearls,
Wanted by expensive girls.

JULLIEN! thou should'st be delighted
Since thy genius, and thy hand,
Must inspired be, and invited,
To inform and lead the band;
To compose quadrille and waltz,
Music which the mind exalts.

Oh! ye Flunkeys, holloa louder
Than the rest, for rampant mirth,
In the pride of plush and powder,
You 'll attend on Rank and Birth.
How transported you must wax,
Thinking on revived Almack's!

DERBY-DAY BREAKING.

WE have been authorized to publish the subjoined correspondence:—

"DEAR DICK,

"I WRITE to tell you a thing that will astonish you. I met the two JOHNSONS on the Derby day, and where do you think they were going? To St. Martin's Hall—actually—to hear a parcel of music which they called BOZART'S *Quietus*, or some such name, and a sing-funny by MEATHOVEN. Did you ever hear of such a couple of muffs?

"Ever yours,

"*Centaur Club, May*, 1858." "NED RUGGLES."

"P.S. I hope you weren't in*tox*icated on Wednesday."

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

"THE incident you relate is hardly credible. I must think the JOHNSONS were only joking. Otherwise, it will be decidedly impossible for me to associate with such profane young men. The desecration of the Derby is very sad, even when practised by the unthinking and uninstructed; but it is quite awful to see men who are privileged with the lights which the JOHNSONS enjoy, guilty of the non-observance of that all-important day. Let me charitably hope that our friends were amusing themselves by sporting with your trustfulness; but even on that supposition they are much to blame. It is very wrong to make, and extremely painful to hear, any joke on a subject so serious as the Derby-day.

"Believe me, my dear EDWARD, affectionately yours,

"RICHARD BRADSHAW."

"*Scamps' Billiard Rooms, Exeter Hall.*"

"P.S. All is well."

SPORTIVE BLADDERS IN THE BEAMY SUN.

A REPORT got into circulation that MR. EDWIN FORREST, the American actor, had become a Christian, and that he was an active member of the revivalist party. How far such a statement was justified may be gathered from the following extract from a letter, dated March 27th, which he has published in the *New York Herald*:—

"I do not know the time since, when I was a boy, I blew sportive bladders in the beamy sun, that I ever was so tranquil and serene as in the present hour. . . . I love my friends, hate my enemies, and try to do unto all men what I would they should do unto me."

As a study, logical and psychological, the mind of MR. FORREST, as set forth in the above *morçeau*, presents a treat. And the "sportive bladders" and the "beamy sun" are flowers of elegance which we admit are common in the Transatlantic Garden, but so rare here that *Mr. Punch* is charmed to cull them. As DR. BEATTIE remarks,

"And yet poor EDWIN is no vulgar b'hoy."

THE EXETER HALL JOCKEY.

LORD SHAFTESBURY presided at a meeting of a praiseworthy and religious character, upon the Derby Day, and was at pains to remind his audience how exceedingly good he and they were. While other people, his Lordship said, had gone down to Epsom to a horse race, "We are running the Christian's race." Now, *Mr. Punch* objects to and abstains from jocular references to solemn subjects, but if LORD SHAFTESBURY thinks such an illustration proper, *Mr. Punch* may be permitted to follow it out:

"Laymen have leave to dance when parsons play."

And therefore *Mr. Punch* will remark, that LORD SHAFTESBURY himself has ridden well, in his time, on the Christian course. He rode *Factory Boy* with great skill and kindness for the Ten Hours Stakes, he rode *Shoeblack* cleverly for the Brigade Cup, and his determination to win with *Rogged Lad*, in spite of the difficulties of the course and the temper of the creature, were crowned with a well-merited success. But he has not always been equally privileged, *Converted Jew* was nowhere, and not a bit better than *Hobby Horse; Sabbatarian* has more than once broken down with him, and it was only with difficulty that he was got to explain his recent conduct about the Cambridge House Stakes. It was asked, did he trot out *Cabal* on Sunday afternoon, or did he not? He stated, at the above meeting, that it had been alleged that large demands had been made on his Sunday time, and he left it to his audience to say whether he was likely to yield to such demands. No such thing was alleged. Whether his gallop on *Cabal* was a mere Sabbath day's journey, or ten turns round the course, is nothing. Now he writes, frankly, that he never rode *Cabal* on that or any other Sunday. Why not have said so like a man? As true friends of Christian Racing, we recommend this eminent and respected jock to adhere to the straight line, and take care that when weighed he is not found wanting.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Lords kept holiday on *Friday, May 28th.*, but the Commons, by way of indemnifying themselves for coming back to their duties, had an editor turned out and worried. This was a MR. WASHINGTUB WHELKS, or some such person, who had inserted in a provincial paper articles imputing corrupt behaviour to MR. GEORGE CLIVE, Member for Hereford, in his capacity of Chairman of a Railway Committee. WHELKS showed fight, and was finally committed to the custody of LORD CHARLES RUSSELL, who we hope, provided him with excellent dinners in his dreary dungeon, pease and asparagus included.

But the real fun of the night was caused by LORD JOHN RUSSELL. MR. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered on Wednesday a very smart speech to his Constituents. It was evidently in great part the speech with which he had intended to smite the Cabal on the previous Friday. The withdrawal of the CARDWELL Censure motion rendered it needless for BEN to fire off the blunderbuss which he had carefully loaded with slugs; but as he had no notion of losing the chance of making a good bang, he let off the weapon in the face of the gaping clowns of Bucks. Some of it was very good—so good that *Mr. Punch* immortalises a few sentences. *Exempli gratia:*—

"The Cabal, which had rather a tainted character, chose its instruments with pharisaical accuracy. (*Laughter.*) When MR. CARDWELL rose to impeach him, he was terrified with his own short-comings. (*Laughter.*) He listened to his *nisi prius* narrative, ending with a resolution which he thought must have been drawn by a conveyancer. (*Cheers and laughter.*) And in the other House of Parliament a person of still greater reputation condescended to appear upon the human stage. (*Laughter.*) GAMALIEL himself, with the broad phylacteries of fashion on his forehead, called GOD to witness in pious accents of majestic adoration, that he was not like other men—that he was never influenced by party motives. (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

This is our own darling BENJAMIN of the old times, before he got diplomatic and circumbendibumptious. He was less happy because less truthful in his attack upon the Press:—

"Innocent people in the country (*laughter*) who looked to their leading articles for advice and direction—who looked to what were called the leading organs to be the guardians of their privileges and the directors of their political consciences, were not the least aware, because this sort of knowledge travelled slowly, that the leading organs now are place-hunters for the Cabal (*hear, hear*), and that the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons. (*Cheers and laughter.*) Yes; it was too true; the shepherds that once were the guardians of the flocks, are now in league with the wolves."

This is all bosh. *Mr. Punch*, the only real leading organ, is faithful and true, and guards the flock as vigilantly as if he intended to shear it to the tune of £5000 a-year. As for gilded saloons, the phrase savours of penny novels. The cornices and mouldings in LORD PALMERSTON'S drawing-room may be gilt—*Mr. Punch* forgets—but so are the cornices and mouldings in his own magnificent mansion, and a few yards more or less of Dutch metal would have no effect upon him. As for simpering, no one who has ever watched the beautiful smile that flickers o'er his face like a sunbeam on the wave, when he listens to the lovely or instructs the wise, could call that a simper, and in fact BENJAMIN DISRAELI is impertinent. But when he likened the Cabal to Sepoys who wanted to loot the Treasury, he was better, and so was his description of the rout of the Opposition on the previous Friday.

"There was nothing like last Friday evening in the history of the House of Commons. (*Loud cheers.*) He came down to the House expecting that it would divide at four o'clock in the morning, and with his armour buckled on, to address them two hours after midnight, and even with the consciousness of a good cause, that was no mean effort. (*Hear, hear.*) They were all assembled, and on the opposite benches were the serried ranks of their opponents, when there arose a wail of distress. (*Hear, hear.*) He could only compare what then occurred to the Mutiny of the Bengal Army; regiment after regiment—corps after corps—general after general—all acknowledged that they could not march through Coventry. (*Cheers and laughter.*) It was more like a convulsion of nature than an ordinary transaction of human life. He could liken it only to an earthquake in Calabria or Peru. There was a rumbling murmur—a groan—a shriek—a noise like distant thunder—he knew not whether it came from the top or bottom of the House; there was a fissure on the land, then a village disappeared, then a tower toppled down, and then the whole of the Opposition benches became a great dissolving view. (*Cheers and laughter.*)"

In addition to this, there was a most tremendous puff of the DERBY Government, which BENJAMIN avowed had found us all but in war with France, and all but about to throw away India, and had set everything in the world right. Well, this is all fair enough. The Derbyites have had great luck, and are quite right to make their *fœnum* while Sol is propitious. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL hates to hear anybody crow but himself, and, though he had solemnly pledged himself to chastise MR. BRIGHT for attacking him in the CARDWELL debate, he left that rather perilous promise as unredeemed as the minstrel's watch which the standard-bearer keeps because the pawn-ticket is lost, and abused MR. DISRAELI for having grievously exaggerated the dangers of the country. But the real sore place was made manifest at the end of JOHN'S speech. He knows perfectly well that the hubbub, or whoobub, or however you like to spell it, which has been caused by the threat of dissolution, went a very long way towards defeating the Cabal. Members don't like to go to their not over-delighted constituents, and tradesmen are frantic in their unpatriotic dislike to have the Season spoiled. This was the secret with which RAREY-RUPERT subdued CRUISER-CARDWELL. And JOHN finished his angry oration with a taunt at the "unworthy means" which had been employed by the Government to protect itself.

Needless to say that our BEN had expected this, or that he declared himself astonished at so unexpected an attack. And then the fighting Chancellor let fly at JOHNNY, and showed, that in order to be quite ready for the fray, he had looked up that lord's political history, whence he educed passages for the discomfiture of his adversary. Moreover he gave him pepper for his new friendship for PAM, and advised him to go to that nobleman, and ascertain what had been the real state of affairs with France. "There is not, I believe existing, at present, such an estrangement between the two noble lords as to prevent frank and candid communication." As for the dissolution threat, he gloried in it, and declared that it was exactly what the country would desire if the Cabal triumphed, and he finished off JOHN by describing his onslaught as a "sorry attack."

RICH (MR. HENRY DRUMMOND'S "pig that squeaked because he could not obtain the nourishment little pigs desire,") CORNEWALL LEWIS, GIBSON, COLLIER, and WHITESIDE, had something to say on the subject thus started; but the affair was really over when the leaders were down. The House then went upon estimates. Among other votes £4000 was given for placing the new Bell, which MR. MEARS delivered that day, and which somebody says is to be called Victoria, (whereby stupid fools will make sell bets about which is the Victoria Tower) in its place, with the DENT Clock.

We all shall be jollily glad, when our ears
Are regaled with the tones of your bell, MR. MEARS,
And our time we shall value full fifty per cent.
More high, when it's kept by your clock, MR. DENT.

In return for which compliments MR. MEARS will be good enough to deliver at the *Punch* office a first class bell for *Mr. Punch's* private Chapel, and MR. DENT a gold chronometer, not later than Wednesday next.

DISRAELI'S GLEE.

BLOW, DIZZY, blow thy sounding horn,
Thine own horn, loud and high,
For the Tories have saved their native land,
What a wonderful Ministry!

The farmers went to a dinner at Slough,
Thereat to make good cheer;
They ate both mutton and beef enow,
And they drank much wine and beer.

Those farmers were full of beer and beef,
As full as they could hold,
And so they gave entire belief
To whatever they were told.

Louder DISRAELI blew his horn,
And he pitched his strain more high,
And the glasses were rung as he rolled his tongue,
And his words eat greedily.

THE BURKE OF THE CITY.

THE Court of Common Council, the other day, during a discussion of the proposed Corporation Reform Bill, was electrified by MR. ANDERTON, who, in a speech replete with impassioned eloquence, exclaimed, "Dash the Bill! I should like to see it burnt by the common hangman." So saying, he tore the Bill in pieces, and flung its fragments away. The effect was tremendous. The Court of Common Council ought to be proud of its ANDERTON, whose eloquence is unmatched in any other place, and has never been paralleled, except perhaps long ago by DEMOSTHENES, and in the last age by BURKE, when that great orator threw—if he did throw—the celebrated dagger on the floor of the House of Commons.

THE PASSPORT NUISANCE.

THAT, with the laudable ambition of making itself popular, the Government has graciously inclined a listening ear to the cry of the complainants of the Passport Nuisance, our readers are doubtless aware. As a general election is looming in the background, the Government of course would like to stand well with the people; and the orders they have issued "to facilitate still further the procuring of a Passport," may be considered as a sop in the pan thrown to the public. In its benevolence, the Government has graciously appointed no fewer than four agents, who respectively residing at one of our chief outports, will furnish Foreign Office Passports to every "certificated person" who applies for them. And in its graciousness the Government has been pleased still further to exert its generosity, and has multiplied the agents for supplying such "certificates;" so that applicants in future will be saved the degradation of appearing in Police Courts. To identify JOHN SMITH as being a British subject, JOHN SMITH must needs be known to "any mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace, minister of religion, physician, surgeon, solicitor or notary, resident in the United Kingdom:" and if JOHN SMITH be unknown to a surgeon or a lawyer, JOHN SMITH may be esteemed an extremely lucky fellow.

But before JOHN SMITH avails himself, of this kind favour of the Government, and after taking steps to establish his identity, proceeds to take still further steps, either to the Foreign Office, or to one of its four branches, to get his passport given him (on being duly paid for), perhaps JOHN SMITH might profit by a pause of some two minutes, which would give him time to read the following extract from the *Times*, and to reflect within himself, if a Foreign Office Passport be worth the bore of getting it:—

"It would also serve to remove a good deal of misapprehension and obviate a good deal of inconvenient swaggering on the part of our countrymen *apropos* of their passports, if it were more generally borne in mind, that these documents are in no way a promise of protection on the part of the Minister or Consul who issues them, nor do they in any way acquire the character of a *sauf-conduit* at the hands of the Foreign Minister who puts his *visa* upon them. They are simply a request from some English authority to all sorts of foreign persons not specified, but over whom the issuer has certainly no control, 'to allow So-and-So to pass freely, without let or hindrance, and to afford them every assistance and protection of which they may stand in need.' The result is such as might be expected from the nature of the document; the foreign officials know nothing as to who issues them nor what they contain; they never heard of any ill result accruing to anybody who showed disrespect to an English passport; they care nothing about an English Ambassador or Minister, for their own *chef* will always screen them; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that the holder of a British passport is worse off in travelling in Germany than if he had procured one from the Principality of Reuss-Schleitz-Lobenstein. The passport contains no promise of protection, and no threat of ulterior measures if the holder be not properly treated; and the practice of our Government has always been in accordance with this. British subjects are frequently ill-treated and ignominiously handled in connexion with passport grievances, but our Government never found it worth while on that account to 'endanger the amicable arrangements at present existing between the two States.'"

If this account be true (and it was printed in big type, and we have waited some six weeks to allow for the routine of an official contradiction) we think that JOHN SMITH'S pause perhaps might save his pocket. The conclusion he would come to at the end of his two minutes would be most likely, that a passport is more trouble than it is worth; and a pause of a third minute, spent in the perusal of this further extract, would probably confirm him in his sapient idea:—

"My own experience, whether derived from my own knowledge, or from the narratives of our own countrymen, shows me very distinctly, that an Englishman travelling in Germany is better without a passport than with one, particularly if it be issued in London. If he has no passport at all the objections that can be made to his further passage are reduced to one—viz., that 'he has no passport,' while, if he has one, the objections may be a dozen. Moreover, this objection of 'no passport' is by no means so difficult to get over as it would seem, inasmuch as the officials themselves are thereby saved all the trouble connected with the examination, the entry, and the stamping of the passports, and listen the more readily to any excuse trumped up at the moment to account for one's having none; and if, as is generally the case, the official in question only requires satisfactory evidence of the nationality of the traveller, that evidence is afforded at once by his chatting from the English man a few words in French or in German; for the free-and-easy British style of handling continental pronunciation is always better evidence of his nationality than any passport made out ever so carefully can afford. If the worst come to the worst, the traveller without a passport is taken sooner or later to the nearest British mission or consulate, and the necessary document is supplied."

We have heard pretty much of the uselessness of passports, but this experience shows them to be even worse than useless. If the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* speaks truth, (and we repeat that we have vainly waited for correction), we think the best thing that an Englishman who wants to go to Germany could do about his passport, would be to take a leaf from the old cookery recipe book, and follow its sage teaching as to how to dress a cucumber. After taking extreme pains to procure the proper document, and spending (say) a fortnight in getting the right *visas* to it, his wisest step would then be, to pitch it out of window, choosing the first tunnel that he came to for the purpose. Perhaps to the reflective it might seem a wiser course to make one's mind up previously to start without a passport, and so avoid the needless trouble of obtaining it. But, zealous as we always are to uphold the authorities, and inculcate obedience to whatever laws they promulgate, we of course should never dream of hinting that a loyal British subject will save both time and money by this passportless proceeding. Until passports are abolished, a traveller without one is in fact a sort of smuggler. Being himself a contraband article, he lands it; as soon as he puts foot upon the Continent. Now, looked up to as he is as a Pillar of the State, of course it will not do for *Punch* to speak in countenance of smuggling. Still we certainly must own, that just by way of an experiment (we always do improper things 'by way of an experiment') we have tried the plan of travelling unpassported ourselves, and as yet we have in no way found ourselves the worse for it.

But without recommending any breakage of the law, we may be permitted just to caution the unwary tourist to look about a bit before he leaps into the Foreign Office. What has been said of Germany, may be said with equal truth, we hear, of all the Continent. Accidents will happen with the best regulated passports. One way or another, it is found that the course of *visas* never does run smooth; and, altogether, passports are in travelling such extreme *impedimenta*, that if HANNIBAL had been hampered with them, he would have never crossed the Alps. It is doubtful, on the whole, whether it be wiser to face the known dangers of delay in being passported, or to run the risk of unknown perils in travelling contraband. Not for all the world would we counsel a man's acting contrary to law; but we think that if a law be systematically disregarded, the authorities will see that it had best be abrogated. If every Englishman who feels continentally inclined would resolve to start this summer without taking a passport, and make his mind up to come back as soon as he were told it was requisite to take one, we would bet that in six months the nuisance would be stopped. When they saw that its effect was to lose them their best customers, we feel sure our foreign friends would see the wisdom of removing it.

Far be it from us to wish to interfere with foreign legislation. We Britons have refused to be dictated to, ourselves, and of course we cannot therefore assume the right to dictate. But without intending the least shadow of offence, we surely may just hint that a Passport Abolition Act would be an act of courtesy for which our tourists would feel grateful, and which might, we think, with perfect safety be conceded. It might not be easy by the simple force of logic to persuade our foreign friends to make us this concession; but we rather think the argument which we have just suggested could hardly fail to win them over to conviction. Whatever be their deafness to other forms of reasoning, the *argumentum ad pocketum* they would be sure to listen to.

LEAF FROM A MAHOMETAN LAW BOOK.

IN a Lecture lately delivered at the Juridical Society by MR. BENNETT, on the Administration of Justice in India, it was stated that, according to Mahometan law,

"A kazi ought not to decide a case when he is hungry, or thirsty, or after a full meal, for these circumstances disturb the judgment and impede reflection."

If the principle on which this maxim is founded were observed in British Courts of Justice, it would possibly, in some small measure, deepen the profound wisdom and heighten the lofty justice of the verdicts of British jurymen. Our jurors, it is true, sometimes retire during a trial to take refreshment; but when the case lasts several days, or if they cannot, by a certain hour, agree on their verdict, they are locked up together all night—according to the strict letter of the law, we believe, without fire or candle; although orders are generally given to procure them "all reasonable accommodation." The circumstances in which they pass the night must surely be, at the best, such as to "disturb the judgment and impede reflection," and to conduce, if anything can, to their delivery of a foolish verdict the next morning.

THE REAL ANSWER THAT WAS GIVEN.

Lord S——y. Come like a good one, and join us, GLADDY.
Mr. G——e. I'd work with *you*, but I shy your Daddy.

HORSE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

T none of the May Meetings were more remarkable features presented than at the gathering of the Horse Missionary Society, which took place on Monday last at the American Circus, in Leicester Square, kindly lent by its enterprising proprietors for that purpose, and in honour of their benevolent countryman, MR. RAREY, who took the chair. Upon the platform we observed a great number of the most distinguished equestrians of the day, including MISS GILBERT and many other ladies, and the area was densely thronged with persons interested in the subject.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings said, that it would not be necessary for him, like the noble LORD PHYLACTERY (*laughter*), to explain that he had not been engaged on the previous Sunday in attending to his business; for the fact was, that whatever might be thought of making a Cabinet, *his* work was one of mercy, and he thought that the better the day the better the deed (*applause*). He then explained the object of the Society, which was, in the interest of the noblest animal which had been beneficently given to us, to promulgate as widely as possible the truth, that the horse could be trained by kindness to a point of utility and docility far beyond anything that could be achieved under the present system of force and cruelty.

The Secretary then read the report. It is too long for republication in these columns, but it stated that the system of kindness was making its way, and that even in the wilds of Leicestershire, and the semi-barbarous regions of Yorkshire, men were to be found who set their foot on the old traditions, and treated their horses as if they were fellow-creatures. Many horsebreakers had had their eyes opened to the possibility of breaking a horse without breaking his bones, and a number of grooms had been gradually led to admit that a kind word would move a horse as easily as an oath, or a prod with a pitchfork. But one instance of a signal conversion was told in language so original that we must make room for it. A sturdy farmer, who had been one of MR. RAREY'S pupils, writes thus:—"T' other morning, being up early, by reason of a row with the Missis (for I'm darned if the system of kindness will do with the women)."

A VOICE. A mistake. (*Partial applause.*)

THE CHAIRMAN said, that that was not the question before the meeting, and the reading was resumed. "I see the boy DICK, which is a helper like, and a smart lad enough, trying to get the new bay mare past our hay-stack. She didn't like it. She were obstinate, and he were angry; so he leathered her, but not a bit would she come on, and showed herself his master. Seeing he were losing temper, and were going to take a big stick to the animal, I howls to him to hold hard, and not damage a mare as was worth a dozen of him. I goes up, and with a little coaxing the mare does as I wants. 'See that?' says I to DICK. 'Merciful man is merciful to his beast,' says I, out of the Good Book. But he were smart like, and says out of same, 'A whip for the horse and a bridle for the ass.' There he stuck, but I were down on him: 'And a rod for the fool's back,' says I, 'as you shall see,' thinks I, 'my jockey.' Well, he argyfied a bit that a beast were a beast, and must be treated like one. 'Why?' says I. '"Cos it's a hignorant brute,' says he. I says no more, but by-and-by he comes into the house. 'Can you read yet, DICK,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I wish some 'un would learn me.' 'I'll do that,' says I, and I sot a child's alphabet before him, and he stared at it like a bowl. 'Go over it,' says I. But he only kep staring. Mind you, I'd took down my whip, and 'go over it,' says I again, and as in course he didn't, I came down on him with a cut over the shoulders that made him look five ways for Sunday. (*Great laughter.*) 'What 's that for,' says he, astonished. 'Cos you're a hignorant brute,' says I. 'How can I help it,' says he, 'nobody never learned me nothing.' 'I've learned you something,' thinks I, 'and now I'll learn you something else.' So I pitches away the whip, and I says, 'Look here, DICK. This here 's A. You know the stack, as the mare wouldn't go by for your wallopping, that 's hay. Remember that. This is B. You know what stinged you, when you went to prig the honey, you young blackguard. This is C. You remember the sea as you was frightened of, and roared like a calf.' And so on, and he got on very well. 'I wish you'd begun that way, master, instead of with the whip,' says he. 'Why didn't you begin that way with the bay mare,' says I, 'instead of with the whip? When she wouldn't go by the haystack; why didn't you say Hay to her, and show her, and go afore her, and give her a bit, and make things pleasant. Do you twig?' 'Yes,' says he, grinning, for he didn't bear no malice. Next day I see him talking to the mare, and stroking of her nose, and holding a lock of hay to make her follow, and so I holloas out, laughing: 'Mind what you're at, you two hignorant brutes,' and he laughs too, and I'm danged if I don't think he'll make a RAREY of hisself one of these days."

This story was received with loud applause. Various speakers followed, all expressing themselves converts to the system of kindness, and stating the beneficial results with which they had tried it on animals of their own. Among the speakers was—

MISS MARTINGALE, who said, we believe, though her modesty prevented her tones from reaching very far, that it had been objected, that ladies were out of place at MR. RAREY'S exhibition, and that they only went from foolish curiosity. It really was not so, and she could assure MR. RAREY, that ladies learned with great pleasure that the dear horses could be managed with kindness, and she thought that they could do a good deal in promoting his system by urging it upon the gentlemen, over whom they were supposed—however untruly, she slily added—to have some influence. (*Loud cheers.*)

A vote of thanks to MR. RAREY, closed one of the most interesting meetings of the Season.

BOMBA, KING, DEBTOR TO PARK AND WATT, ENGINEERS.

Ho! BOMBA, come roll out the shiners,
Ho! BOURBON, come down with the dust;
Shall we send round a couple of liners
To—bring home the scudi—No Trust?

Items: loss of health, honour, and reason,
Of liberty, friendship, and will,
Items; cruelty, lying, and treason,
Down, down, with them all in the bill!

Ho, BOMBA! King! roll out the shiners,
Though you coin the gold crown off your head;
Shall we send out a couple of liners?
Will you pay us in silver or lead?

There he sits, as on *Sinbad the Sailor*
Once sat the *Old Man of the Seas*,
Cross-legged on his neck like a tailor,
And throttled poor *Sin* with his knees.

There he sits on the neck of a nation,
With his hard heels stuck into their ribs,
A nightmare of dull suffocation,
A ghoul of oppression and fibs.

Alas! for the cities of glory,
That gem blue Parthenope's bay,
Alas! for the pride of their story,
Alas! for the pomp of decay.

Ay! sit there, in composure provoking,
Till the sword shall leap out of its sheath,
Behind you the mountain is smoking,
The earthquake is slumbering beneath!

Valuable Enemies.

THE New York Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"The Colorado so abounds (thus say the letter-writers) in gold, that the Indians mould it for rifle-balls."

Of all enemies, these are the fellows that the thinking soldier would like to fight. The hero, retiring from the conflict with such antagonists with a lot of balls in his body, would carry away from the field of battle a mine in himself, in which the surgeon might dig, and receive one of the bullets which he extracted for his fee. The patient would pay his shot.

What Can be more Natural?

MR. VERNON SMITH has been attacked for keeping back from his successor letters addressed to him as President of the Board of Control. But as that Office was a dead letter in MR. SMITH'S hands, what can be more natural than that he should have turned it into a dead letter office, from which as we all know, letters are never delivered.

MR. BRIGGS, HAVING BECOME AN ADEPT IN THE ART OF HORSE-TAMING, OPERATES UPON A COLT HE HAS BRED HIMSELF, AND WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN BROKEN,—

AN OLD SAW RE-SET.

KNOWING as we are, we confess we find occasionally things which somewhat puzzle us. For instance the assertion, which has long since passed into a proverb, to the effect that "a miss is as good as a mile," is a statement which, with all our comprehensive intellect, we have vainly struggled all our life to comprehend. How any good young lady can in any light be looked upon as bearing any similarity whatever to a mile, has till lately been a problem far too deep for us to fathom. However, we were out at an "At home" the other evening, and there the meaning of the mystery was suddenly revealed to us. By the light of the wax candles the light of the truth flashed brilliantly upon us. The young ladies who were present were attired, we need not say, in the full width of the fashion. Dressed in the hoop petticoat, which was invented in QUEEN ANNE'S reign, they appeared the crinolineal descendants of their ancestresses. Full blown as balloons, their air-tubes had enormously increased their area. Wherever any one of them had settled on a sofa, that article of furniture had been rendered quite invisible. As if enchanted by the wand of HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL, it had vanished from the sight at the instant of the sitting. Centre ottomans and chairs had in like way disappeared, swallowed up in the white sea of surging Crinoline which covered them. The truth of the proverb was at once revealed to us. Being practised in geometry, and having a trained eye for the measurement of bodies, we could see well enough that every Miss present was to the full "as good as a mile"—in circumference.

WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Ominous.

LORD DERBY has found one *Toxophilite* fail him on the turf. Does he hope to win with another *Toxophilite*—in the House of Commons? If not, he should get rid of MR. DISRAELI, who by the way he drew the Long Bow at the Slough meeting, is clearly of the *Toxophilite* breed.

Fair Amends to "Le Follet."

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in acknowledging to his fashionable contemporary, the Editor of *Le Follet*, that he is correct in surmising that the misprints on which *Mr. Punch* remarked, under the head of "May Flowers of Fashion," were contained in paragraphs extracted from a newspaper which had misquoted him; but the newspaper was one to which *Mr. Punch* gave credit for having been incapable of misquoting such an authority. *Mr. Punch* is anxious to efface any impression which he may have produced to the effect that his fashionable contemporary cannot spell, and to exonerate *Le Follet* from the unmerited charge of ignorance.

DIZZY AND HIS CONSTITUENT.

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD.

I go to ball de oder night,
De room wid gas was blazing bright,
De gals were drest in de fashion's height,
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

Dere air-tubes dey were so blown out,
Each Miss was as good as a mile about,
De leanest figure she look stout,
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

But dere was one dey call de Belle,
As Big as Ben afore he fell,
O Golly! she were such a swell,
In de Hoop de dooden doo!

Her dress was white, her sash was red,
She wore a bucket* on her head,
Her neck look like de garden bed—
Hoop de dooden doo.

She stretch so far from left to right,
She cover up a sofy quite,
She put six chairs clean out of sight,
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

I ask dis gal to hab a dance,
But soon as we begin to prance,
De Crinnylean stop our advance:
Hoop de dooden doo.

De garment which dey call de skirt,
It trail behind to catch de dirt,
It trip me up, it gib me hurt:
Hoop de dooden doo.

When I get up de truth I tell her,
Says I, "Miss, you'll excuse a fella,
But I can't dance wid de gig umbrella!"
Hoop de dooden doo.

At dis my joke I laugh Yup! Yup!
She look as though she eat me up,
So den I take her down to sup
In her Hoop de dooden doo.

MORAL.

Now, gals, if you at parties show,
And in de dance would shake de toe,
Not like balloons but ladies go:
Hoop de dooden doo.

You tink de Crinnylean de ting,
But your partners it to grief do bring,
It bruise dere leg, it break dere shin—
Dis Hoop de dooden doo.

In polka, waltz, or in quadreel,
Dis child you see he lub to feel
Soft flesh and blood, not bone and steel:
Hoop de dooden doo!

* Bouquet?—ED.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CORONETS.

IN an "organ of the aristocracy" we find the following:—

"The MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY is the projector of a step which, it must be confessed, is in the right direction, and her ladyship is ably seconded by LADY DYSART."

And to what, does the reader suppose, that this refers, and what "step" are these two amiable peeresses projecting. Some improvement in the Mazurka, some addition to the Two Time Waltz? No. Those frivolities have ceased to charm these estimable ladies—*Mr. Punch* is never ungallant, but there is no harm in saying, that both were married in the same year, and that if a man had been born in that year his years would now be of the same number as February's days in leap year. What, then, are they supposed to be desiring? You will not guess it. "FEMALE SUFFRAGE, and in any new Reform Bill, a clause conferring it." That's what the "Organ" states, at any rate. Can we believe our eyes; can we believe the "Organ?" *That's* hard certainly, and yet—Well, it's LORD DERBY'S business, not ours.

A HIGHLAND PUZZLE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"I AM an idle man, and like most idle men, I have my hobby. I am not ashamed to say my hobby is Law. Not that I am litigious. My fancy for law does not take that turn—but as a spectator, I am pretty well known at most of the Metropolitan Police Courts, in Westminster Hall, at Guildhall, and the Old Bailey. I am also a great student of the law reports in the papers, and English cases I understand pretty well; but when I get hold of a Scotch case, as I did the other day in the *Inverness Courier*, I am sorely puzzled, and should feel obliged if you or any of your Scotch readers can enlighten me. Here it is. It is the case of—

"DUNCAN GRANT, Letter-carrier, charged with theft or embezzlement of newspapers—the Procurator Fiscal desired leave to desert the diet *pro loco et tempore*. At the former diet in this case several objections were made to the libel, and though overruled, were noted for appeal; and it is understood that informality in the libel was the cause of the prosecutor drawing back. MR. M. MACLENNAN, the defender's agent, pleaded that the prosecutor must show authority for deserting the diet, after the prisoner had pleaded, and an interlocutor of relevancy had been pronounced. After considerable discussion the plea was overruled by the Sheriff, and the Procurator Fiscal's motion was sustained."

"Pray, Sir, what does it all mean? The Procurator Fiscal's diet appears not to have agreed with him. Why should he have been forced to ask the Court's leave to 'desert' it? and that only *pro loco et tempore*. Why should he not change it at once, and if the 'Haggis' did not suit him, try the 'Parritch.' Then again, Sir, what is the state of the law of libel in Scotland? It appears to me that libelling is reduced to a science—for I read of the Procurator Fiscal 'drawing back,' because of an 'informality' in the libel? Was the drawing back *pro tempore?* If so, the P. F. may be compared to *Mr. Micawber*, who was always drawing back, preparatory to making a spring forward. Even so I suppose it will be with the P. F.: he will shortly be making another spring upon poor DUNCAN GRANT. I can only say that I should not like to be in the *loco* of DUNCAN GRANT, having such a lot of horrors hanging over his head *pro tempore*. If you can make the matter clear to an ordinary understanding,

"You will, Sir, much oblige,
"AN INTERLOCUTOR OF RELEVANCY."

THE HORSE OVER THE WATER.

AMONGST our Allies—if they will still allow us to call them so—the love of horseflesh appears to be increasing in one sense, and diminishing in another. On the one hand we see that they have established a Derby, which has just been run—on the other, the *Journal de l'Ain* informs us that:—

"A dinner of horseflesh has just taken place at Bourg, some amateurs having assembled at the Hôtel du Midi for the purpose. Soup, cutlets, steaks, and roast joints were made from a fine animal which it had been necessary to kill on the previous day. The guests, however, did not appear to be much delighted with the novelty. Notwithstanding all the care used in the preparation of the dishes, there still remained a certain flavour *sui generis*, which affected delicate palates, and we think it will be long ere the genus beef will be supplanted by the flesh of the horse."

The flavour above alluded to, probably, was a peculiar raciness, not especially characteristic of the racer, but common to the whole equine tribe. Our French friends appear to be beginning to discover that it is not nice. But for that discovery, we should have expected that, now they have got a Derby, one of their enthusiastic epicures, being a *millionnaire*, would want to buy the winner for the purpose of killing and eating him. We shall now abandon a project which we had entertained—that of the formation of a Carrion Company, for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of Paris with horseflesh, to be delivered, at their doors, in slices, on the ends of skewers. We now regard that scheme as knocked on the head. As a nation, we apprehend that the French will eat horses as much as, and no more than, they eat frogs.

The idea of eating the winner of the Derby would probably be discarded by any *gourmand* who had conceived it, on reflection upon a certain association of names. Derby suggests Epsom, and Epsom suggests a saline medicine, which the consequences of horse-eating would probably require; and the French hate physic.

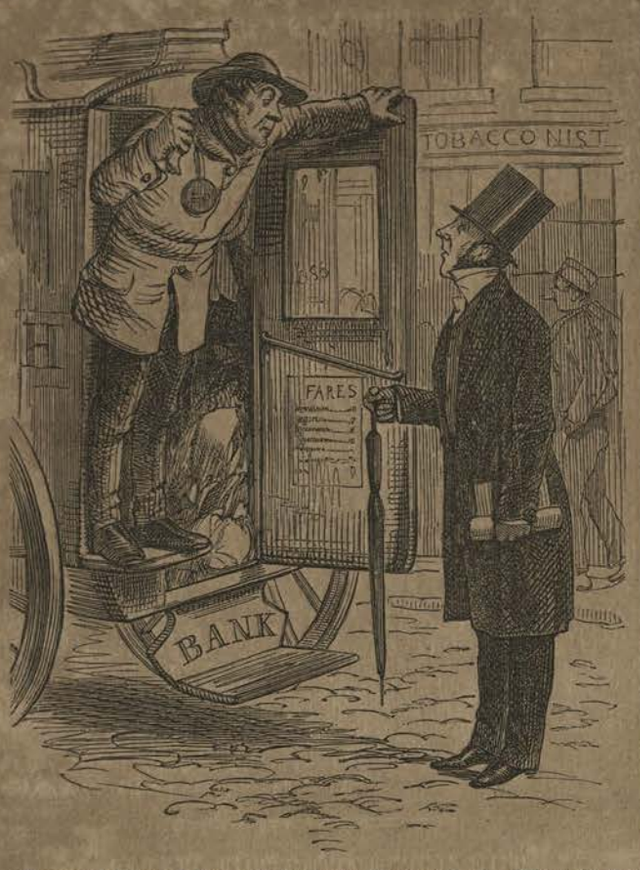
Thoughts Suggested by the late Wellington Competition.

WHAT is Competition?—Eighty-six gentlemen of all countries working hard for nine months for nothing.

What is a National Monument?—A Monument designed and erected by a foreigner?

What is Foreign Art?—A Foreign Sculptor having the heart to chisel eighty-six gentlemen of all countries, gratis!

What is English Art?—Ask the BARON MARROWFATTI.



Reverend Party. "*Pray, don't swear, my good man. Where* do *you expect to go?*"

Irreverent Cad. "*And vere do* you *expect to go to for thrippunse?*"

THE ABORIGINES IMPROVEMENT AND QUIET STREET RELIEF FUND.

FOREMOST in philanthropy among the philanthropic meetings of last month, we rejoice to mention that of a newly-formed Society, whose claims upon the public need only to be known to be liberally responded to. The Society has been founded to administer a fund for affording some relief to the "quiet streets" of London, and for sending missionaries of music to the untaught aborigines. These objects it is hoped may be successfully effected by a single operation: and as intentions so benevolent cannot be too widely advertised, we very willingly assign them some six inches gratis in our bold pervading columns. We do this the more readily as, for some cause or another, our contemporaries have published no report of the meeting, and but for us the public might have never known that it had taken place.

The Society, we hear, was originally started for the single purpose of improving the musical condition of the bushmen of Australia. This improvement it was thought might be most readily achieved by introducing barrel-organs in the lieu of tom-toms, and by thus acquainting the unenlightened natives with a higher class of instrument than that to which they had been in their ignorance accustomed. Music, it was known, had charms to soothe the savage breast: and it was considered for this purpose no music could be found more charming than the barrel-organs. It was hoped too, that when once the unschooled savage taste had been tutored and refined by this elevating influence, it might be weaned altogether from its barbarous affections, and be fit for further progress in its musical development. Other instruments than barrel-organs might by degrees be introduced, and the natives by degrees be cultured to appreciate them. The more advanced converts might, in course of time, be taught to take delight in the squeaking of the hurdy-gurdy, and their ears, by careful training, be attuned to the delicious screeching of the bagpipes. Thus, under the guidance of the musical missionaries, the favoured bushmen might be brought to share the higher benefits of European progress, and be invited to participate in those refined enjoyments which had been hitherto indulged in only by more civilised and more enlightened nations.

Accordingly, a fund being raised for the purpose, a cargo of old barrel-organs was benevolently shipped, and the good work of detomtomising zealously commenced. Each organ was attended by a manual instructor, in the person of the previous possessor of the instrument; and it may be cited as a proof of the intelligence of bushmen, that they soon became proficients in the handle-turning art. The civilising progress proved indeed so satisfactory, that the sphere of the Society was speedily enlarged; and in the benefits, at first extended only to the bushmen, the aborigines in general were invited to participate. We are gratified to learn, that the labours of the missionaries have been everywhere attended with most marked success. By the reports which were sent home to the recently held meeting, it appears that nearly twenty converts have in all been made, and that at an expense of less than fifty thousand pounds; which, as compared with missionary expenditure in general, presents a highly favourable and economic contrast.

Among the musical conversions achieved by the Society, there are reported several most interesting cases, which we regret our want of space will not allow us to produce. We can only mention that of a nearly deaf Ojibbeway, who, when first taken in hand, evinced a highly promising capacity for music: and even at his first introduction to the missionary, allowed an organ to strike up without showing any symptom of auricular repugnance. Next to this in merit ranks the bright example of an idiotic Hottentot, who acquired the knack of grinding in only forty lessons; and in delicacy of touch combined with skilfulness of handling, now rivals the first London masters of the art. He has made, too, considerable progress with his mouth; and has indeed become so rapidly proficient, that after six months' constant practice, he can now play "*Keemo Kimo*" completely out of time, while he whistles "*Poor Dog Tray*" by way of an accompaniment.

Taking a leaf out of the *Ladies' Complete Letter Writer*, which enjoins them always to reserve their most important matter for the postscript, it now remains for us to add, that as a natural result of its enlightened efforts, the funds of the Society are at a sadly low ebb, and the smallest contributions will be thankfully received for it. An appeal is therefore made to the charitable public to furnish the Society forthwith with the needful; or, in the finer phrase which was adopted at the Meeting, to "provide at once the sinews for carrying on this holy war against the tom-toms." As possibly some portion of the charitable public may selfishly incline to withhold their contributions on the unchristian ground that charity had best begin at home, it is as well that we remind that small benighted fraction, that their subscriptions will in this case prove of twofold benefit, and bring relief at home not less than abroad. To export all the organs which infest our "quiet streets," and effect at once the wholesale emigration of their grinders, would be indeed an act of charity to all who live at home in anything but ease, speaking, that is, with reference to their auricular condition. This the Aborigines' Improvement and Quiet Street Relief Fund may, if properly administered, be likely to effect; and if the fact be rightly known, the public surely won't allow the Fund to be a sinking one. Every one who gives his mite will give a mitey help towards abating what has long been the Great Plague of London; and will therein be a mitey benefactor to the nation.

We would therefore recommend every lover of his species to give substantial proof of it by parting with his specie, and not be backward now in coming forward to contribute. Anxious to promote the good of the Society, we may just add, that our missionary box—that is to say, our letter-box—is open night and day, and any sums dropped into it shall have our best attention, and be immediately disposed of.

N.B. Drawers of cheques will please to recollect that, in conformity with the Act, it is requisite to stamp them.

A VIOLATION OF CONFIDENCE.

WE are so pestered by our inquisitive acquaintance as to the *modus operandi* of MR. RAREY, that at the sacrifice of our word, and the risk of incurring a penalty of £5000 for a violation of contract with the illustrious Horse-Tamer, we proceed to make known to the world the system by which the most vicious and unmanageable horse is rendered perfectly amiable and tractable. We will give the case of *Cruiser*. MR. RAREY, after some difficulty, approached this violent animal, and having established a communication between them which seemed perfectly satisfactory to the horse, MR. RAREY proceeded to unscrew the four legs of *Cruiser*, and to remove his head. Having performed these difficult operations with considerable skill, MR. RAREY then introduced himself into the interior of the animal, and remained there some five or six minutes. He then emerged, and rubbed the horse's tail with a preparation of cold cream and cayenne pepper, replaced the head, rescrewed on the legs, and *Cruiser* the terrible was subjugated for ever.

THE TRAVELLER'S PARADOX.—A Passport is as great a nuisance as a bottle-stopper.

A MEDICAL SENTIMENTALIST.

MEDICAL men are not, for the most part, a very romantic or sentimental class; but the following advertisement, taken from the *Lancet's* advertising sheet, may perhaps be considered as evidence of an exception to the general rule:—

MEDICAL.

AN M.D., with a Practice of £800 a year in the West-end, aged 30, of good connexion and professional status, is desirous of being introduced to the Daughter of a Medical Man, with a view to Marriage and Partnership. The most strict confidence observed, and none but parents need reply.—Address, M.D., Post Office, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

What a heart this enthusiastic doctor must have! Its cravings are unsatisfied by a matrimonial alliance with the daughter of some medical man or another, but demand, also, a commercial union with some one or other medical man. Its boundless love, apparently, embraces the whole profession, as he in whose glowing breast it palpitates, seems prepared to fold in his arms the child of any member of that profession, and join her papa in practice. At least, he proposes no conditions. We may presume, indeed, that the practice must be worth sharing—we may surmise that the girl must possess some recommendations; for the generous mind discards the suspicion, that this gentleman would be glad of the share of any practice whatever, and the hand of any girl.

Some people profess to deduce anybody's character from his handwriting. The character of this M.D. may easily be divined from his advertisement. When he has no patients to see of an evening, he is in the habit of walking by moonlight—if there is a moon. He is passionately fond of tender and solemn music. He knows TENNYSON'S poems by heart, and likewise those of MR. and MRS. BROWNING. He sighs over his consumptive patients, if young and beautiful, and his sobs interfere with his hearing, whilst he examines their chests by auscultation and percussion. The detail, even by an old woman, of distressing symptoms moves him to tears. To suit a nature so ardent and impulsive, his professional partner ought to be a shrewd man of business, and his wife a strong-minded woman.

AN APOLOGY FOR CRINOLINE.

CRINOLINE has now become a general term, used to express the enormous sum total of the long clothes which surround the nether proportions of a lady, and were invented to conceal large feet and perhaps bunions. It should be borne in mind, however, that Crinoline, in strict propriety, means the petticoat, originally made of horse-hair, which caused the clothes to stick out. Other things are now used for that purpose; steel springs and hoops, straw-bands, and rings and tubes of vulcanized India-rubber blown up. These things are now the quasi-Crinoline; and to Crinoline, considered as meaning them, there no objection. The distinction ought to be observed. The male mind, usually analytic, has regarded female attire too synthetically. A corresponding mistake on the part of a lady would be that of confounding the drawers of a fop with his peg-tops, under the name of leggings, if a lady could utter such a word, or of "looses," if that expression were now substituted for "tights." Crinoline, in fact, is the sensible part of an otherwise absurd dress. It is necessary to a lady's locomotion. It keeps off the monstrous dress, which, of itself, would insuperably encumber her and impede her progress, so far as to enable her to walk a little. We have ascertained this fact from a rational lady, obliged by the tyranny of custom to follow a fashion of which she does not approve. Let not Crinoline, then, be any more abused as Crinoline, since it subserves a purpose of some utility, suspending the garments of the softer sex, and enabling the wearer to discharge the functions of a clothes-horse with the least possible inconvenience.

Tickling the British Jackass's Ears.

AT the St. James's Hall, last week, was given a concert, a portion of which was a song, of nigger character, and the following was its burden:—"Flip up in de scidimadinck, jubo up hi de jubin jube." It was rapturously applauded. We only regret our inability to add, that this was not one of the performances humanely got up to please the unfortunate patients of lunatic asylums, and in which concerts the artists are also lunatics.

LYING IN NUMBERS.

WE wonder that those rogues, the advertising quacks, do not follow the example of some of the more respectable of the puffing fraternity, and endeavour to recommend their trash by the aid of verse; as, for example:—

My pulse keeps time, my tongue is clean
As you would wish to see;
And oh! my appetite is keen
As any boy's could be;
And all the functions of my frame,
Are in a normal plight,
So that I may with truth exclaim
Ha! now I am all right.

Yet gout for years had racked each limb,
And cough convulsed my chest;
All day my head was wont to swim,
All night I could not rest,
With dropsy and dyspepsia dire
I suffered pangs unknown;
SAINT ANTONY, likewise, thy fire
Compelled me oft to groan.

In vain to doctors I applied,
To surgeons went in vain,
At last a remedy I tried
That banished every pain.
That medicine is a certain cure
For all the countless ills
The human body can endure:—
PROFESSOR GAMMON'S Pills.

Quacks would find it advantageous to cultivate poetry, and not embody all their fictions in prose.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

THERE is a paper called the *Glasgow Commonwealth*. Whether, as its name imports, it is republican, we know not, but it is decidedly anti-publican. Its hostility to the sale of ardent spirits and other fluids has taken a curious turn. It seems that the cottage in which ROBERT BURNS was born is now occupied—but let the G. C. tell its own affecting story.

"We do not put heroes into bung-holes, knowing them to be heroes, and bung-holes to be holes for bungs. Other bungs do as well, or in fact better, and heroes may have other and better uses. Scotland, however, is a convicted criminal in this respect, and she requires an improvement in her taste. She has her national idol—a Moloch that devours her children, and to this said Moloch she devotes the memory of her wise men and prophets, her hero warriors and her bards. If she can found no other monument, she can found a 'spirit shop,' and pour libations of liquid fire down the thirsty throats of the living out of honour to the illustrious dead. 'In this house,' says an inscription on a little cottage not far from Ayr, 'ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire poet was born;' and on the same cottage, at the other side of the open door, is inscribed the announcement in similar, though larger letters, that the said cottage is 'licensed to sell spirits, porter, and ale.' What Goths or Vandals, we should like to know, licensed the birthplace of the poet for such a purpose? No wonder that strangers from other lands come to Scotland and brand her as the most drunken country in Europe—which unfortunately is not true—when we present to their amusement the Wallace Tower public house, and the cottage where BURNS was born converted into a little mean contemptible road-side drinking shop."

But, good gracious, is a man's house to be treated better than himself? Will you show to lath and plaster a reverence you denied to flesh and blood? Is the Cottage to be more honoured than the Poet. What did Scotland do for BURNS himself? "By the influence of his genius—of his reputation—deil a bit o't—by the influence of Mr. GRAHAM, of Fintra, BURNS was appointed to be Exciseman, or as it is vulgarly called, Gauger, of the district in which he lived." That was what Scotland, the "Convicted Criminal," the "Moloch Worshipper" did for her bard, and it is quite in keeping with that homage that she should let his birthplace as a public house. Indeed the tribute seems a neat and appropriate one, and intended to remind the visitor of the history of the poet. "ROBERT BURNS gauged liquors; ladies and gentlemen, will you like a wee drappie in your ee." Such should be, and probably is, the publican's invitation, and it certainly shows more acquaintance with this interesting and creditable passage in Scottish history, than is evinced by the Glasgow Commonwealer.

IN what part of London should RAREY reside?
In Horse-ly-down, surely, the other replied.

OF COURSE.—Surely the great discoverer of Vaccination has an equal right with others in Trafalgar Square to become more JENNER-ally known!

THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being (?) "YOU 'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIWORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"

THE BULL AND HORNS.

"A discovery was made after the show at Ayr, that the two year old Bull, for which the first prize had been awarded, had been decorated for the occasion with a pair of false horns."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THE world of roguery is full:
Where can we sham and trick shun?
When Ayrshire judges crown a bull
Whose horns turn out a fiction!

Horse-dealers until now were thought
Unique in arts of "flamming,"
To cattle-breeding now seems brought
An equal power of bamming.

Or is the Ayrshire Bull a myth,
The story metaphorical?
The horns of JOHN BULL's pluck and pith
A symbol allegorical?

And does it mean JOHN BULL should class
Henceforth with harmless "crummies,"*
That things which for his weapons pass
Are, after all, but dummies?

It must be so: and this explains
How JOHN BULL calmly pockets
KING BOMBA's insults, nor unchains
Mortars and guns and rockets.

If JOHN BULL's horns were genuine growth,
Not fixed with gutta-percha,
Sky-high, ere this—and nothing loath,
He had toss'd the BOURBON lurcher.

Now, thanks to Dowbs and Diplomates,
Sardinia JOHN 's ignoring,—
His ornamental horns he hates
To use for toss or goring.

* The Scotch term for hornless cattle.

BURST OF IRISH IMAGINATION.

IRISHMEN are proverbially imaginative (especially in reference to the locality of their landed estates), but we do not think that a bolder flight of fancy has ever been taken by a Milesian than has just been performed by some "potent, grave, and reverend seniors," ordinarily known as the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

These gentlemen, who are the Board of the College, are just now undergoing a rather disagreeable process. The administration of the Board has been marked by the sort of practices which are common enough among rich, stuck-up, and irresponsible corporations, and now there is an outcry and an investigation. There is a publication, known (as it deserves to be) to most persons as the *Dublin University Magazine*, but we are unaware that there is any reason for its second title, except that QUEEN BESS's likeness is on the cover, and that QUEEN BESS founded the University. But, anyhow, the *Magazine* has shown itself the best and truest friend the University could have, by publishing last month a capital article in support of the reforms proposed.

In Solomon's temple, say the Rabbins, there was inscribed on a diamond a word, which, could a man learn, he could work miracles. But the approach to the gem was guarded by two magic lions, whose harmless roar terrified the boldest man into forgetting everything, and therefore it was of no use for anybody to try to learn the word. This sort of effect seems to have been wrought upon the Provost and Fellows of Trinity by the friendly roar of the Magazine. They not only forgot that they were dignified gentlemen, who at this moment were especially bound to behave with reserve and self-command, being in a manner put upon their trial; but they actually imagined themselves to be some bodies else. As far as one can gather from their conduct, the Provost seems to have fancied that he was LOUIS NAPOLEON at present of France, and the Fellows thought they were some of the fellows who execute that respected Monarch's despotic will.

They sent for MESSRS. HODGES AND SMITH, who published (observe the preterite) the Magazine, and who are the University Booksellers, and apprised them, that the article in question had incurred the high displeasure of their Mightinesses the Board, and that unless MESSRS. HODGES AND SMITH at once relinquished the publication of the Magazine, they should be deprived of the privilege of University booksellers. We are informed upon less certain authority, that a Bedel was, in exceedingly bad French, "charged with the execution of this Decree," and that the Provost made some incomprehensible remarks about his Uncle, and an invasion of Morocco, which seemed additional proof of the melancholy hallucination into which he had fallen.

All that has come of this extraordinary stretch of *imagination* is, that everybody is now certain that there is a strong case against the Board of Trinity, and that the excellent Magazine in question is now published by MESSRS. THOM AND SONS.

THE HEIGHT OF INNOCENCE.

IS astonishing, in spite of all that is said about the roguery of mankind, to see what instances of guilelessness and innocence are afforded by this world, after all. Here now is an advertisement, extracted from a newspaper, which shows how far it is possible for conscious faith and probity to go.

VERY EASY EMPLOYMENT.—A gentleman wishes to engage 200 persons to do something for himself. Age, sex, and station immaterial. All can be done in leisure time in town or country. No capital required. Each person will receive £12 paid them in advance. Address to CORNELIUS WILSON, Esq., Post Office, Brompton, near Chatham, Kent. Enclose a fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* in stamps or otherwise.

The sense, on the part of CORNELIUS WILSON, ESQ., of his own truthfulness, is so overpowering as to prevent the idea from ever crossing his mind, that a less than commonly suspicious individual would think twice before investing half-a-crown in an application for employment capable of being performed by anybody, for which the remuneration offered to 200 persons was £12 each in advance. It does not seem to have occurred to MR. WILSON, that the majority of people would disbelieve that such very easy employment would be so very *highly* paid, and would, in fact set him down as a humbug, and his advertisement as a trap to catch half-crowns. It is delightful to meet with a nature so artless and confiding.

If it had not been for the request at the end of the above curiosity to enclose 2*s.* 6*d.*, many people would think that the advertisement had been put into the paper by some practical wag, who wished to play a trick on CORNELIUS WILSON, ESQ., in causing him to be overwhelmed with letters, and his door to be surrounded by a mob.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, June 5, 1858.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

T a meeting of the Westminster Preceptory, on *Monday*, *May* 31, ISAAC of York being once more introduced, the Templar LUCAN DE LALEHAM propounded a notable scheme for getting rid of the *Mescroyant* for ever. The good knight suggested that the door of the Upper Chamber should be kept shut, closely as heretofore, against the Mosaic proboscis; but that the Knights should give their gracious sanction to the Squires, who sit in the Lower Chamber, to admit thereto Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretick, as they might please. This logical device, whereby one part of the legislative machine, refusing to be itself "un-christianised," should declare that there was no harm in un-christianising another part, did startle some and please others, and by the whole body was considered too novel and important a project to be hastily discussed. So the Peers insisted on their amendments, which slay the Jew Bill. It is slain. But it is thought that LORD LYNDHURST, after duly invoking the great god Janus, will pour out this libation of half-and-half to the still greater deity Compromise.

In the Commons our friend PAM, by no means satisfied with our friend JOHNNY'S feeble attack upon our friend BEN for the Slough (but not of Despond) speech, did make an onslaught of his own upon BENJAMIN, declaring that the late Ministry had *not* nearly got into war with France, had *not* tried to embroil the Sardines in Neapolitan macaroni, had *not* advocated massacre in India, and had *not* acted like a Cabal. Also he taunted MR. DISRAELI with having written articles in the *Press* newspaper, in order to help himself up in the world. [By the way, this last charge was not befitting PAM, and *Punch* has written to MR. PANIZZI for a copy of a certain work called the *New Whig Guide*, whereof more anon.] BENJAMIN was armed and ready, and dashed at PAM with much pluck, likening himself to M. DE PÈNE, who, having defeated one enemy, was immediately set upon by another of terrible reputation, an illustration more pungent than proper, considering circumstances; but then the *Examiner* newspaper had just likened BEN himself to SPOLLEN, the Irishman who was not hanged for murdering MR. LITTLE, so that the Whigs had given BEN provocation to use hard words. He rather juggled his answers to PAM'S allegations, and, except that the whole triangular duel still waging between Tories, Whigs, and Liberals, is a mere Faction-Fight, in which all weapons are equally fair—or foul, *Mr. Punch* would feel it his duty to belabour all and sundry of the belligerents. The row was kept up for some time, and, when everybody was tired, most of the Members went off, and the others set to work to vote away money.

Tuesday, June 1st. The Opposition Lords, CLARENDON and GRANVILLE, now saw fit to have a go in at the Slough Speech, but LORD DERBY stood up for his CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and proved that there could be no objection to BEN'S talking foolishly after dinner at Slough, inasmuch as LORD PALMERSTON some time ago talked foolishly after dinner at the Reform Club. This was convincing, and the matter ended.

Terrible news astounded the Commons. The island of Jersey is recalcitrant, and though it has not actually threatened England with an invasion, we should do well to be prepared, as with America and Jersey against us, things might look badly. England humbly proposed to improve the administration of matters in Jersey, where it seems that justice, and police, and other luxuries, are of the worst quality. Jersey haughtily rejected the proposal—and England is powerless. To be sure there was a notion of sending a couple of policemen to coerce the ridiculous island into submission, but MR. WALPOLE shudders at a *coup d'état*, and Jersey remains unreformed and impenitent.

The most impertinent thing that ever was perpetrated by civilians against the milingtary was done to-night. EX-CAPTAIN VIVIAN actually proposed, and was aided by 105 other Members to carry his proposition, that the Horse Guards, as an Authority, should be done away, and its jurisdiction given to the Secretary-at-War. The fury of the milingtary clubs was too dreadful to be described, and all the following afternoon people thought there was a review in the park, whereas it was only the Old Officers swearing out of window in Pall Mall. Such a demonstration could not be overlooked, and the Government hastened to announce on Thursday that as VIVIAN'S majority had been very small (only 2) and the subject was very big, nothing should be done in consequence of the vote. Perhaps LORD DERBY will be good enough to issue a sort of Parliamentary tariff, and let us know what number of Members, under his Improved British Constitution, he will permit to have weight with an administration.

ROEBUCK took up the Suez Canal business, and urged that we ought not to instigate the SULTAN to resist it. 290 thought otherwise, to 62 Roebuckians.

Wednesday. WASHINGTON WHILKS was let out, on his retracting all that he had published against MR. CLIVE, against whom, however, MR. DENISON, the barrister, has brought a deliberate charge of "partiality" in the matter of the railway. WHILKS has merely been made a cat's-paw, but has laudably availed himself of his imprisonment to scribble himself into the honours of a small martyrdom.

MR. COWPER'S Medical Reform Bill was read a second time. *Mr. Punch* intends to move a clause empowering a Magistrate to order any Advertising Quack to be flogged, and branded with a Q. Nothing short of this will stop the murderous system of these heartless traders in misfortune. To be sure, *Mr. Punch* has branded a good many of them, to their great and malignant wrath, and is heating some irons to repeat the operation.

The bill for abolishing the Property Qualification for an M. P. was warmly supported by those ferocious Chartists the Derbyites, and 222 voted against 109 for going again into committee. The bill, during the week, was passed, and taken to the Lords. MR. ERNEST JONES, in an ecstacy of delight sent to ask the EARL OF DERBY to tea next day, and but that it happened to be the Ascot day, that nobleman would have accepted the invitation with much pleasure.

Thursday. Nothing particular, except a rather amusing speech of MR. HORSMAN, late Irish Secretary, who was very sarcastic upon the knot of Irish Members who call themselves Independent, and with whom, he said, he never had held communication, except in writing, for fear they should tell falsehoods, afterwards, as to what had passed. MR. M'MAHON, in reply, abstained from harsh language, and merely abused HORSMAN, as an incapable humbug and a baffled place-hunter.

Supply again. *Mr. Punch* has received a heap of letters, pestering him to interfere between MR. FITZROY and the Members of Parliament. FITZROY, whose business it is to read the items in the Estimates, gallops and gabbles at such a rate that, before anybody can challenge a particular sum, F. has passed it, and gone on to the next. *Mr. Punch* just mentions this for FITZ'S information:—if it were *Mr. P.'s* own case, and FITZROY, or the SPEAKER himself, were to presume to try to dispose of a subject before *Mr. Punch* had quite done with it, *Mr. Punch* would simply snatch the paper from the impertinent official, and sit upon it, until he had concluded all he had to say, and would then probably restore it with a whack on the head, by way of a slight testimony of respect and esteem.

Friday. LORD DERBY introduced a Poisons Bill. It may have a limited beneficial effect, but while Two Millions of people in London are living over a far worse poison than an Apothecary can sell, and are inhaling it day by day until they are killed (see the last report of the Registrar-General), these tiny measures are child's play. Cleanse the Thames, the stench whereof, this last beautiful week, has been perfectly Loathsome, and carry out a system of Sewage, and then attack the chemist's shops. How long is London to be poisoned because a ridiculous Vestry will not act, or allow any one else to do so. And why does not BENJAMIN HALL take advantage of his leisure to Scrunch that nuisance of his.

Question being made about China, answer was given, that LORD ELGIN had been ordered to do his best, and look sharp about it.

Then was done one of the meanest things ever heard of. It is well

known that at this moment our land is without a PRINCE CONSORT, the illustrious Field Marshal having gone to Berlin to see his daughter, *Mr. Punch's* pet. In H. R. H.'s absence, the Ministers hurry down to the House, and announce that they have given up the idea of taking the National Gallery to Kensington Gore, and that the Royal Commissioners are to pay back the £180,000 advanced by the Government, and keep the land to themselves. *Mr. Punch*, whose admiration for the F. M. and all his plans amounts almost to fatuity, cannot trust himself with remarks upon such an act, and, with a blush of shame and indignation, dashes down the pen that has reluctantly recorded it.

Artist. "*'Ere is wun of Myself, yer see, Miss; and I'll warrant yer a equally 'appy Likeness, Miss.*"

THE PET OF THE PROVINCES.

OH, and have you heard how at the dinner at Slough great DIZZY, the king of debatives,
His own trumpet did blow, and did draw the long bow, and did try to astonish the natives:
How this prince of all charmers enchanted the farmers, and roused them to braying and cheering,
And by soothing their fears, he pleased their long ears, and obtained for himself a long hearing:
Said he'd crushed all cabals, showed how PAM and his pals a peg or two down had been taken,
And with coolest effrontery, spoke of saving the country, when he scarcely had saved his own bacon:
Proved, in short, that the nation, by *his* dispensation, had been in all trials a winner,
And said bigger things yet—but we mustn't forget that his statements were made after dinner.
With the help of the *Times*, *Punch* will give in few rhymes an account of this mild Dizzypation,
And beginning the story from th' *Elisir d'Amore* will report the State Quack's grand oration:—

"*Udite rustici!* List ye rustics, I'll teach ye without any ha'ing or humming,
What battles I've won and what wonders I've done, now the Office pie I've put my thumb in;
I've small wish to boast, but in drinking the toast which your Chairman so nicely has buttered,
You have done the right thing, and due credit I bring to the sentiments he has just uttered:
In wishing me health you wish yourselves wealth, which you'll get if of Place I'm a holder;
I've done a great deal for the rustical weal—(*aside*)—tho' I will not say over which shoulder;
'Tis for you I've been fagging, and without any bragging, I've worked like a brick, and I'll show it:
For the country I've slaved, and the country I've saved—(*aside*)—tho' the country perhaps doesn't know it.

"You remember, no doubt, that when PAM was kicked out, but one way to act was before me,
To keep out a dunce, I took office at once—at least my LORD DERBY did for me.
Well, I don't mean to boast, but what followed was most satisfactory, if not surprising,
For the very next day we heard low people say, why blest if the Funds are not rising!
Then let me remind you, tho' I can't think to find you to a fact so undoubted are strangers,
That the national case, when we came into Place, was encompassed with perils and dangers;
You'll remember, I'll think, England stood on the brink of a split with some half-dozen Powers,
And the question before us of peace or of war was one not of days but of hours.
In a money way too things looked rather blue, 'twas what's called a 'financial embarrassment;'
It was frightening the cits nearly out of their wits, and had been to great PAM a great harassment.

"Well, when once we were In we went in to win, tho' in votes we were vastly outmetalled,
And at home and abroad we've our enemies floored, and each trouble triumphantly settled.
We've kept peace with France—(*aside*)—tho' of rupture the chance is still p'raps within contemplation:
And we've freed WATTS and PARK—(*aside*)—tho' we're still in the dark as to how to obtain compensation.
It will not beseem me to boast of the scheme, as simple as it was successful,
Our finance which relieved, and was so well received: of its praises you've seen the whole Press full:
The chief block in our way was to raise funds to pay some Bills which were then falling due all,
But to pay seemed absurd what might well be deferred, so for 'payment' we voted 'renewal:'
As *chef* of accounts I made the amounts very easily look nice and pleasant,
For as 'tisn't quite clear we're in office next year, 'tis enough to provide for the present.
Thinking persons like you will give praise where it's due; and believe me I've no thought of fudging it,
But 'tis readily shown, as my colleagues must own, that my Budget has saved them from budging it.

"Then what triumph can match our famed India Despatch, as a measure well-timed and judicious!
Tho' by some our neat planning to get rid of LORD CANNING less official was thought than officious.
We fancied, you see, that haply if we about Mercy some clap-trap could get up,
The support we might gain of the Manchester men, and to vote against PAM bring their set up.
So the course we thought best was to feign to protest, and then cancel 'our sham protestation,
And sure nothing could be more straightforward and free from the charge of 'unwise vacillation;'
Thus we made it all right with our worthy Friend BRIGHT, and secured the Peace Party's alliance,
And though CARDWELL and PAM detected the sham, we set their Cabal at defiance.

"Now, the past having shown, it remains to be known—though I fear on your time I'm presuming—
What glorious deeds, if your DIZZY succeeds, are (perhaps) in futurity looming.
Mind, I'm not here to-night to attempt to affright: I never was one of th' alarmers:
But I'd simply suggest, that support me you'd best, or 'twill soon be all up with you farmers!
You may safely depend, that while DIZZY your friend is in office he'll never neglect you;
But, I make no vain fuss, you have no one but us, the Protectionists, left to protect you.
The Press say we're weak: but, altho' I would speak of the Press with all due admiration,
Leading organs so long viewed as stalwart and strong, are the victims of planned enervation;

That wicked Cabal has corrupted them all: for their counsel now vainly you'd whimper:
Struck dumb by those Gorgons of Whigs, leading organs in gilded saloons weakly simper!
"But altho' all the papers have now got the vapours, there are good men and true to defend you;
And we've medicines in store which will serve you far more than any that others could send you.
If in office we're fixtures, we've Tory-Whig mixtures, from Peelite prescriptions they're made up;
We've Conservative Pills, that will cure all your ills—if our salaries you but keep paid up!
We've the best antidotes for too liberal votes, which might bring on low Radical fever:
And whenever the Nation needs tax-amputation, we've a sure hand and tried to relieve her!
We've cosmetics to use for untainting the Jews, and improving the shape of their noses:
And should maniacs storm, we have pills for Reform—to be taken in rather small doses.
We've nice corn-plaisters too, made expressly for you; and, the list of our drugs now completing,
We've a pill we intend to call 'Poor Man's Friend,' which will keep up his strength without eating!
Udite rustici! trust to us, I beseech ye! *We'll* save you from hurters and harmers:
I can't *quite* say how, for I've not come to Slough to throw *all* my pearls before farmers.
"Your prospects to brighten (I don't wish to frighten, but if we're kicked out you'll regret it),
Advice gratis we'll grant: only say what you want, and we'll heartily wish you may get it.
We have plans and devices for curing low prices, and from free-trade attacks to defend you:
They are looming quite near: only wait till next year, and you'll see what LORD DERBY will send you!
For securing good crops of grain, grass and hops, and for making your cattle prolific,
We intend to invent ye specifics in plenty; though to name them I can't be specific.
We'll fatten your pigs, and we'll keep out the Whigs; their absurd hopes for office we'll stifle;
We've our pensions to win, and we mean to keep in, and we won't be turned out for a trifle.
So without any flam I may warn Cabal PAM, for our shoes he is vainly a fretter;
Not for nothing we'll fag; a good dog is Brag, but Holdfast-to-Place is a better!
"Now, ye rustics, give ear, and don't think it queer to find me my own trumpet blowing;
When a cove who can talk thinks he's cock of the walk, 'tis but natural he begins crowing.
Every dog has his day, every donkey his bray; I'm a haymaker while my sun's shining;
Your DIZZY in luck's. So go it, ye Bucks! and show by your cheers you've been dining.
All ye farmers be glorious, drunk, and uproarious, you needn't be nice in your 'haviour,
And let every clodhopper do the right thing and proper, and look upon me as his saviour.
Squeak fiddles, bang drums, play *The Conqueror Comes*, clang a joy-peal in every steeple.
Every dog has his day—so hip! hip! hooray! for great DIZZY, the Pet of the People!!!"

In Advance of the Mother Country.

CANADA has already established the Decimal system. We shall shortly have a living proof of this—and the proof will be handsomely repeated ten times over—in the arrival of the 100th Regiment that has been raised for us in that rising colony. The decimal system has been found hitherto to work most admirably in this new regiment. It is said that the men are enabled to get through their exercises in one half the time. The columns, too, move twice as easy.

The Paper Duties.

EVERY butler, every servant, every valet, thinks it his Duty to read the Paper before he takes it up to his master.

Every young lady should make it her Duty to take her hair out of Paper before she comes down to breakfast.

FORTUNES ON A LEVEL.—ROTHSCHILD and Southwark Bridge are on an equal footing, for the fortune of each is *untold*.

A FINE GENTLEMAN.

AN argument arose the other day in the Court of Exchequer, on the question whether a certain person was, or was not, a gentleman. Of this person MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS, who contested his claim to that appellation, stated that

"It was true that in his evidence he swore that he was not a qualified practitioner, but that he was an author of medical works, and was medical student and assistant. He admitted that he had advertised himself as DR. SUTTON, but had not styled himself an M.R.C.S. during the last six months."

Had he, then, falsely styled himself a Member of the College of Surgeons at any time previous to the last six months? This point would be material to the question of his title to the name of gentleman, but for the fact that he, not being a qualified practitioner, had at least advertised himself as DR. SUTTON. That fact sufficiently settles the question, with reference to which it is needless to inquire if he had told two lies instead of only one.

The learned counsel, however, rested his argument on the ground that this fellow, who let lodgings in addition to being a quack, had an occupation of some sort by which he got his living; whereas a gentleman was one who had no occupation or calling. At this rate, a pauper in the refractory ward, refusing to break stones, comes within the definition of a gentleman; and indeed, gentleman and idle vagabond are convertible terms. The reasoning of the learned barrister appears unsound, although respectable society will decidedly admit its purport. The Court, however, did not. The quack having described himself upon oath as an impostor,

"The Court thought that gentleman was the best description that such a person could give."

So the legal definition for a quack doctor is "a gentleman." We should like to know what manner of man the law would call a blackguard.

THE DOCTORS AND THEIR BILLS.

As many as five Medical Bills have been brought before Parliament in three years. Doctors not only disagree themselves, but are the cause of others disagreeing. Is it apparently so difficult to compound a measure that shall be unanimously "recommended by the faculty?" Perhaps with a profession that is divided into homœopaths and allopaths, and hundreds of others, it is not so easy to hit upon the right "path" that should lead to success? Would giving every member his fee, each time the House met for consultation, be conducive to anything like unanimity? Probably a homœopathic bill might do more good than a larger one such as would please the general practitioner. A series of homœopathic bills might meet the evil, and in time would amount to a good large dose, such as the College of Physicians might not object to swallow. If we cannot have the entire measure, let us content ourselves with a small draft. Is there no practised Doctor, or Doctor with a large practice, who will try his hand at mixing up the latter? The best Medical Bill we can suggest would be one founded on the Chinese practice—"To pay the Doctor so long as you were well, and stop the payment the moment you fell ill." Wouldn't it work well? England would in time become a Vale of Health, inhabited by a rosy generation of OLD PARRS and PARRESSES. The only drawback would be—no one would die! Primogeniture would become a defunct institution, and legacies dead letters!

The Cabman's Progress.

THE improvement which has of late occurred in the manners of the London Cabman is remarkable. We saw one of these useful, and now generally honest and civil fellows, near St. Martin's Church, the other day, having his boots cleaned. It appeared to us a gratifying instance of their progress in polish.

SUMMARY OF THE LATE DUEL IN FRANCE.—The old fight between "CAPTAIN PÈNE and CAPTAIN SWORD!"

CRINOLINE ON THE WATER.

Waterman. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFEARD, MISS; WE'RE LICENSED TO CARRY SIX!"

DISGRACEFUL PRIZE FIGHT.

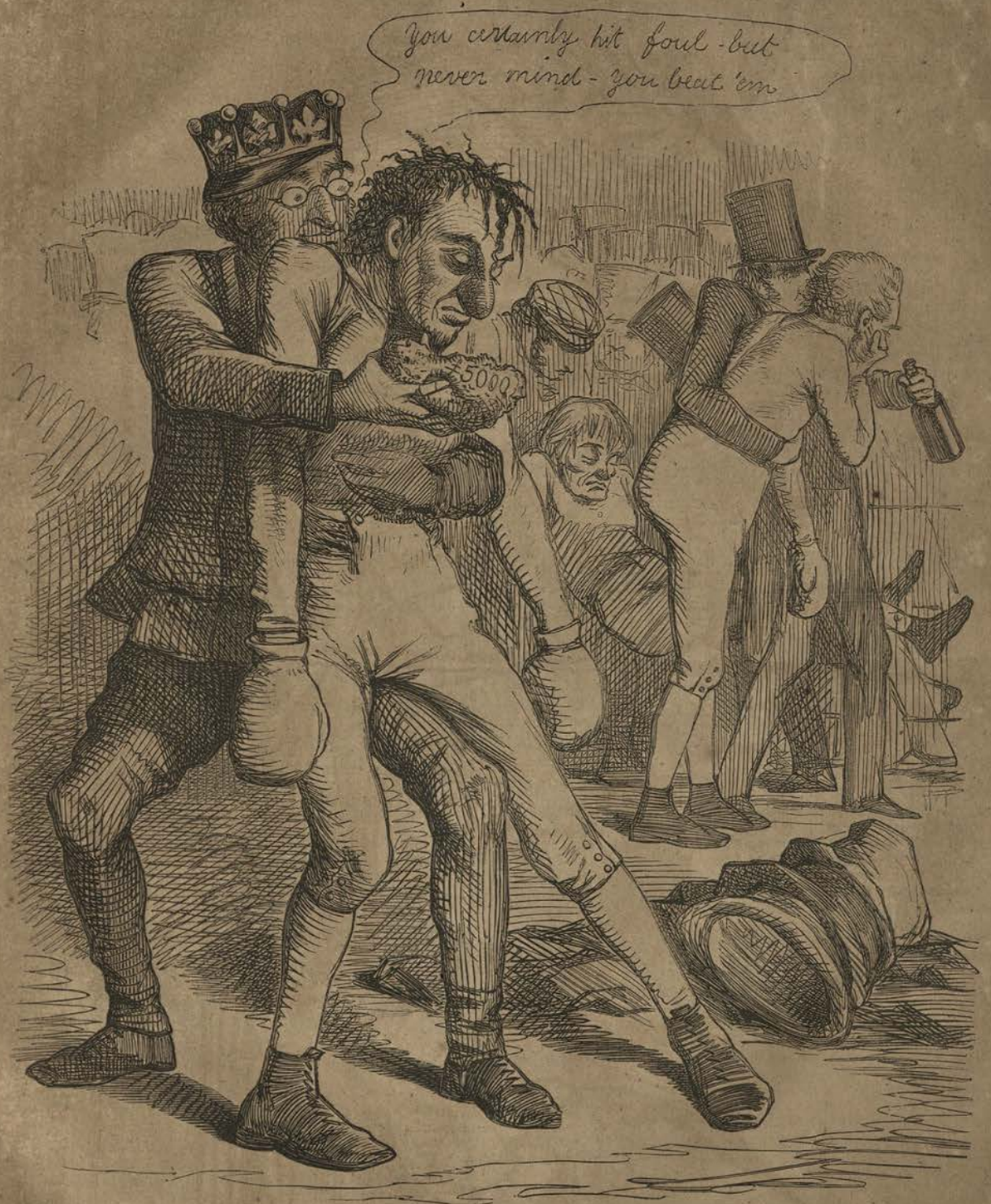
(FOR £5000 A-SIDE.)

[WE had hoped that the Prize Ring was defunct; and that the joint effects of police vigilance and improved public feeling had rendered impossible such a disgusting exhibition as was last week presented to the inhabitants of Westminster, and of which we extract the following graphic, though offensive details from a sporting contemporary.]

SLASHING MILLS.

YOUNG BENDIGO *single-handed against the* TIVERTON PET *and* LITTLE JOHNNY, *the Woburn Veteran, for* £5,000 *a-side: Heavy punishment all round: great display of science and pluck:* YOUNG BENDIGO *a winner on the double event.*

In all our long experience of the P.R. we can remember nothing like the excitement created by the extraordinary match of last week, between YOUNG BENDIGO, the Slough youth, and his leary, if somewhat stale, antagonists, PAM, better known as the BOTTLEHOLDER, and JOHNNY RUSSELL, the WOBURN VETERAN. The mere circumstance of a single fistic hero challenging two such well-known men—to fight in the same ring, one down t'other come on,—would, of itself, have given an extraordinary interest to the event, for "the bounce" of such a challenge has no parallel in our recollection. But the interest of this



THE MAN WHO WON THE FIGHT.

truly British Tournament was heightened by the peculiar private relations of the parties to the mill. The BOTTLEHOLDER and JOHNNY have, of late, been anything but "sweet" on each other; in fact, though old and gallant antagonists, there was a great deal of ill-feeling and "nastiness" between them, and their respective backers and patrons. Indeed this had gone so far that the men could hardly be induced to meet in the same room, and at the harmonic ordinaries frequented by the fancy all attempts at getting JOHNNY to "face" old PAM, or the BOTTLEHOLDER to keep JOHNNY "in countenance" have been unsuccessful.

It appears that the men have never been cordial since their great fight in 1852, when there was a good deal of wrangling about an alleged "foul" blow of JOHNNY'S. Their subsequent encounters in 1854 and 1856 have not done much to improve their feeling towards each other, and up to within a very few weeks the backers of both were anticipating anything rather than a reconciliation—in fact, a new match between them was believed to be on the *tapis*.

At a recent meeting at the Canning's Head, however, they were happily led to shake hands, and since then have been on comparatively pleasant and friendly terms.

"YOUNG BENDIGO,"—as he is still styled in the Ring, though BEN must be getting well on in what *Mr. Stiggins* calls "the Wale"—is too brilliant and conspicuous a performer in the P. R. to require a long introduction to our readers. His mills with old BOB PEEL between 1842 and 1846, which first brought out the savage and slashing qualities of his style, and in which he so terribly punished his veteran opponent, must still be fresh in the memories of the fancy. His subsequent repeated sets-to with PAM and other top-sawyers among the heavy-weights, and, in particular his gallantly contested mill with MERRYPEBBLES, the Liverpool Slasher, in 1852,—in which MERRYPEBBLES was the winner, doubling up BENDIGO by a terrific body-blow in the last round, which knocked him out of time—need only to be mentioned to rise up at once to the recollections of the patrons of the fistic art.

The great event we are chronicling originated in some bounce of BEN'S, after a sporting dinner at BRAGGE'S, of Slough, at which BEN came out in the cock-lofty style, to which he is but too much addicted, backing himself against all or any of the heavy-weights of the day, for any amount,—in fact, making a decided bid for the championship. BEN—as one of his oldest and most influential backers remarks of him,—is, it must be confessed, a "beggar to bounce"; and we cannot wonder that his Slough oration should have brought about his ears a shower of challenges, on his return to his temporary quarters in Downing Street. VILLIERS, the Clarendon Slogger, CORNEY LEWIS, GEO. GREY, and several other pets of the fancy, expressed themselves ready and willing to "tie their colours to the stakes," with the bouncing hero. But nobody expected that BEN would have ventured on the match actually made by him, to fight the Tiverton Bottleholder, and the Woburn Veteran, one after the other, catch weight, in the same ring.

The disappointment about the late great match for the championship, between the KNOWSLEY NAILER and the BOTTLEHOLDER, which ended, as all must remember, in a draw—the umpire, CARDWELL, walking out of the ring, and bets being declared off—had rendered the fancy suspicious that the BOTTLEHOLDER did not really mean fighting. Rumours were rife that he was out of condition: had lost his pluck: had forfeited the confidence of his backers: and so forth. As to JOHNNY RUSSELL, though no man has been backed more freely in his day, it must be confessed that many have begun to distrust him as a "shy" fighter, not to be depended upon for steady, scientific sparring, and straight hitting from the shoulder; and apt at all times to endanger a victory by one of those wild rushes, which have lost him so many battles. However, JOHNNY has his friends, and there are many still ready to back his chances for the championship. Besides, JOHN BULL'S natural dislike of bounce had created a prejudice against BENDIGO, and two to one were freely offered against him, and largely taken, a few minutes before the men appeared.

The fight took place at St. Stephen's, on the ground consecrated by the remembrance of so many glorious mills. BENDIGO came on the ground, attended by HARRY LENNOX and "Chaffer" WHITESIDE. The BOTTLEHOLDER was supported by GEO. GREY and CORNEY LEWIS. NED HORSMAN and RICH officiated as friends of JOHNNY RUSSELL. There was a tremendous muster of the fancy, and the greatest order was preserved throughout the fight, though BEN'S backers were, from time to time, remarkably noisy. The BOTTLEHOLDER and JOHNNY RUSSELL tossed for order of fighting, and JOHNNY won.

Fight No. 1.—*Between* YOUNG BENDIGO *and* JOHNNY RUSSELL.

On peeling, the Woburn Veteran looked in surprisingly good condition for his age. He has always been a very steady man, remarkable for his respect for his own (and the British) constitution, and his fineness of skin and clearness of muscle spoke volumes for his trainers, HORSMAN and BEDFORD. BENDIGO, too, was in capital fighting order, cool and confident; and we have seldom seen a nob that looked more like mischief than BEN'S, as he walked slowly to his corner.

Round 1. JOHNNY cautious, BEN on the defensive. JOHN led out with his right, but too slow; and BEN caught him heavily over the nob with his left in return. JOHNNY appeared a little annoyed at this, and tried a rally, but clumsily and without success, BEN getting away, without much trouble, and countering very neatly on JOHNNY'S upper works, till the close, when JOHNNY was undermost. (*First blood for* BEN.)

Round 2. JOHNNY evidently bent on mischief, and determined to take the offensive. BEN'S stopping excellent. Heavy exchanges on the body, right and left, but not much harm done on either side. At last, BEN planted a terrible facer, dropping his man like a shot. (*Loud cheers from* BEN'S *backers, and cries of "Take the old 'un away!"*)

Round 3. JOHNNY came up, still game as a pebble, though a little wild, and led off with his right as usual, but without getting well home. BEN jumped away, and smiled. JOHNNY followed him up with a one-two, touching slightly BEN'S right ogle. BEN threw in his right cleverly, and napped JOHNNY on the knowledge-box, grassing him heavily. (*Any odds on* BEN; JOHNNY'S *backers looking blue;* BRIGHT, *the Sporting Quaker, particularly lively, offering: "all Brummagem to a China orange" on the Jew.*)

Up to this moment, it was still anybody's fight; but after this round it was clear that BEN had the best of it. JOHNNY'S rushes, though plucky, were wild, and not well followed up; his power of hitting is not what it has been, and he is evidently getting slower in his delivery, in which he was never particularly sharp or lively. BENDIGO'S neatness in defence was particularly admired; but it was clear that he was not going in for heavy punishment of his veteran antagonist. We need not describe in detail the next five rounds, as throughout them it was clear that JOHNNY'S chance was U-P, and that BENDIGO could have finished the fight at any moment he pleased. It was at last evident to JOHNNY'S backers, that it was useless for him longer to maintain the unequal contest, and they therefore threw up the sponge for him in the ninth round. BEN was enthusiastically cheered by his backers, the KNOWSLEY NAILER conspicuous among them. JOHNNY showed heavy marks of punishment, but BENDIGO was not even marked. His saturnine physog. betrayed no sign of elation or excitement, as he walked back to his corner of the ring, after shaking hands cordially with his gallant little antagonist. JOHNNY is evidently too stale a man to be safely backed against a fighter so quick and punishing in his style as BENDIGO. If we might advise the honest and plucky little fellow, we should recommend his retiring from the P. R., and seeking the shelter of a comfortable public-house, in which his friends would, we are convinced, rally round him. It is understood that BEDFORD, his trainer, has offered to advance him the means for this purpose; and we can only say, that we trust he will take our hint, as it is meant, kindly.

Fight No. 2.—*Between* YOUNG BENDIGO *and the* "BOTTLEHOLDER."

Round 1. BEN as fresh as paint; the BOTTLEHOLDER, full of playfulness and chaff, as usual, tried a feint with his right, but BEN was not to be had. Several minutes of feinting by both men alternately. (*Cries of "Gammon!" "Go in, one on yer!"*) At last the BOTTLEHOLDER got BEN off his guard, popped in his right, and jumped away from BEN'S return cleverly, laughing. BEN looked savage, and followed the BOTTLEHOLDER up to his corner, breaking down his guard, and visiting him heavily about the nose and ears, till the BOTTLEHOLDER closed, and tried a cross-buttock, but without success, BEN fibbing, and at last slipping down, without mischief. (*First blood was claimed for the* BOTTLEHOLDER; *a wrangle followed,* BEN *insisting the claret was from* JOHNNY'S *beak, in the course of the former fight.* DENISON, *the Umpire, refused to allow first blood.*)

Round 2. Both men wary. At length the BOTTLEHOLDER gave BEN an opening, who popped in his one-two as quick as lightning, drawing claret freely. (*First blood for* BEN.) The BOTTLEHOLDER, nothing daunted, returned heavily on BEN'S nob. A splendid rally followed, both men hitting hard, and giving and taking heavy punishment. At the close the BOTTLEHOLDER got BEN on the ropes, and administered pepper in a style that seemed to queer the Israelite, who went down. (*Immense cheering from the* BOTTLEHOLDER'S *friends. Cries of "Go it, Old 'un!"*)

Round 3. BEN tried out-fighting, evidently to recover his wind. The BOTTLEHOLDER saucy, and a little too eager to improve the advantage of the last round, laid himself open by an incautious rush, over-reaching himself in the effort, and napping a terrific upper-cut from BEN'S left, followed by a rattling dose on the face and body, which completely took the wind out of him, and sent him helpless to dorse, amidst the shouts of BEN'S excited backers.

Round 4. BEN savage. The BOTTLEHOLDER a good deal disfigured, but still game and full of spirit. Both men evidently bent on mischief rushed in at once, and went at it hammer and tongs. A finer display of hitting, countering, and stopping, was never seen in the P. R. than through the whole of this exciting round, in which both men showed equal powers in attack, and equal bottom in endurance. If anything, BEN had a *leetle* the best of it, but the BOTTLEHOLDER'S scientific deliveries, straight from the shoulder, had evidently told heavily on the Jew. At the end both down. (*Even betting on both.*)

Round 5. BEN had got his second wind, while the BOTTLEHOLDER came up with bellows to mend. BEN rushed in with one of his right-handed "shooters," as soon as the men were in position, and hit the BOTTLEHOLDER clean off his legs. (*Terrific excitement among* BEN'S *backers, the* KNOWSLEY NAILER *conspicuous by his vehement cheering. Cries of "It's your own mill,* BEN!" *"Go in, and finish him!"*)

Round 6. The BOTTLEHOLDER weak, but still borne up by his indomitable pluck. A one-two from BEN was cleverly stopped; and the BOTTLEHOLDER countered with some effect; but his hitting, though neat and well aimed as usual, lacked its old damaging effect. Age is evidently telling even on his excellent constitution. BEN went in as if determined to finish the affair, and a heavy rally, in which the BOTTLEHOLDER suffered severely, and finally went down heavily, wound up the round.

Round 7. The BOTTLEHOLDER weak. BEN vicious and bent on punishment, which he administered freely, hitting the BOTTLEHOLDER where he liked, and driving him all round the ring. In the close, however, the BOTTLEHOLDER displayed unexpected strength, catching BEN round the neck, and dropping on him with his right with excellent effect. In the close both down.

Round 8. On time being called, the BOTTLEHOLDER walked to his ground, though evidently groggy. BEN was not much better, but still the stronger of the two, as he showed by the style in which he walked into his man, in despite of the BOTTLEHOLDER'S scientific stopping, and at last boring him to the ropes, finished him with a "slogger" in the bread-basket; on which, after a brief consultation, the BOTTLEHOLDER'S seconds threw up the sponge for their man (whose pluck had excited general admiration), thus leaving BEN the winner of this extraordinary combat. The conqueror was severely punished, and indeed showed as many marks almost as his gallant antagonist. Both BEN and the BOTTLEHOLDER were carried to their carriages, and, in answer to numerous inquiries, all the three heroes of the day were said—"to be going on as well as could be expected."

ONE, TWO, THREE—THREE LITTLE THIMBLES—AND ONE SMALL PEA.

AËRIAL DRAINAGE.

WHAT an embellishment of our streets would be a row of classical columns on either side of every one of them! We can't make a statue; but we can make a column by copying exactly the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian or Composite original. The columns might rise a little above the chimneys of the houses; and to save material, they might be built hollow. Thus we should have rows of hollow columns in the immediate neighbourhood of the sewers. How easy it would be to establish a communication between the former and the latter! The consequence would be, that the poisonous gases contained in the sewers would rise and be diffused into the air high over our heads instead of reeking up under our noses, and getting down our throats, and producing therein a horrible inflammation called diphtheria—as set forth in the last Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General.

This diphtheria is a plague of French extraction; that is to say, it originally sprang from French filth underlying the splendour and magnificence of French architecture. It is, in fact, a very bad putrid sore throat, putrid in its origin, putrid in its effects. The word diphtheria comes from the Greek, although the disease comes from France, the doctors of which country called it *diphtherite*, a word which, in medical phraseology, signifies inflammation of the diphthera, and is nonsense. Diphthera means a membrane; and Diphtheria is so called because it is characterised by a peculiar membranous secretion. The French physicians, therefore, made a slight mistake in christening their little nosological stranger. Its correct appellation may be a matter of small consequence, and delicate persons, indeed, may be disposed to say: "Don't name it!"

How to get rid of it, is the question; and this object will be most effectually obtained by having pipes to convey the noxious gases out of the sewers, either up through the centre of elegant and graceful columns, or that of plain and simple, but somewhat loftier lamp-posts. The lamp-posts would probably be preferable in the eyes of the rate-payers, in whose language, they would serve to kill two birds with one stone, though instead of serving to kill, they would serve to protect life. They would contain one pipe conveying the gas proper to the burner, and another emitting the pestiferous and abominable gases towards the clouds. Together with these aëriform and fragrant fluids would ascend the essence of diphtheria, along with that of cholera, typhus, and a few other bad principles of which we might as well divest the air which we breathe, unless we are desirous of ceasing to breathe before our time.

THE LOVE OF THE TURTLE.

A City Poem.

AH! Know ye what is Woman's Love,
That spurns command—that scorns advice?
It, like the martyr's, looks above,
And burns to yield a sacrifice.
The passion of her gentle breast
Seeks but in blessing to be blest;
The one great longing of her heart
Is only rapture to impart,
What words that mystery shall reveal?
If a faint image feebly can,
It is as though, could turtles feel,
The Turtle loved the Alderman.
And sighed to constitute the soup
Whereon he might as vulture swoop,
And pined to be cut up for him,
And in his plate to lie, or swim,
Sufficiently repaid, to be
His calipash and calipee.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

THE Tuileries are to be ornamented with a new head-piece in the shape of an additional roof. Is not this beginning at the wrong end? We think LOUIS NAPOLEON would have displayed more of his usual foresight in turning his attention to the foundation. You see, the old Palace, with its slanting forehead, like a *crétin*, has been so terribly shaken in its time with such a series of changes and revolutions, that we do not think it stands very safely, even under its present clever master. It has been very tottery for the last two or three years. Therefore, in our opinion, it will be much wiser to strengthen the foundation a bit. The best expedient for ensuring its safety would be to lay down a good sound plan for the Freedom of the Press. Will LOUIS NAPOLEON, clever architect as he is of his own fortunes, have the pluck to throw before the people such a plan? Our word, his throne in the Palace would stand all the stronger for it.

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY.—Make hay while the sun shines. That is to say, take advantage of the season, so long as it lasts, to eat plenty of sparrowgrass.

DIZZINESS AFTER DINNER.

SHALL I give you the true explanation
Of DISRAELI'S strange language at Slough,
Which has called forth so much indignation,
And caused such a deuce of a row?
Strange that no one has managed to guess it,
So plain on the surface it lies;
But of course our friend BEN won't confess it,
For 'tis what a man always denies.

But there—we have all of us been so,
And we know what it is very well;
PITT and FOX were both frequently seen so,
As you 've heard some old gentleman tell.
Take no shame for the love of a beaker!
What used all our great statesmen to do?
And DUNDAS said: "I can't see the speaker,"
And the other said: "I can see two."

BEN'S oration was made after dining
With farmers—and who could expect
But that, words to facts not quite confining,
His loosed tongue would then run on unchecked,
Oh, how plain is the case when 'tis pondered!
To the dullest perception how clear!
And who is there whose speech has ne'er wandered
After drinking a great deal of beer?

THE ABODE OF JUSTICE IN MODERN ATHENS.

THE illustrious Member for Edinburgh informs us that "the Superintendent of Police in Edinburgh conducts his business in a cellar." Is it the wine-cellar or the coal-cellar? Does the worthy representative of Justice sit on a beer-barrel? or is he enthroned on the top of a sack of superior Walls'-ends? Does he drag the offenders, who are brought before him, over the coals? or does he dispense small beer to them? However, Justice, in this steaming weather, ought to be nice and cool in such a locality; and, supposing she should display any intemperate heat, is there not the sink ready at hand to allay the fever of her aching forehead? Since the Superintendent receives in the cellar, the prisoners, we should imagine, were locked up in the garrets. By the bye, Edinburgh should not complain of being placed under the level of ordinary law. Granting the narrow dimensions of its cellar, still in London isn't Police-Justice measured off by a Scotland-Yard?

A Safe Retreat.

A DISTINGUISHED Leader of the Fashion, (in *la Petite Folie*, and other magazines peculiarly dedicated to the *Beau Monde*) not wishing it to be known that he was in town whilst all the world was at Ascot, took the sensible precaution of hiding himself all day last Thursday in the Sculpture Room at the Royal Academy. It is almost needless to state that not a person saw him.

OUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

THAT "coming events cast their shadows before", is generally known; and it is almost as notorious that *Mr. Punch* usually espies those shadows before anybody else. This latter circumstance is too often ignored or overlooked. Witness a recent leader by *Mr. Punch's* fashionable contemporary, on the impending moral and physical revolution about to result from Chemistry. According to the *Post*, Chemistry threatens to upset Political Economy, by enabling us to make, out of the earth beneath our feet, the varieties of food and clothing which we are now obliged to cultivate or import. This anticipation is founded on a lecture lately delivered by PROFESSOR FRANKLAND, at the Royal Institution; a lecture showing how substances, heretofore supposed capable of being produced only by living plants and animals, can now be compounded out of the simple elements of matter; so that "the food of man may be produced directly from its original sources, without the intermediate agencies of vegetation and animal life."

In *Mr. Punch's Pocket Book* for 1855 you will find an article entitled *Vegetable Mutton, or Beef without a Butcher*, wherein, after a statement of the chemical formula of flesh, occurs the passage following:—

"It does not follow that by putting water into a vessel, adding charcoal to it, and pumping into it hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen gas in the above proportions, you can make a quantity of meat, even if you galvanize the mixture; but perhaps the discovery of some agent yet more subtle than electricity may one of these days enable us to compound venison itself out of air, water, and cinders."

The article then goes on to show how, by commingling the proximate or immediate constituents of flesh, it may soon be quite possible to make meat; and illustrates this statement by a prescription for a leg of mutton. But the speculations based on the lecture of PROFESSOR FRANKLAND are clearly forestalled in the above preconception of the idea of compounding venison. Mark, especially, the specification of "cinders." According to PROFESSOR FRANKLAND, the particular source out of which organic substances have been chiefly formed of late is coal. The *Morning Post* thus remarks on the possibility of substituting coal for corn:—

"Coal presents us with all the materials for making the best of bread; and when we consider what the chemist has already done with coal, it need not excite surprise that he should knead it into the staff of life."

If out of coal we can get bread as well as meat, the whole of our necessary food will be comprehended in coal. Since from coal, moreover, may be extracted most or all of our fruit flavours, wine-flavours, and perfumes, coal will also include no small proportion of our luxuries. Our creature comforts will resolve themselves into fuel, and all we shall require will be to be duly stoked. But all these brilliant prospects were intimated three years ago by the philosophy of *Mr. Punch*.

It is, certainly, very often that we blow our own trumpet, but we are continually compelled to do so by the forgetfulness of our just claims which other people are always evincing, and by that strong and supreme sense of justice which will never suffer us to forget or forego what is due to ourselves.

THE MEDICAL WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

A PETITION was presented the other day to the House of Commons,

"By MR. HARDCASTLE, from practitioners, followers, and adherents of the medico-botanical system of DR. COFFIN, in Bury St. Edmund's, praying that DR. COFFIN'S system may be considered in any scheme of medical legislation."

We quote this piece of Parliamentary intelligence not for the purpose of pointing out the curious coincidence between COFFIN, Bury, and "the medico-botanical system," which it contains, but for that of displaying the absurdity of the petitioners' prayer. It is a remarkable fact, that a great many petitions to the same effect with this one from Bury St. Edmund's have been presented to the House. What can the House of Commons know, how judge, of "the medico-botanical system of DR. COFFIN?" DR. COFFIN may be a very different person from PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, but the difference between HOLLOWAY and COFFIN can be hardly appreciable by an honourable but unscientific House. If COFFIN'S system is to be considered by the House of Commons, why should not HAHNEMANN'S; why should not MORISON'S, why should not the advertising systems of the deleterious rogues whose puffs disgrace the columns of too many newspapers? All that Parliament can do in legislating upon medicine, is to make due provision that none shall be admitted to practise it but those who shall have proved themselves, to the satisfaction of competent persons, sufficiently well acquainted with those sciences on which alone true medicine can be based. As to what true medicine is, if there is anybody who shall decide when doctors disagree, surely that body is not the House of Commons.

"THE SOUNDS DUE."—The melodies, that belong to the "*Music of the Future.*"

TU QUOQUE.

Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERES ARTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT, AND THEN—"

THE building of the new Library of the Middle Temple has been suddenly stopped in consequence of the proprietors of some neighbouring houses having applied for an injunction, because the works completely darken their windows. This is not the first time, we imagine, that the Law has succeeded in putting out the light of man, or has thrown a whole neighbourhood into a state of perfect obscurity. A number of people are living quietly together, and the moment the Law thrusts its frowning head amongst them, they all begin to look darkly upon each other. We are afraid that it is in the nature of Law to darken everything it comes near. We suspect even that the derivation of "blackleg," about which our judges have been disputing so learnedly this last week, was "black lex," and that it was originally applied, as a term of twofold contempt, to any one who was supposed to be doubly dyed in trickery. In the meantime, the inhabitants of Essex Street are wise in keeping the Law as far as possible from them,—otherwise, in a very short time, there will not be a house in the street that will have a brick that it will be able to call its own!

HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHAPPY.—Ask a rich old uncle with the gout to come and stop a few days with you.

GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

A MOST unsentimental remark was made the other day in the Insolvent Court by MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS, in the affair of one WILLIAM COOPER. This gentleman had taken the benefit of the Act on several former occasions; and notwithstanding the imaginary means indicated by this circumstance, his present schedule contained sundry debts incurred for the accommodation of other persons. Untouched by the generosity thus evident on the part of the warm-hearted insolvent,

"MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS pronounced a strong condemnation of the accommodation bill system, and said he should always remand insolvents who had adopted liabilities for other persons which they were unable to meet, if any creditor applied to oppose."

The heart of MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS must be simply an anatomical organ: a mere hollow muscle. He does not seem to have any idea of the duty that, according to those fine impulses, which, instead of sordid moral principles, actuate a model good fellow, every man owes to his friends. That is, to lend them money as long as he has any, and when he has no longer any, to lend them his name. With this munificent course of proceeding, a contemptible prudent sneak may be disgusted by the consideration that the ultimate provider of the money on the strength of the name will be defrauded of the amount, and that anybody who "does a little bill" for a friend without the means of meeting it, simply lends money out of other people's pockets, and is, in point of fact, a ridiculous pretender to generosity and an absurd humbug; but your genuine trump has too much heart to be capable of this cold-blooded kind of reasoning.

Sawney and Sambo.

AT a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Ethnological Society,

"As an illustration of the fallacy of attempting to distinguish the races of men by their skulls, MR. CRAWFURD mentioned that MR. OWEN was making a classification of African skulls, when one that he said was undoubtedly an African was found to be the skull of a Scotch sergeant."

How the skull of the Scotch sergeant came to be mixed up with a lot of African skulls, may perhaps be accounted for. It had probably been marked as the Skull of Blackie, which is a very common Scotch name.

CIVIL CONTINGENCIES.

AMONGST the number usually laid before Parliament, we miss any mention of the following:—

If you pay a Cabman only his precise fare, it is a great contingency to meet with anything like civility in return.

Interfere with the most laudable intentions in a quarrel between man and wife, small indeed is the contingency of your efforts being rewarded with the smallest approach to civility.

Ask a Bargeman for a solution of the mystery as to who was the consumer of the canine-mutton-pie under Marlow Bridge, and if you meet with a satisfactory, or even calm reply, you may safely put it down amongst the strangest specimens of civil contingencies.

If a Box-keeper gives you a seat at a theatre without your paying the customary toll of one shilling, you may, with equal safety, include it under the same uncertain class.

Other instances, of a similar dubious nature, may be mentioned. The Husband, who preserves his temper under the continued infliction of cold mutton; the Traveller, who receives from a railway clerk a cheerful and ready response to his inquiries; the Poor Suitor, who is put on the right tack, when he ventures for information at the Circumlocution Office; the timid Witness, who giving truthful evidence, and, supposing his recollections falter slightly for a minute, is not *bullied*, in a style the reverse of gentlemanly, by the Barrister. The above, including many other graceful cases of omnibus-conductors, dog-fanciers, horse-dealers, and mothers-in-law,—for whose persecuted *feelings*, by the bye, great allowances should charitably be made,—are *illustrations* of "Civil Contingencies" that, unfortunately, are put almost daily on social record.

Parliament behind the Age.

SEVERAL complaints have been made about the Parliament clock. It is universally acknowledged to be a very handsome clock, but no one can tell the time by it. It won't show its hands, like a boy that's going to be caned. However, the clock is modest, and does not like to set its face against Parliament, for when did Parliament (and recent debates have only too prodigally proved the wasteful fact) ever show the least knowledge of time? If you doubt us, we refer you to the wonderful uselessness of its *Minutes*.

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A DRAWING-ROOM.

William. "NOW, CHAWLES, AIN'T YOU READY? *OUR* CARRIAGE IS AT THE DOOR, AND THE FOLKS ARE IN!"

POLITE ATTENTION TO FRANCE.

OUR firm Ally is arming fast
Against some foe unknown;
'Twould be an inattention vast
To let him arm alone.
His foe, of course, must needs be ours,
His battle we must share;
But which, of all the foreign powers,
To fight shall we prepare?

A steam fleet must invasion mean,
But whom will he invade?
No matter; put our own marine
In case his force to aid;
To aid, and just a little more;
With ample odds to meet.
In short, to guard BRITANNIA'S shore,
Get up a Channel Fleet.

Gibraltar is the key of Spain;
Look out, if you are wise.
Alarm, perhaps, is weak and vain,
For we are close allies.
For arming 'gainst a sudden stroke
Our cause may turn out none.
Then our Ally has had his joke,
And armed himself for fun.

But his example we should take
If but to be polite,
And ample preparation make
With any foe to fight;
The compliment, at least, to pay,
Of walking in his track,
Whilst 'tis impossible to say
Whose shores he may attack.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.

A SHELL-FISH Merchant in the Haymarket imprudently left out in the open air a basket-full of live lobsters. What was his astonishment, when he returned in the afternoon, to find every one of them as red as a Cardinal. So strong had been the action of the Sun, that the whole batch of them had been boiled in a manner far superior to any kitchen copper! This is almost an incredible instance of the heat of the weather. It had the same effect on a lot of oysters. No less than nineteen dozen of natives were scollopped in their shells by the same economic means! A few bread-crumbs, and they were ready for any DANDO'S table.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *June 7*. Objections were raised in the House of Lords to the alleged condition of some of the inferior order of judges in Ireland. It was urged that these gentlemen, being in debt, did not pay their debts, and were consequently obliged to submit, in the most unlignified manner, to be dunned on the very bench, while some of them, having outstripped the Constable, had to keep Justice herself at a gallop, in order to distance the bailiffs. It certainly must be aggravating for a suitor, when his case is on, and he flatters himself that the intellect and attention of the judge are concentrated upon it, to notice the latter's eye nervously watching the door, or looking suspiciously at some nosey fellow with a red waistcoat and dark eyes; nor can it tend to promote the judicial calmness so much to be desired, for the judge to be in constant apprehension that the court will be literally "moved," in fact moved off to a spunging-house. The Irish papers say, that there have been a great many objectionable appointments made in return for political services, and that among the results is this scandal.

The Catholics and Protestants have again been discussing points of religious difference in Belfast, and so many pious men on both sides have been mutilated and smashed, that it has been necessary to call in the soldiery as umpires. It was explained in the Lords, that the respectable people in Belfast are very apathetic on the subject, and expect anybody and everybody but themselves to protect them, when, if they would only take staves, turn out as specials, and whop everybody right and left, such disputations might be prevented.

One LORD KINGSTON having put some feeble impertinence about RAJAH BROOKE upon the paper, and refusing either to justify or to withdraw it, was contemptuously disposed of by LORD LYNDHURST, who wiped him and his questions out, amid the laughter of the Lords.

The same evergreen but never verdant nobleman, LYNDHURST, laid his Jew Bill on the table. It is the sacrifice to the god Compromise, to which *Mr. Punch* hath adverted, and may be said to resemble the judgment of SOLOMON. The Jew is to be divided in half, and Lords and Commons each take a "side." It was stated that the PREMIER had signified to his supporters that the bill was to pass, though he had no moral doubt of the impropriety of admitting the Hebrew.

In the Commons, the India resolutions came on, and MR. GLADSTONE made a determined attempt to save the Company. He proposed that it should govern India for another year, only that a Minister instead of the Chairman should be its head. Answered, well, by young LORD STANLEY, MR. G. was defeated by 265 to 116. MR. ROEBUCK was pleased to apprise him, that he was a wonder to look at, but had no judgment. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND was for proclaiming the QUEEN in India, and for governing India for and by the Indians, a proposition which the readers of *Punch* in 1958, when they refer to this present number, and peruse the satisfactory reports brought by the Delhi Telegraph to the half-hourly *Times*, will say contained the principles of sense and justice.

Tuesday. LORD MALMESBURY answered to LORD CLARENDON that it would be all right with America.

The Church Rate question in the Commons. One ACKROYD menaced the Church party in an awful way. He reminded them that the Dissenters of to-day were the descendants of the stern Puritans of Oliver Cromwell's time (which they assuredly are not), and he implied that if the bill for abolition were rejected, ARCHBISHOP SUMNER might share the fate of ARCHBISHOP LAUD. Terrified at this hideous threat, and shamed by SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S taunt, that the Church

had no confidence in her wealthy and affectionate children (there seems a pleasant set of them in Belgravia, where the clergymen confess the ladies out of DENS's *Theology*), the House abolished Church-Rates by 266 to 203.

A Ballot debate followed, not particularly remarkable, save that LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and MR. WALPOLE opposed the measure, and that MR. BERKELEY quoting GRAY's line, "Cold is CADWALLO's tongue," one reporter rendered the name "CADWALLADER," and another "CALDWELL." The division against the ballot was 294 to 197.

Wednesday. Irish bosh.

Thursday. The Lords conceded to the Chartists that point of the People's Charter which demands the abolition of a property qualification for an M. P. The radical LORD DERBY supported the measure, but the son of the great earl, of him of whom it was said when DON JUAN came to hear a debate—

"GREY had not arrived—and CHATHAM gone,"

opposed the measure as revolutionary and democratic; and on another evening, in order to show what kind of persons he supposed the people of England desired to elect, moved an amendment for rendering an M. P. liable to be taken in execution for debt. It was, however, withdrawn on remonstrance.

In the Commons, *Mr. Punch* is delighted to record, that for the first time his friend SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER LYTTON entered the House as a minister. He was introduced by MR. HENRY PELHAM and the BARON ZANONI, who made Mysterious Eyes and looked the Unutterable Horror as he passed the BARON SIDONIA.

Government, despairing of convicting the Irish priests whom the late administration undertook to punish for their Mayo ruffianism, announced that no further proceedings will be taken, especially as the lesson would not seem to have been entirely thrown away upon the clerical agitators.

Then came LOCKE KING's measure for giving the £10 franchise to County voters, in the debate upon which the only remarkable points were a smart opposition speech from MR. DU CANE, and a curious one from PAM, who virtually announced that he should support the bill in order to damage Government, but should damage the bill in Committee, in order to defeat its objects. The measure was carried by 226 to 168, but will be knocked out of ship-shape before it is done with.

A sham fight against a Reform Bill for the Scotch Universities was raised in order to satisfy the bigots in the north; but the members and the Lord Advocate evidently understood all about it, and no division was taken.

Friday. LORD MALMESBURY has actually done what the Dictator in all his plenitude of power could not do. BOMBA has struck. He will pay £3000 in compensation to the English Engineers, and has handed over the *Cagliari* and her crew to England, to be given up to Sardinia.

Three cheers for MAM
Who has beaten PAM,
And knocked him *hors de combat*:
And has been and got,
For PARK and WATT,
The mopuses out of BOMBA.

In the Commons, in consequence of the awful size of the Crinolines, it has been necessary to make arrangements for increasing the accommodation in the ladies' gallery. At least *Mr. Punch* supposes that must be the reason—he sees no other; for certainly any additional chattering and giggling by a parcel of women, who have no earthly motive but curiosity to get behind the grating and annoy the reporters, is to be seriously deprecated.

In answer to SIR C. NAPIER, two Ministers gave the re-assuring information, first, that there was no probability of a row with any other nation, and secondly, that if there were, we could, at the shortest notice, assemble a Channel Fleet that could cope with that of any other nation in the world.

The Indian council being settled at 15, and PAM having made a joke about New Chelsea Bridge and the ghosts on the banks of Styx, unable to cross for want of a penny (it is Only a Halfpenny, my dear lord, at Chelsea, but you could not be expected to know that), the week's work was done.

Like Master Like Man.

THEY say that, under the pretence of exporting negro emigrants from the West coast of Africa, the French are really carrying on the slave-trade. If this is so, there is ground for asking the question, why the slave of the French is like His Holiness the POPE? The answer is, because that unfortunate nigger may claim the Pontifical title of *Servus servorum*.

POLITICAL GOVERNMENT (*as it is at present*).—The Minority reigns, but the Majority rules and governs.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS;

OR, SIR BULWER LYTTON IN DOWNING STREET.

To think of the great BULWER LYTTON,
Tied down to a Downing Street stool!
The pen that such fictions has written,
Turned a jog-trot Colonial tool!

A Pegasus panting in harness—
Apollo condemned to herd cattle—
Attic bees from Hymettus and Parnes,
Called to buzz in the Pnyx's coarse battle—

A razor fine-polished by PACKWOOD,
Cutting blocks—such the figures that match
The crack novel-writer of BLACKWOOD,
On the weekly—nay, daily—*Dispatch!*

Say, on which of his gifts in reliance
Knebworth's baronet minister made is—
For writing the *Lady of Lyons*,
Or for being the Lion of Ladies?

Was 't the great convict question to deal with,
(As to which penal pundits have differed),
DERBY chose him who taught us to feel with
Eugene Aram, Lucretia, Paul Clifford?

Did he think, to debates without end
(Recreation and rest alike scorning),
From a Downing Street day's work to wend,
Would suit him who composed *Night and Morning?*

Or deemed he (see WARREN on BLACKSTONE's
Legal maxim "set prigs to catch prigs,")
He who 'd had such success with the *Caxtons*,
Must be more than a match for the W(h)igs?

Or, as DERBY loves jokes, was his choice
Made to see how the thing would "JOHN SMITH" hit?
To set England's unanimous voice
Inquiring, "What *will* he do with it?"

Or was there a sly high-bred stab in it
At his lit'rary sub—thus to tell him,
That *Vivian Grey* in the Cabinet
Would find fit companion in *Pelham?*

Since thus novel-writers appear
In your administration to thrive,
Say, if WARREN's *Ten Thousand A-Year*
Isn't worth half DISRAELI's five?

If *Pelham* and *Coningsby* rise,
Should *Titmouse's* honours be barren?
Next Cabinet pudding that lies
All ready for helping, "try WARREN."

SHIPBUILDING EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is clear that ship-building is merely in its cradle. The Yankees are determined not to be outreached by the *Leviathan*. We are informed that, at New York, they are building a ship so tremendously long, that there is no part of the ocean sufficiently broad to enable it to turn. This difficulty is to be obviated by the ship having two wheels—one on the American end, the other on the English. The passengers will simply have to walk across. Long before you have had time to stroll from one wheel to another, you will be at your journey's end. There will be cabstands at various points, for the convenience of those who cannot keep up with the speed of the vessel. An omnibus will, also, start at the commencement of each trip. It guarantees to reach the other extremity of the vessel precisely at the same time that the vessel touches at the desired harbour. For the accommodation of pedestrians, persons going from England to America are requested to keep on the right-hand side of the vessel, whilst passengers walking from the American continent to the European are directed to go on the left. There are to be shops on both sides all the way. The mere rent of these is expected to pay for the outlay of the building. The ship is not yet christened, but it is expected that, out of compliment to the Yankees, it will be called the *Stretcher*.

THE DISTRESSED MILLINER TO THE FINE LADY.—"Am I not a Woman and a Sister?"

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOT.

THE Yearly Battle of the Ballot was fought the other night, and ended in the usual defeat of the attacking forces. Commander-in-Chief BERKELEY headed the assault, and was supported with great gallantry by the veteran General THOMPSON and the undaunted Captain BRIGHT. But, bravely though they fought, the heroes were outnumbered, and their strength proved insufficient to dislodge the enemy from the position of strong prejudice which he had taken up. The Ministerialists however would have probably been beaten, but for the assistance of their liberal allies. Sinking for the nonce their private animosities, Generals PALMERSTON and RUSSELL joined the ranks of the Conservatives, and fought side by side in the defence of open voting. The stale war-cries which they shouted were "Keep up your British Bulwarks!" and "May Parliament defend its Ancient Institutions!" To the heavy fire of facts which was poured in from Captain BRIGHT's battery, all that they returned were a few light shafts of ridicule, which fell short for the most part of the point which they were aimed at.

It appears from the account which the *Times* gives of the battle, that there was nothing very novel in the strategy pursued, or in the manner of the fighting. On both sides, it would seem, the weapons used were old ones, which had become somewhat blunt and rusted in the service. There was however an exception in the hands of Ensign ESTCOURT, who, in a previous skirmish with some insurgents in North Wiltshire, had wielded a new arm in the defence of his opinions, and brandished it again on the ST. STEPHEN'S battlefield on being challenged so to do. We take the following description of this tremendous weapon from Commander-in-Chief BERKELEY, who parried a home thrust of it:—

"There was one more speech he would refer to, and that proceeded from a right honourable gentleman for whom he had the deepest respect, and he believed that respect was shared in by the whole of the House—the Chairman of the Poor Law Board. (*Hear, hear.*) In that speech, addressed to the electors of North Wiltshire, MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT opposed the Ballot on rather new grounds—namely, on account of the prevalence of original sin. (*Laughter.*) There was, it appeared, according to that right honourable gentleman's argument, such an amount of wickedness in the heart of every one, and such a proneness to act contrary to whatever is good and worthy of approbation, that for the proper discharge of every trust publicity was necessary. (*Ministerial cheers.*) This was the doctrine of original sin. Every single one at his birth partook of the nature of the ancient and fallen ADAM, and not having the fear of GOD before his eyes, but being moved and instigated by the devil, they all delighted in everything bad, and abhorred everything good; 'argal,' said the right honourable gentleman, there must be open voting."

Ensign ESTCOURT's argument of "original sin," is most certainly an original objection to the Ballot. But when a Member's on his legs, in Parliament or out of it, a short supply of logic goes a longish way with him; and this "original" idea we think is a fair sample of what with nine in ten M. P.'s would pass current for reasoning. It shows the straits to which our statesmen not infrequently are brought, and the substitutes for logic they in consequence are forced to.

Certainly, if no more reasonable reasons can be shown against the Ballot, we think that our Collected Wisdom cannot long withstand it. Its opponents must have clearly come to their wit's end (not too long a journey, we dare say, with some of them) if such arguments as these are all they have to offer. MR. ESTCOURT's novel notion is just the sort of straw that drowning speakers clutch at, and is wholly worthless as a means of extrication. Even granting our possession of this "amount of wickedness," and admitting that we all have a proneness to go in all things to the bad, we really cannot see how our possession of the Ballot should, in Parliament or out of it, make elective matters worse. We more incline to think that it might make them better. It is quite clear that publicity does not prevent corruption; but it is not so evident what secret voting might do. The franchise is a trust which every elector ought unbiassedly to exercise; but so long as men vote openly, a bias will be given by the hand of every landlord who likes to put the screw on.

On one point though, we own, MR. ESTCOURT has convinced us. If his reasoning fails to show us our unfitness for the Ballot, it at least shows MR. ESTCOURT's special fitness for his post. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. MR. ESTCOURT has a poor opinion of humanity, and is therefore just the person for the Presidency of the Poor. We confess though, that in spite of all his poverty of argument, there is a something in his reasoning which to us seems rather rich.

A FINE STAMP ON SULPHUR.

SULPHUR is alleged by the homœopathists to effect the cure of a cutaneous affection on the principle that like cures like. Perhaps they argue that, as sulphur is a cause of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, it is similar in its nature to that morbific agent which occasions a peculiar breaking out of the skin. This reasoning may be warranted by the fact—if it is a fact—that the *Lazzaroni* of Naples are not so much troubled with the disease alluded to as they might be expected to be, considering their nasty dirty habits. They escape an eruption because of the very thing that produces that of Vesuvius, abundance in sulphur. Whether this medical theory is correct or not, certain it is that an eruption of Mount Vesuvius is going on just now, attended with a very large expulsion of sulphureous matter, whereof the following account is given by an eye-witness:—

"Imagine a red hot glare seen through acres of smoke tinted with a red light. Then picture, periodically, a huge mass of matter, as large as a cottage, rising not very rapidly from the fiery mouth of the earth, and reaching perhaps 100 feet above, then more rapidly falling squash like a lump of pitch. The guide rushes to its edge, and with an iron mould in hand, thrusts the instrument into the edge of the soft mass, and runs back to our party. He opens the mould and exclaims '*Ecco! Eccellenza! Ecco il Re!*' You have an image of his Majesty FERDINAND THE SECOND in a black substance, with a strong smell of lucifer matches, and of metallic touch."

Impure sulphur evidently, and peculiarly fit for the particular purpose to which it is above described as having been applied. There is a remarkable propriety in the idea of BOMBA in Sulphur.

Our informant proceeds to observe that—

"You may remain hours and find ever varied effects belonging to one's idea of the infernal regions."

But of all these the most striking, the most characteristic, the most vividly suggestive, was the image of the torturer in sulphur. DANTE never conceived anything equal to that.

However, the malice of a tyrant still earthly is finite. How is POERIO? Has death yet released him from those miseries which have been inflicted upon him with a cruelty truly devilish?

LOGWOOD IN OUR CUP OF GLORY.

THE English Government has sold to France "the possession of the habitation where the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE FIRST ended his days, and of the tomb where his ashes reposed." The price of the sale was (so says the *Moniteur*) 180,000 francs. We have an especial dislike to this traffic in a great man's grave. It strikes us as being very much in the spirit of a money-grubbing sexton. We wonder the Government is not ashamed of pocketing silver that has been rung upon a hero's tombstone. It is turning the funeral urn into a money-box with a vengeance—the vengeance of a miserly shopkeeper. The graceful thing would have been to make the French nation a present of the domain, and the tomb, and everything belonging to it. Good would have grown out of land so bequeathed. As it is, a Frenchman, noticing with pain the way in which an English Ministry thus turns a NAPOLEON profitably to account, can, with solace to his long-wounded pride, exclaim, "Waterloo is avenged!"

We hope, if these 180,000 francs are ever taken in hand by the English, that good care will be taken first to have them well washed and well fumigated. Money dug out of consecrated earth has stains upon it; and the earth in this instance was doubly consecrated, for it had held the remains of an enemy honourably conquered, whose last prison-sigh had been breathed there. Unless, as a nation, we have something of the blood of "*boutiquiers*" in our veins, we should manfully object to finger a piece of money so soiled. The best purpose, in our opinion, to which the dirty £7,000 can be devoted is to build with it a mausoleum in black marble, on which, as a lesson to Englishmen coming after us, should be openly, and in sorrowing letters, recorded our shame.

The Willow-Pattern Smashed all to Pieces.

WE have already got a collection of "Elgin Marbles." Should our Ambassador to the Court of Pekin succeed in pulling the pig-tailed pupils of YEH down upon their knees, the nation may shortly expect a rich cargo of "Elgin China."

EXPERIMENTAL ECONOMY.

TRY, said a Sage, with wisdom drawn from life,
To keep a horse before you take a wife.

"SARVE 'EM RIGHT."

THE *Ethiop* has seized the *Regina Cœli*, while in the possession of a cargo of kidnapped negroes. The French Naval Commander complains of the seizure. The case is one of mere tit for tat. The *Regina Cœli* had first seized the *Ethiop*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTIES.

"I SAY, MISTER, HERE 'S ME AND MY MATE WANTS OUR FOTERGRUFFS TOOK; AND MIND, WE WANTS 'EM 'ANSOM, COS THEY'RE TO GIVE TO TWO LADIES."

PITY A POOR EMPEROR!

POOR dear LOUIS NAPOLEON! Only think—he hasn't an inch of ground he can call his own in Paris—not a square foot of green shade to shelter his august head from the sun—not a patch even to grow his own laurels in!

M. ALPHONSE DE LA CALONNE has called attention to this melancholy case of Imperial destitution in the *Revue Contemporaine*. While every French citizen may revel in the cool verdure of the *Bois de Boulogne*, may wander at will under the umbrageous chestnuts of the Tuileries, and blend the pleasures of town and country in the stately alleys of the Elysian Fields, the EMPEROR—the renovator and embellisher of Paris—the head landscape gardener, as he is the head drill-sergeant, the head police-officer, and the head legislator—at once the SOLON, DRACO, and LYCURGUS—of his people, must go as far as Fontainebleau, Compiègne, or Biarritz, if he wishes for a quiet mouthful of fresh air, or a solitary stroll among the green trees. So small blame to LOUIS NAPOLEON, if he appropriates to himself a slice of the Tuileries' garden.

There are wretches in Paris unreasonable enough to object to this. If LOUIS NAPOLEON—they say—can't walk out among the Parisians without a guard of police in plain clothes, it is his own fault. If he choose to cut the ground from under his own feet, he has no right to take a cantle of their public promenade from his subjects.

We need not point out the abominable factiousness of such reasoning.

Considering the restraints the Parisians have already submitted to from their Imperial benefactor, it is monstrous they should now complain of an encroachment on the Tuileries' gardens. It is like WALPOLE'S burnt-out Irishman in the crowd at the fire, exclaiming, "I 've lost all I had in the world—likewise my hat." *L'Empire c'est la paix*—as we all know—but how is the EMPEROR to have peace, except by shutting out the enthusiasm of his loving subjects with an iron grating? The father of his country can't always be pestered with his children, however fond he may be of them, and they of him.

Besides, what matter can it make to Paris? Considering that her tongue is gagged by the censorship, her hands manacled by the *Loi des suspects*, and her feet fettered by the passport system, she can't want so much room to walk about as in her old days of unrestrained liberty and vicious constitutionalism. Finally—and this after all is the argument which renders all others unnecessary—is not all France the EMPEROR'S own, and may not a man do what he likes with his own?

Let QUEEN VICTORIA respect the Parks. She respects law, and individual liberty, and Parliament, and the Press, and a thousand other antiquated imbecilities, from which LOUIS NAPOLEON has gallantly emancipated himself.

But that the hero of the *coup d'état*—the man who has dissolved a National Assembly, and imprisoned its leaders—who has swept the Boulevards with grape, and sent off untried citizens by ship-loads to Cayenne and Lambesse—who can put down a newspaper by the breath of his mouth, and clap every writer in his Empire into limbo at his sovereign will and pleasure—who has confiscated the domains of the House of Orleans, and commanded the Hospital administrations to turn their land into Government stock, with the 3 per cents at 69—that such a potentate should be expected to keep his hands off the public gardens, if the humour seizes him to appropriate them, is an absurdity that may well move the scorn of M. DE MORNY, and does not even merit a confutation from the eloquent pen of M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.

VESUVIUS IN REBELLION.

KING BOMBA should take warning. First the Earthquake, and now the Eruption!

We are surprised the Government Gazette does not assure us, that all is tranquil in the Kingdom of his most Catholic Majesty—that the fires of Ottaviano and Resina are mere *feux-de-joie* on the occasion of BOMBA'S last defiance of MALMESBURY—or that, if there *have* been any trifling internal disturbance, it is entirely due to the pestilent agitation of the Liberal party.

COUNT CARAFFA ought at once to send his *sbirri* to the contumacious volcano, and take Vesuvius into custody for its highly inflammatory and incendiary effusions.

ORESTES PURSUED BY THE FURIES.

A SONG IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

THE puling and sentimental titles of the Songs which are ordinarily and extraordinarily puffed by music publishers have occasionally elicited a contemptuous whack from *Mr. Punch*. He has sometimes condescended, also, to notice the additional spooniness of what are called "Answers"—such as the assurance, "*Dearest then I'll love you more*," in reply to "*Will you love me now and then?*" or "*Yes, I'm ready, bonnie Johnnie*," as a pendant to "*Are you coming, dawdling Annie?*" *Mr. Punch*, therefore, in his affectionate care for the Minor Morals, is pleased to notice that his admonitions have not been entirely without effect. A ballad is announced, bearing the title "*I only ask a home with thee.*" Anything cooler than this request has hardly been put forth. Only! What would the young woman have? All she wants is only that somebody else shall pay her rent, taxes, water-rates, light and paving dues, housekeeping, and servants' wages. *Mr. Punch* is glad to observe that the party to whom she makes this appeal has no idea of encouraging such impudence, and replies, politely as becomes a gentleman, but still firmly. He "answers" that he shall always be happy to see the lady at proper times, and when her Mamma calls with her; but entirely declines entertaining the hint about a "home." He simply says in the Answer to "*I only ask*," &c. "*I have always a welcome for thee.*" This is sensible and proper. Now this is no puff for the songs, as will immediately be seen, when it is added that MISS POOLE sings them, for any amateur lady must be quite sure that nobody will care to hear *her* attempt anything in which MISS POOLE can be heard.

A GO AT THE GUNBOATS.

FOR fear that little matter of the Gunboat Slips should slip their memory, we beg to call the notice of the Government authorities to the following short passage from the *Hampshire Telegraph*:—

"It is pretty certain that the assistance of the Gunboats, which are now hauled up, could not, under the most favourable circumstances, be reckoned on as being available in less than a month. But it is not only with the launching that delays are to be calculated on. The approach to the slip ways is through a narrow and tortuous channel, up or down which the Gunboats must be taken, and left near Haslar Bridge for a certain time of tide—a time when there is not too much water, or the boats cannot get underneath the bridge; nor too little, or they will ground there—so that but very few boats a tide, without stores, &c., can, and that with extreme difficulty, be warped clear of their obstruction. * * * More than £50,000 have been already spent, and it will take £5,000 more to complete the slip ways; and even then not more than two boats can be launched *per diem*."

It is a novelty to us to have to find fault with the Government for being oversaving; but in this matter of the Gunboats we doubt if their economy has been wisely practised. Spending £50,000 upon a doubtfully efficient plan for saving up our Ships appears to us a doubtful piece of economic policy. We think the liberals who started it were too conservative by half. To haul them out of water may perhaps be a good way to keep the boats from rotting; but where's the use of keeping them in such good preservation, if when we want to use them we're to find we can't get at them. Although it may be requisite to keep our powder dry, it seems rather doubtful policy to keep our fleet in that condition. Many's the slip 'twixt the creek and the ship; and to launch our Haslar gunboats will take about as long as launching the *Leviathan*. For all the good they'll be to us, we might as well be without them. In the weeks which will be wanted to get them into water, we might build a fleet of new ones, and have them launched and ready for us.

As the boats are now laid up, if they're wanted at short notice they are practically useless. A Ship out of water is like a fish in that predicament; and ceases to be one of our national defences. It is only when afloat that our wooden walls protect us. Should JULIUS CÆSAR THE SECOND, or as he's called less classically, NAPOLEON THE THIRD, consider it his "destiny" to try his hand at an invasion, it might be to our advantage to have our Gunboats floating. The saving of them up so very high and dry might be the means of causing some considerable loss to us.

The Government have launched out in their launching apparatus, but much as they have spent, there must be more spent to complete it. Only five thousands more, and off go the Gunboats! At least, off they'll go at the rate of two *per diem*. Now this rate, in our opinion, is anything but first rate. Slow as it may be, it may prove of doubtful surety to us. In warfare, time is money, and it is more than half the battle to have one's money ready. A few pounds spent beforehand may save a million afterwards. It is in taking the first step that one should put one's best foot foremost. But we Unready Saxons are always losing sight of this. Although we're business men, we forget the need there is to take War by the firelock. We go in and win eventually, but it always takes us far too long to get our steam up. This housing of our Gunboats is but another illustration of the old, old story. *Si vis pacem* don't *para bellum*. When the war comes, it will be time to think of it. Meanwhile, to keep war out of mind, we in our wisdom hang our armour up so high that we can't reach it.

The wooden heads which constitute an Admiralty Board, are most of such thickness that the sharpest cutting ridicule will entirely fail to penetrate. Not even *Punch* himself could punch such a hole in them, as would let in the light of reason. Nevertheless, it may be of some consolation to the country to know that "patent slips" are set up in printing offices, for hauling the authorities as often over the coals as, in our opinion, may be considered good for them. For hauling up our Gunboats so high as to be useless, the Admiralty seem fairly to deserve a good coal hauling; and although we write in jest, it being our vocation, we would, were we in Parliament, give it them in earnest.

SENATORIAL SALLIES.

BERNAL OSBORNE was in his happiest vein during the debate on the Suez Canal scheme. When S. FITZGERALD pointed out how unwise it would be for England to countenance this project, BERNAL OSBORNE instantly added, "Not only unwise, but perfectly *Suez*-cidal." A noble Wiscount, who sat near and overheard this, looked thoughtfully on the floor for twenty minutes, and was then taken out in strong convulsions.

LORD PALMERSTON told a pleasant story about the man who was searched for all the world over, but was no farther off than Swansea all the time. "Jokes as usual! Very much out of place!" growled MR. GRUMPY, from Dulltown. "Out of place!" replied the Member for Dover, "Not at all—the Isthmian Games, you know."

"HORSMAN! As a Church reformer, you really ought to support this motion," said BERNAL OSBORNE. "Support it? How's that," was the artless reply, given without a thought of the consequences. "Why, don't you think great economy would result from a union of the two Sees?"

Not waiting to hear his friend's witty rejoinder, which was generally to the effect that so watery a diocese ought to be presided over by the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS, MR. OSBORNE crossed the floor of the House, and solemnly asked MR. SPOONER whether, as the abominations of Rome and the Scarlet Lady were so obnoxious to him, he did not think our Protestantism might suffer if we were drawn into closer connection with a Scarlet letter? "Scarlet letter?" said MR. SPOONER suspiciously, "Oh, I suppose you mean that the Suez Canal will bring us nearer the Red C.?" BERNAL OSBORNE complimented the Hon. Member on his red-dy perception, and returned to his place in time to ejaculate, *apropos* of DARBY GRIFFITH'S deprecation of forced labour in Egypt—

"A Fellah feeling makes us wondrous kind."

MR. OSBORNE was evidently meant by nature for something better than a mere Minister. A junior lordship of the *Punch* treasury is vacant. We offer him the post: his salary will begin at £30,000 a-year, with an official residence at 85, Fleet Street: he may do worse: he may join the next Government.

Like to Like.

OUR Newspapers throw ridicule on the assertion, that the negroes found fettered and manacled on board the *Regina Cœli* could be free immigrants. They forgot they were going to a French colony. The immigrants were quite as free as their captors under LOUIS NAPOLEON.

HOME-QUESTIONS.

NEXT to the question of "What will you have for dinner to-day, Sir?" perhaps there is no question so difficult for PATERFAMILIAS to answer as, "Where shall we go out of town this year, my dear?"

A NICE PLACE.

WHAT would a man, constitutionally indolent, like better than to have plenty of money, and be Secretary of State for Ireland?

A NOBLE AND NATURAL FEELING.—In this scorching hot weather, MR. W. WILLIAMS says he longs for "the cold shade of the aristocracy."

A BIT OF SUGAR AND A PIECE OF SOAP.

WHAT would our brave ancestors say to the fact of sugar being washed by soap? Refinement with sugar, as with human beings, is gained by the use of *savon*. The more refined the sugar, the more soap it has used. Its beautiful crystal cleanliness is produced by the liberal application of the saponaceous article. Society and saccharine are clarified by the same means. Molasses and children are treated equally alike. We wonder whether Saturday is the usual washing-day with Sugar refiners? As the evening rolls round, does our Louisianian planter arrange his monster tubs, and, sousing his sweet progeny into them, proceed to give each precious lump of sugar a good soaping? The idea does not taste nicely in the mouth, and yet we are well familiarised with "cakes" of soap, and the association of the mind with "cakes" is certainly one of sweetness. We suppose that moist sugar is clarified with yellow mottled, whilst lump, being in greater requisition amongst the rich, is indebted, of course, to the purifying influence of the Best Windsor? The notion of the sweet-stuff shop being indebted to the assistance of the soap factory for one half of its succulent attractions is of that repellent nature, that we are afraid, if the fact were generally known, that the rising generation would no longer flatten their noses against the window-panes with the same fascination that at present keeps them spell-bound, feasting their little hungry eyes, for hours consecutively.

It is confessedly a marvel that SAIREY GAMP, nor BETSY PRIG, immersed deep in their respective dishes of tea, would never believe, asseverate it solemnly, and explain it as scientifically as you liked. We can fancy the stupid stare a washerwoman would give you, if you told her, (as literally, according to the new clarifying process, it is) that "the sugar-basin was at the bottom of the soap-dish," and we can laugh in anticipation at the wondrous elegant answer it would be sure to elicit from her enlightened mind! The height of refinement has been reached! The World can now enjoy its cake of soap, spread over nicely with sugar! One speculation more, and we will leave this cloying theme. Could, by the aid of this new discovery, young philosophers combine sport and study at the same time? Could they, we ask, blow soap-bubbles, and clarify Muscovado, in the same breath?

TRIALS OF THE SCOTCH CLERGY.

AN idea that the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland are a rather odd sort of divines, is suggested by the fact that, at Edinburgh, yearly, during ten days in May, are held Clerical Assizes. It is not, however, true that the Scottish clerical body contains so large a proportion of rogues, as to necessitate a distinct gaol-delivery to its own cheek. These Assizes are held not merely for the purpose of trying cases of clerical delinquency, but also for that of deciding on objections made, under the Scotch Beneficies Act, to presentees. The objections in question appear to be sometimes of a somewhat absurd character. "Great lameness" was one of them—brought against a MR. LECK, of St. Martyn's Church, Glasgow. Bodily lameness was meant; not lameness of argument. To a dancing-master lameness would be a reasonable objection; but why may not a lame pastor be perfectly capable of teaching his congregation to walk in the paths of righteousness? Another and a more plausible objection to MR. LECK was, that he laboured under "a serious impediment in his organs of utterance and articulation," which was thus exemplified by a parishioner:—

"He pronounces the word 'promises' as 'promitheth.' There was a word he tried to pronounce which I think he called 'Theophilath.' I remember he attempted to pronounce the word 'Corinthians,' which he pronounced as if 'Coghwithianth.' I recollect him also trying to pronounce the word 'sing,' 'grace,' and 'praise,' which he pronounced like 'thing,' 'graith,' and 'praith.'"

That this objection, however, was not allowed by the judges is hardly surprising. A man might lisp good sense; and the celebrated lisp of DR. PARR appears to have simply had the effect of rendering his sayings the more remarkable. In all probability, the complaint against the lisp of the REV. MR. LECK, arose from a vulgar hatred of the aristocracy, of whom lisping is one of not the least general characteristics. How many gallant officers there are, in various distinguished corps, who can utter no more intelligible word of command than "Should' Armth!" This may be an unfortunate peculiarity, especially when it occasions the gallant gentleman to describe, with seeming satire, that section of the Army in which he has the honour to serve as a "Quack Wegiment." The infantile lisp is, however, usually associated with leonine courage in the breast of the British Officer, and his pronunciation does not affect his prowess. A lisp may somewhat impair the efficiency of an officer of the Church militant, but it is not the only vice of the utterance of preachers. Whining, moaning, groaning, and snuffling are very much worse; and so is a broad coarse brogue; moreover, the excessive rolling of the letter *r* is nearly as bad as its conversion into *w*. These are offences in elocution that may well come under the cognisance of an ecclesiastical Assize Court; and the Church of JOHN KNOX may perhaps be recommended to take judicial notice of them at its next Clerical Assizes.

BENTINCK TO BENJAMIN.

THE last links are broken
That bound me to thee.
Who votes as you've spoken,
No Tory can be.
Those dodges misleading
May others entwine,
That tongue wag unheeding,
While wonder checks mine.

Once I heard you with gladness,
But that is all o'er;
For the Tories 'twere madness,
To trust in you more;
Out as Rad you have broken,
(And WALPOLE's the same,)
For LOCKE KING you've spoken,
And played JOHN BRIGHT's game.

When SIR ROBERT you bullied,
How sharp was your tongue!
When his motives you sullied,
The dirt how you flung!
You proved him false faitour,
To party untrue;
But if he was a traitor,
Twice traitor are you.

By concession unmanly,
The counties you lose;
With WALPOLE and STANLEY
You vote for the Jews;
Ope the house to the nation's
Mere paupers and snobs,
Whose qualifications
Will go in their fobs.

When PEEL you were scathing,
'Twas one of your blows,
How he caught the Whigs bathing,
And nobbled their clothes.
But now, if your measures
Their source speak aright,
They've been cribbed from the treasures
Of ROEBUCK AND BRIGHT.

In the name of the mighty
Conservative cause,
I denounce you as flighty,
I fling off your laws.
For place false to party,
For power dead to shame,
My abuse shall be hearty,
As once my acclaim!

The Last Wish.

NAPOLEON, in his dying moments, wished to be buried on the banks of the Seine. We wonder if an English hero, in the highest bound of his patriotism, would ever, as his last wish, express the desire to be buried on the banks of the Thames? Considering the unsavoury nature of the resting-place, we should say it would be his very last wish!

OLFACTORY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Trade Report is kind enough to inform us, that "Tallow remains firm." We are extremely glad to hear it, as we must say, that the smell of tallow on a hot melting day is anything but agreeable.

ACCIDENT TO A GOVERNMENT TRAIN.

AN accident occurred the other day at Slough, of which the consequences, fortunately, have been anything but serious; indeed, not to speak of them with any undue levity, we think they have inclined by far more to the ludicrous. The train which met with the mishap was the special train of Reasoning, by which it was attempted to convey the notion that the Derbyites had lately been the saviours of the country. The train, which was a Government one, was driven by an engineman of the name of BENDIZZY, a driver who has had considerable experience, but is rather apt at times to be a little rash. When engaged in running on the broad gauge of fancy he has most generally been found pretty well up to his work; but it is doubtful if the same thing can with equal truth be said of him when his driving has been confined to the narrow gauge of fact. In the accident at Slough, the train which he was driving went completely off the line, and never reached the terminus, or conclusion, which was aimed at. The same result has not unfrequently occurred to the trains which he has elsewhere had under his control, and, in particular, the St. Stephen's Station has been the scene of many similar mishaps.

An inquiry has been made into the causes of the accident, but what has been elicited has not been satisfactory. The train, it is considered, was started without notice of the signal "Caution," and was not sufficiently ballasted by facts. It is not surprising, therefore, that it got off the line of truth. The driver appeared trying to make up for lost time, and put on too great a speed for a Parliamentary train. It was observed by several of the bystanders who witnessed the mishap that, just before the break-down, BENDIZZY was "rather going it," and some expressed a hint that he would burst his boiler. On being charged with reckless driving and disregard of orders, BENDIZZY at once assumed an air of coolest nonchalance, and could not be brought to show contrition for his carelessness. When pulled up by Inspectors PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, he remarked, with much bravado, that "it was all serene," and that he "didn't care a rap" for their raps upon his knuckles.

We think there is no doubt that he exceeded his instructions, but of course as his employers cannot well do without him, they have done their best to hush the matter up. They have indeed gone so far as to acquit him of all fault, and to signify official commendation of his conduct; but this is only following the stereotyped routine that "no blame attaches to the servants of the Company." The only feasible excuse that in our view can be made for him is, that the train which he was driving was started after dinner, and it therefore cannot be much wondered at if he did not see his way clearly. We have said that nothing serious resulted from the accident, and it is thought that on the whole BENDIZZY got well out of it. The facts were, however, dislocated terribly, and the features of the case were so thoroughly distorted as scarcely to be recognised by those who were acquainted with them.

Clever as he is, it must be owned that driver BENDIZZY is at times apt to be risky, and forgets the great necessity there is to look well forward. Conscious of his cleverness, he likes to go ahead; and, relying on his happy knack of getting out of mischief with almost equal ease to that with which he gets into it, he disregards all danger signals which may be held out to him. It has indeed been rumoured that, when once he gets his steam up, he fastens down the safety valve, and shuts his eyes to the result. Blindly trusting to his luck, he is apt, as in the Slough case, to start a train on the wrong line, and run the chance of a collision without providing means to shunt. Now this hap-hazard style of driving may be all very well for reckless Opposition work; but it clearly will not do for a Government train, which of course must be kept going at the regular official pace.

Apparently BENDIZZY forgets that the great art of Parliamentary driving, is to be as long as possible in getting over any given ground, and to occupy much time in making little progress. Any going off the rails which have been laid down by routine is considered pretty certain to be followed by a break-down. If as friendly counsellors we might venture our advice, we should recommend BENDIZZY to abstain from such high pressure speed as that he has been going at. Unless he has a mind to be turned out of his place (a contingency which is not so remote as to be removed from probability), we should advise him to give up driving any more of these fancy excursion trains, and in future to adopt the plan of Slow and Steady in the lieu of Slough and Sure—of being brought to grief.

Wanted a Tame Admiral.

LORD LYONS, it is stated, is about to be recalled from the Mediterranean command. No wonder. Judging from the aspect of LORD MALMESBURY'S negotiations with KING BOMBA, British Lions are about the last animals that should be employed in the Mediterranean, just at present.

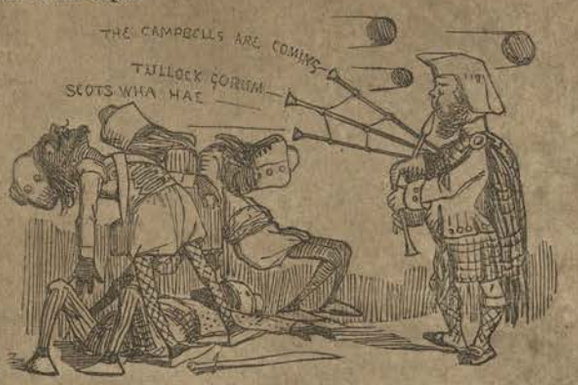
ITALIAN MUSIC.—"With VERDI clad."

TREASON TO THE PIPES.

SURELY the excellent editor of the *Inverness Courier* must have been beguiled from his Highland fastness by some Southron fascination, and must have left some half-hearted Scot, or perhaps treacherous Englishman, in charge of the capital of the Highlands, and its capital organ. Else, how could such a paragraph as this have found its way into the *Courier's* columns?

"When the 93rd Highlanders charged some Sepoys in the Begum's Palace, at Lucknow, where they had offered a stout resistance, a musician of the corps struck up the national air on his bagpipe, which *had such a good effect, that not a single Pandy escaped.* His conduct has been highly extolled by the chief, and something is to be done for the fellow; for while playing he was exposed to a deadly fire of musketry, but fortunately escaped unhurt."

Now, if an English paper had published this frank and honourable testimony to the abominable noise of the Pipes, every Scottish paper from John O'Groats to Gretna would have been indignant. We have no doubt of the truth of the story, or that even the hardened and rascally Sepoys dropped down dead, like stifled bees, as the infernal screeching of the Pipes reached their ears, and very glad we are that the rebels were so easily demolished. But is it the thing for a Scottish newspaper to proclaim the deleterious character of Scottish minstrelsy? *Bonus dormitat Homerus.* However, that is his business. Ours is, heartily to concur with him in the suggestion for rewarding the gallant musician, and we should not very much wonder, or be very much offended, should somebody say that the desire to give additional publicity to his feat was *Mr. Punch's* chief reason for exposing the *Courier's* treason to the Pipes.



CONVIVIAL SONG.

To be Sung Slowfidy, and with expression.

How doth the dizzy DISRAELI
Improve the dining hour,
And draw the long bow fearlessly
To show his elbow's power.

How neatly he prepares the Sell,
How deftly cooks the facts!
And for what others have done well,
Himself the credit takes.

What perils with what art and skill
He 's pulled the country through!
What wonders will his India Bill,
If we believe him, do!

So with the farmers he makes hay
Ere yet his Sun be past;
For though e'en Dizzies have their day,
Not long that day can last.

The Mute and Medical Interest.

WE understand that a petition, very numerously signed, is about to be presented to Parliament, praying that, in any Medical Bill which may receive the sanction of the Legislature, no restriction shall be placed on the practice of advertising quacks or the sale of patent medicines. The petitioners are the Undertakers of the United Kingdom.

PARLIAMENTARY ECONOMY.—It does not always follow that Supply should correspond to Demand.

MASTER GEORGE AND THE DRAGON FLIES, AS THEY APPEARED TO HIS EXCITED IMAGINATION, WHEN HE WAS OUT FISHING THE OTHER DAY.

MANHOOD AND MUSLIN.

WHAT a contemptible thing! what a despicable creature calling itself a man! what an odious effeminate varlet! what an unspeakably disgusting foreigner! will be the exclamation of most people, at first thought, concerning the person making the following offer, by newspaper advertisement:—

TO LADIES OF NOBILITY.—As Resident Wardrobe Man.—A Hungarian, who speaks German and English, wishes to obtain a SITUATION to take the entire CHARGE of a LADY'S WARDROBE. He would undertake to make walking, dinner, ball-dresses, mantles, and riding-habits, combining with the most elegant style a perfect fit. The Court at Berlin have honoured him with an approval of his ability, which document he will produce. Would also teach the German language if required, and would not object to travel. Ladies wishing a specimen can order a single dress. High references given to character and ability. Address, pre-paid, A.B., 4, Upper Spring Street, Baker Street.

In contemning this would-be domestic man-milliner, however, you may be too hasty. The enormous dimensions to which ladies' dresses have attained must render the charge of a fashionable lady's wardrobe something very like the charge of a large warehouse of drapery, and the steel hoops which are now worn by the better classes of the female sex (as well as by those who are no better than they should be) may begin to require the hand of a smith to keep them in order. The proper inflation of the immense air-tubes, which are also used to support and expand the encumbrance of prodigious petticoats, may, moreover, demand the aid of bellows, necessitating, to work them, the strength of a son of Vulcan. A correspondent has sent us the foregoing advertisement, asking what we think of it, which we have now told him. The copybook maxim, "Blame not hastily," may be applicable to the Hungarian who therein seeks the work of a mantua-maker. That is downright hard work, perhaps, now-a-days; work that asks the broad chest and the brawny arm, and is not to be performed without copious perspiration.

HOSPITALITY.—The extra roof that is to be put over the Tuileries is for the accommodation of LORD PALMERSTON, whenever he feels inclined to pay his friend, LOUIS NAPOLEON, a visit.

"THIS THEATRE TO LET."

So says the placard over the Lyceum. We wonder no enterprising Lessee takes it for the purpose of turning it into an Italian Opera. We have only three Italian Operas as yet in London, and why, in the name of VERDI! should we not have a fourth? We are confident there is plenty of room for it. In fact, watching the growth of these operatic mushrooms, we do not despair of seeing an Italian Opera planted in every theatre in London. If the public will stomach three *Traviatas* per night, why should it not have an appetite strong enough to take down ten, twenty, or thirty, swallowing them as easily as if they were oysters. When we no longer have an English theatre left in the metropolis, the feeling of wonder may grow in the breasts of Englishmen as to what one is like. The curiosity once excited, that poor persecuted creature, the British Manager, may be able to pick some little advantage out of it. Our only fear that this pretty dream may not be realised is, that, long before that dramatic millennium visits our Italianized boards, the last British Manager may have died of starvation.

A HINT TO FRANCE.

DR. BROWN SÉQUARD, in one of his recent lectures on the *Physiology* of the nervous system, at the Royal College of *Surgeons*, announced that he had discovered a point in the brain, the size of a pin's head, the least touch on which produces instant *death*, though the parts lying immediately about it may be cut and carved *without* injury to the subject of the experiment.

This lethal point, in the language of cerebral anatomy, is "the *apex* of the *calamus scriptorius*," or, in plain English, "the point of the writer's pen."

DR. SÉQUARD'S law seems to hold true of national as of individual life. LOUIS NAPOLEON by pressing on this *vital* point has completely paralysed the French nation.

THE DAWN OF ART.—When *it* was illumined by the first R.A.

* Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, June 19, 1858.

A HAPPY NOTION.

Johnny. "OH, I SAY, GRANMA! S'POSE YOU PRETEND BEING A LITTLE PONY AND I RIDE ABOUT ON YOUR BACK ROUND THE SQUARE!"—(*N.B. Granma feels the heat a good deal.*)

PIFF-PIFF! AN ODE TO THE THAMES.

PIFF, piff-piff, piff, piff-piff!
Thou noisome Thames River,
When I thy stench sniff, piff!
I shudder and shiver.
Piff, piff-piff! how horrid
Is thy filth, thick as cream,
Baked by Summer's sun torrid,
It reeks with foul steam!

Piff, piff-piff! what fetor!
Than a sewer no sweeter,
Piff, piff! thou art meeter
To spread o'er the field,
Where the grass and the wheat are
Rich harvests to yield,
Than piff-piff! by paddle
Or oar to be stirred;
Piff-piff! than eggs addle
Thou art worse, on my word!

Father Thames—piff! the colour
Of Tiber is yellow;
Thine is darker and duller,
Thou nasty old fellow.
Piff, piff-piff! what liquor
Thou pour'st from thine urn!
Which, still growing thicker,
The—piff!—steamers churn.

Piff, piff! with diseases
Thou loadest the breezes;
And—piff!—a man sneezes
Hard by thee who goes;
The scent of thee seizes
So strong on the nose.
Piff, piff! who'll deliver
Piff! London from pest,
And—piff!—loathsome River,
Piff! cleanse thy foul breast?

SEVERITY OF THE ENGLISH SUMMER.

THE pavements and pathways are blocked up with perambulators, charioteered by staring negligent nurses, just as strongly as ever!

THE PERFORMANCES OF RUSSELL, PALMERSTON, AND CO.

MR. BRIGHT alluded jocosely to PALMERSTON and RUSSELL being partners in the same political firm, and wondered which of the two would be the managing partner. Would JOHNNY take the lead, or would PAM alone have the power of drawing and putting his name to Bills? How long would the firm last, and wouldn't the partners be quarrelling long before they had drawn one quarter's salary? These were the Bright visions that our stalwart Member for Birmingham indulged in, and which we are afraid will never be realised. If the two ex-Premiers ever appear in the same ministerial circle, it will be much in the same way that the two mules do in the Alhambra Circus in Leicester Square. They will not allow themselves to be led, nor driven, nor coaxed, nor persuaded. You may beat them, if you like, but they will not go any the faster for that; and doubtlessly they will be beaten over and over again, but not all the beating and flogging in the world will prevent them having their own way. They will afford an infinity of amusement, only if you expect them to make the smallest progress, we are afraid you will be disappointed. Let any one try to get over them, and the mule, called JOHNNY, will repel his advances in a half-serious manner; whilst the other mule, called PAM, will fling up his heels so savagely that he must be a bold man who ventures to go near him a second time.

The sport will be tremendous, but rather awkward to those whose temerity leads them to engage in it. How they would fling one assailant after another! ROEBUCK would be spilt, DRUMMOND would be sent flying through the air, HOPE would be left sprawling on the ground, NEWDEGATE and SPOONER would infallibly be flung into the middle of next week, and even the redoubtable JOHN BRIGHT himself would find it difficult in their presence to maintain his equilibrium. In vain would DIZZY offer bribes and rewards to any one who could succeed in mastering them for five consecutive minutes; every trial would be sure to end in discomfiture, whilst the arena would be dotted with the prostrate forms of those self-confident spirits, who, in endeavouring to subdue their mulish spirit, had been compelled to bite the sawdust. We doubt if RAREY even would be able to tame these two mules (one, Whig, reared at Bedford; the other, Tory, got by *Claptrap*, out of *Mock-liberalism*) who for so many years have had it completely their own way.

It will be glorious fun, if these two singular specimens of obstinacy do enter the Ministerial Circus at the same time, though there may be many prosaic minds, who might object to such antics, diverting as they are, being tolerated at all, much less being allowed to interrupt the regular run of the evening's performances. However, which mule is to wind up by carrying the other off, is a point of precedence not yet determined upon even between their two refractory selves. Most probably, the difficulty will be overcome by their taking it in turns. JOHNNY one night, PAM's turn the next—only JOHNNY must take care that some fine evening PAM doesn't throw him.

Pretty Impromptu.

Made by Mr. Punch while waiting for his Royal Lady and Mistress at Aston Hall, on Tuesday, June 15, 1858.

IN England we'll venture to make a remark
For which, made in France, we'd be put in the pillory;
VICTORIA's preparing to open a Park,
And LOUIS to open a Park of Artillery.

Precaution Better than Cure.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has directed the re-vaccination of his whole army. Perhaps MR. TOM DUNCOMBE—in his hatred of vaccination—will consider that this accounts for the *virus* displayed by the French army against this country. At any rate, it is a very wise piece of *Jenner*alship.

IMITATION IS PERHAPS THE TRUEST FORM OF FLATTERY.

In a fit of inspiration, Mr. Swellington conceives the brilliant idea of adapting the new Flounce-Suspending Fashion to his Pegtops; and thus, he says, becomes quite independent of the Crossing-Sweepers.

CHIVALRY AT COVENTRY.

IN describing the progress of the QUEEN from Coventry to Stoneleigh Abbey, and just after having related how she received the address of the MAYOR and Corporation, the *Morning Post's* own Reporter, soaring from the language of simple narrative into that of romance, says that:—

"LORD LEIGH now threw himself into his saddle, and galloped off in advance of HER MAJESTY'S carriage."

Somehow the description of LORD LEIGH mounting his horse, by throwing himself, that is, by leaping into, his saddle, presents that nobleman to the mind's eye in a rather comical point of view. The act of throwing oneself into, on, or at, anything, is a motion of impulse and excitement. To throw, in this sense, is, according to JOHNSON, "to lay carelessly or in haste;" as:—

"His Majesty departed to his chamber, and *threw* himself upon his bed, lamenting with much passion and abundance of tears, the loss of an excellent servant.—CLARENDON."

Several eminent fashionable novelists have also said:—

"He *threw* himself into his cab, and dashed off to the Opera."

There is a certain recklessness and self-abandonment in that abrupt and rapid transition from one place to another which is effected by throwing oneself. This impetuous manner of traversing space is natural and becoming in a moment of agitation, but appears slightly incongruous with the solemnity of a state occasion. Hence the idea of LORD LEIGH throwing himself into his saddle, forces a smile. This feat of agility was performed by the noble lord immediately upon the delivery of the address of the MAYOR and Corporation of Coventry, to the formality of which ceremony it must have exhibited a diverting contrast. How many stone LORD LEIGH rides we do not know, though no doubt our sporting contemporary does; but the amusement which his Lordship afforded the beholders by throwing himself into his saddle must have borne a direct ratio to his weight.

At any rate, however, that effort of horsemanship was a morally graceful act, as prompted by a brisk emotion of loyalty, which urged him to post as a vaunt-courier before his QUEEN. We congratulate the noble owner of Stoneleigh Abbey on his activity both of body and of loyal sentiment, and wish that everybody else were as active as he is, not only in the latter particular, but also in the former.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 14. THE PREMIER being ill—the fearful stench from the river Thames having probably contributed to render him so—the Lords postponed business, and that remarkable Irishman, LORD KINGSTON, having got up and mumbled some more foolish questions, LORD MALMESBURY shut him up by moving the adjournment of the House instead of answering him.

The Commons went at an Indian resolution, and fought over the question, whether the members of the Council should be elected or nominated. LORD JOHN was for letting the QUEEN appoint them all, SIR JAMES GRAHAM was for doing nothing, SIR GEORGE LEWIS, (who, it is said, is going to be the Great Old Whig one of these days) supported LORD JOHN. PALMERSTON announced the startling fact that we were not living under a republic, but a constitutional monarchy, and then proceeded to show that an elective council would be unconstitutional. GLADSTONE as usual saw lions in every path, but on the whole supported Government, and on division LORD JOHN was beaten by 250 to 185.

Tuesday. MALMESBURY declared that the Navy could be completely manned at the shortest notice. Good. Should there be any mistake on this subject, it is extremely probable that an ancient institution called Execution Dock, long kept up for the express benefit of all connected with the Fleet, may be revived in favour of the individual who shall have misled the country.

The Lords finally conceded the No Property Qualification point in the People's Charter. The EARL OF WICKLOW showed his fitness for legislation by affirming that the necessary consequence must be to abolish the qualification of a voter at an election. This is getting on very fast indeed, but then WICKY lives at a place called Castle Forward.

In the Commons—no, Out of the Commons was turned MR. TOWNSEND of Greenwich, who rather carried the No Property Qualification to extremes, being a bankrupt. His votes, since his bankruptcy, were also disallowed. After this awful ceremony, MR. FITZGERALD stated that our friend the KING OF THE SARDINES was quite satisfied with what had been done by KING BOMBA, and then MR. MANGLES asked a question which could hardly be regarded as premature, considering that the awful stench from the Thames was pouring into the Houses at all doors and windows, and making the members excessively ill. MANGLES demanded whether nothing was to be done. LORD JOHN MANNERS had the coolness to reply, that Government had nothing to do with it, and that the Central Board of Works stopped the way. If the Commons had any courage or patriotism, they would order THWAITES and his gabbling colleagues into custody until they purged their contempt and our river.

MR. BARBER, a solicitor, who was found guilty, in 1844, of forgery, was transported and ruined, and has since been shown to be innocent, and been pardoned, obtained a select committee to inquire into his wrongs. It is lucky for him that he is in a position to do so. A few years ago all that a select committee could have done, under similar circumstances, would have been to express regret that the gentleman had been undeservedly hanged.

Wednesday. What is sauce for BULL is not sauce for SAWNEY. The Commons, who had abolished Church Rates in England, refused to abolish a similar tax upon Scotland. This was LORD ADVOCATE INGLIS'S final display, that exceedingly clever Scottish lawyer having attained a seat on the bench of his country. *Mr. Punch* will add, that the bill was lost by one only—130 to 129. Let members learn a lesson, and note, that though one representative may be a donkey, one vote may be very valuable.

Thursday. LORD CANNING sent home a highly polite letter, thanking the Lords for thanking the services in India. A much less civil one is just now on its way, in which, possibly, LORD ELEPHANTBOROUGH may not be referred to with any great ardour of affectionate admiration.

A good Anti-Slavery debate followed, in which DR. WILBERFORCE denounced Spain, for her faithlessness in the slave-trade question, as did BROUGHAM; and MALMESBURY complained, that other nations would not look at the matter as we did. GREY attacked France, for

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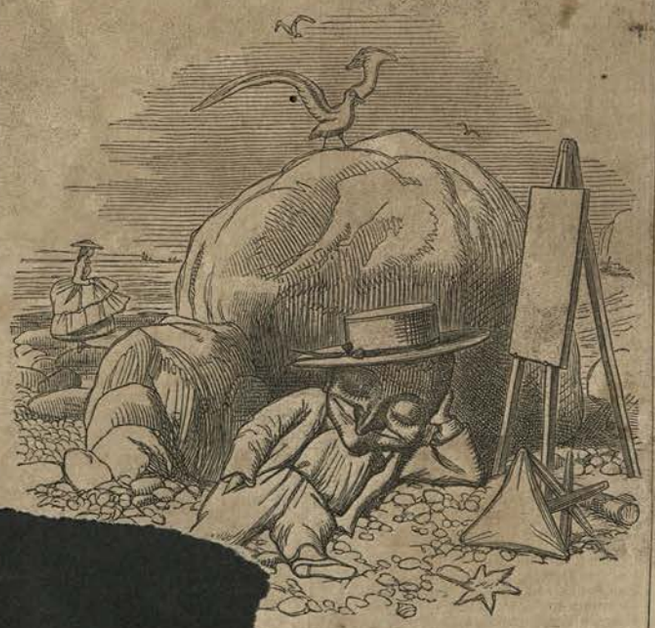

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